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Do the Real Heroes Get the Medal of Honor?

YOU and a .22
BACK-YARD HUNTING

How Much Pain Can You Stand?

MARY A BECK
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February 21, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

When artist Birney Lettick set about to show a young man, 5½-year-old David Alan Lettick, passing critical judgment on his father's patriotic sculpture, he decided first to model his subject's head in McCoy snow. Since there was less than an inch of same on the ground at the time, Lettick borrowed a truck and scrounged his New Haven neighborhood for the necessary material. Photo shows result. The proud "sculptor" in

the painting is Mr. Jim Bostain, who, out to buy the Sunday papers, was accosted by Lettick and asked, please, would he pose? Mr. Bostain obliged and was quite late getting home with the papers. Vital statistics: the Father of His Country was born 221 years ago this week; died in 1799.

Week's Mail

"Actual, Factual Credit"

EDITOR: I write to compliment you on your excellent article, Wally Cox *Is* "Mr. Peepers" (Jan. 3d). You managed to capture the unique flavor of this young comedian, both in your pictures and text.

However, the vagaries of the television industry helped produce two inaccuracies. Since October 26th, when "Mr. Peepers" returned to the air on a regular Sunday-night basis, the show has been under the direction of Hal Keith. Under Mr. Keith's direction "Mr. Peepers" has now climbed to a 35.5 Nielsen rating, topping the 32.8 rating you reported.

As "Mr. Peepers" might say, "Actual, factual credit is essential in the concerted effort to produce a well-regulated, adjusted life."

JOE WOLHANDLER, New York, N.Y.

Steinbeck's Funny Money

EDITOR: After reading John Steinbeck's The Secret Weapon We Were Afraid to Use (Jan. 10th), I cannot understand why such a plan might not be more effective than the atomic bomb we are being urged to use, for even if Russia would retaliate in kind there would not be the destruction of lives and property.

As a Christian nation we say human lives are more important than property. Mr. Morgenthau said, "It's against the law"; are we not going against God's laws? In my opinion Mr. Steinbeck's plan is just too simple for men in high position to comprehend.

DOVELDA ALLARDYCE, Saginaw, Mich.

. . . John Steinbeck's "secret weapon" makes interesting fiction, but could probably not have more than a serious nuisance value because it would only be necessary (although troublesome) to

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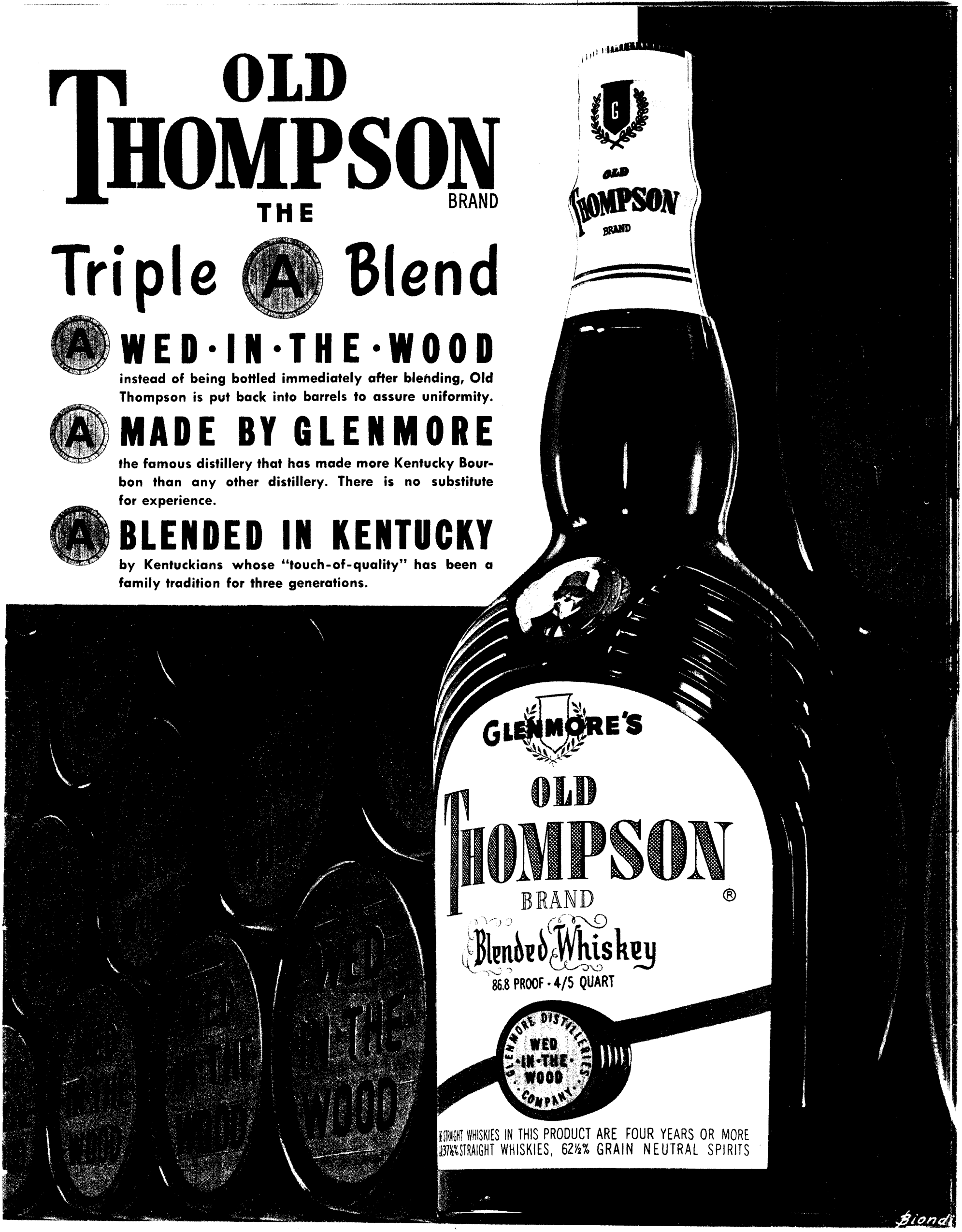

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THIS IS A COLD SHOULDER—BUT NO COLDER THAN OTHER MEN GIVE ME!
JUDY, YOU CAN'T BLAME MEN FOR GIVING A SOLID FROST TO BAD BREATH! SEE YOUR DENTIST, HONEY! THEN SEE WHAT HAPPENS!
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TO STOP BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING WITH COLGATE'S MAKES YOUR MOUTH FEEL CLEANER LONGER—GIVES YOU A CLEAN, FRESH MOUTH ALL DAY LONG!
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PURE, WHITE, SAFE COLGATE'S WILL NOT STAIN OR DISCOLOR!

Week's Mail CONTINUED

print new paper money at intervals short enough to keep ahead of the Allies' issues. For instance, all paper money might be called in on the first of each month and exchanged for new money bearing the date of that month and a new design, again good only for a month.

It would be impossible to obtain samples of the newly printed money, duplicate it and dump it as fast as Russia could issue new currency, because they could print this well in advance.

HORACE C. KNERR, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Reading Mr. Steinbeck's story brought to mind an incident that happened while I was flying with the 487th Bombardment Squadron of the Eighth Air Force.

On August 6, 1944, we made a mission to Berlin, and the Fortress I was on, instead of being loaded with the conventional bombs, was loaded with cardboard cylinders much like shotgun shells. Inside of these were tons of ration stamps for meat, eggs and butter.

JAMES T. DUNN, Milwaukee, Wis.

. . . There is nothing new under the sun. If John Steinbeck will read the William Pitt Papers in the British Public Record Office in London, he will find receipts for assignats (French paper money) printed in London and furnished the British invaders of France in the early 1790s.

The French economy was wrecked with a little assistance from the horrified Lord Halifax's countrymen.

FRANCES PIRCHER, Nokomis, Ill.

. . . The "money deal" won't work. It would turn the superficial hate for us, which the Russian government has thoroughly propagandized, into a real, deeply felt hate. The Russian people would believe all that has been said against us—germ warfare, indiscriminate atomic and gas warfare, and the most unspeakable atrocities. It would achieve a short-lived confusion, perhaps panic, then frustration, sorrow, and the end result of irreconcilable hate for us, and the complete unity of Russia's people and her satellites.

WAYNE L. SHICK, Champaign, Ill.

Collier's Home Detective Course

EDITOR: About 8:30 A.M., Wednesday, Dec. 31st, V. J. Ziegler, manager of a state-owned liquor store here, opened shop. Moments later, he was looking down the barrel of a .38-caliber pistol, and a gunman was warning him not to move.

Ziegler followed orders, and the gunman took about $600 from the cash register. He ordered Ziegler not to follow him when he left, but Ziegler followed and got a description of the getaway car.

Police arrived a few minutes later, and Ziegler gave them a description of his robber that Police Chief James Waller praised publicly as being excellent.

Ziegler told them the man was about six feet tall; was of medium weight; was clean-shaven with slight traces of a dark beard; wore a hat, brown leather jacket, brown trousers, brown socks and brown shoes, and had small pockmarks on the lower part of his face.

Police asked him how he managed to get such a good description, and Ziegler told them about reading How to Spot a Bank Robber, in Collier's of Jan. 3d.

ROY THOMPSON,
Winston-Salem Journal,
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Ziegler & instruction book

Bwana Ruark

EDITOR: Robert C. Ruark is to be complimented for the frankness and humor that he has written into the first article of his African Safari series, Ruark Shoots a Lion (Jan. 3d). However, he indicates a lack of knowledge concerning firearms and the merits and limitations of the numerous cartridges which are manufactured. I'll bet that a lot of firearm enthusiasts stopped for a second look when they came across the passage defaming the deadly little .220 Swift as a woodchuck cartridge.

You can take the word of thousands of devoted users that the .220 Swift is sudden death when employed on woodchuck and similar varmints. It is not surprising that the cartridge did not perform well on hyenas, since the bullet is not constructed for use on that sort of game.

WM. H. HOUFF, East Lansing, Mich.

. . . I would suggest that author Ruark use a 75-mm. recoil-less rifle in any future lion hunts. The sympathetic Selby could load the shells.

I suppose I would fit nicely into the class to which Ruark refers as "the deserving poor" and I'd be glad to take the .220 Swift off his incompetent hands.

For really exciting hunting, he might try the "police action" in Korea. When I left there on a stretcher the hunting was very good and the game very dangerous.

VIRGIL A. EGGERS,
St. Louis, Mo.

Author Ruark did his share of hunting more dangerous game in both the European and Pacific theaters during World War II. He came out of the war with an injury that keeps him from further military service and confines his shooting to and at the animal kingdom.

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CRUISING SPEEDS up to 89 miles an hour are easy for the Rock Island's *Rocky Mountain Rocket* to maintain. This crack Chicago-Denver streamliner rolls on Timken® tapered roller bearings. Timken bearings eliminate all speed restrictions and delays due to old-style friction bearings. They helped bring the streamliner age to America's railroads. Now the railroads are looking to them to streamline freight service, too. By eliminating the "hot box" problem—the result of overheated axles—Timken roller bearings will end the No. 1 cause of freight train delays.

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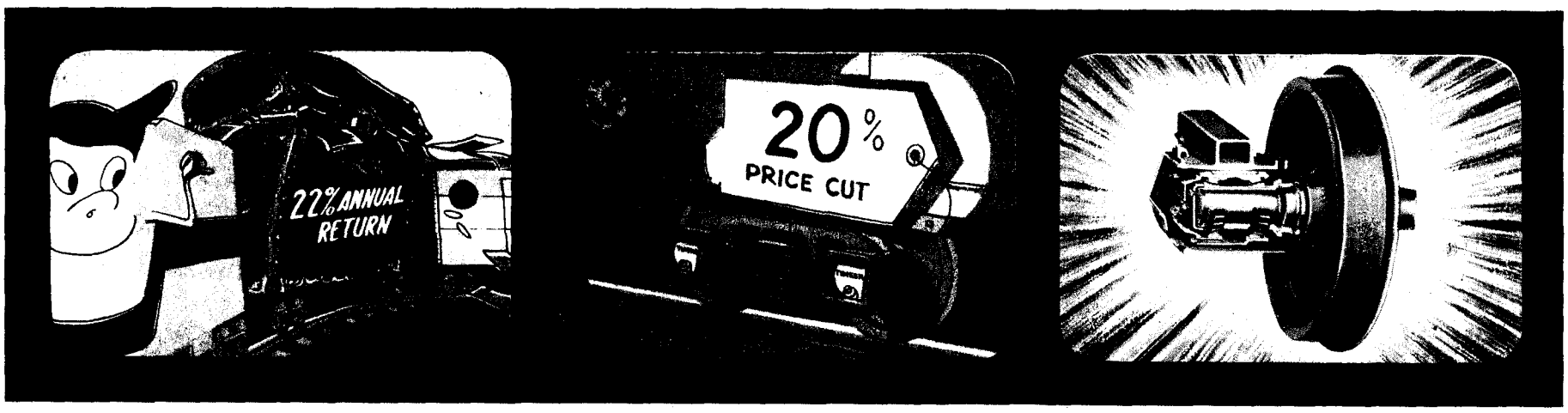
TO MAKE freight service ever better, the railroads are finding the answer to "hot boxes" in "Roller Freight"—freight cars on Timken roller bearings in place of old-style friction bearings.

THE RECORD for one railroad's "Roller Freight" is 50,000,000 car-miles without a "hot box". By contrast freight cars on friction bearings average only 212,000 car-miles between set-outs for "hot boxes".

ANOTHER RAILROAD cut running time in half on a livestock run with "Roller Freight", upping its business 30% in two years. Timken bearings permit sustained high speeds, cut the cost of lubricant up to 89%.



TO TAKE the shock loads of railroad service, rollers and races of Timken bearings have tough cores. Hardened surfaces resist wear. When all railroads go "Roller Freight", they'll save an estimated $190 million a year, net a 22% yearly return on the investment.

COMPLETE ASSEMBLIES of cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of six years ago. Applications are available for converting existing cars. Other products of the Timken Company: alloy steel and tubing, removable rock bits.

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

We're glad to announce that Congress is not going to investigate reports that the Communists have infiltrated baseball. It is not true that subversive pitchers will be throwing baseballs at the heads of capitalist, warmongering, imperialistic hitters. Nor is the current rumor true that Yogi Berra has been approached by Kremlin agents seeking the H-bomb formula.

★ ★ ★

Customer in Bangor, Maine, wishes it known that he is unalterably opposed to the new idea of a motor-driven revolving house—a recent architectural

vision. Says it's much too cold these nights to be standing on the doorstep trying to catch the doorknob and the keyhole as they whirl past.

★ ★ ★

Prince, the only horse in Nome, Alaska, having been saved by popular subscription from starvation, is now writing a column for Jessen's Weekly in Fairbanks. Specializing in national politics. Behind-the-brass-curtain stuff. Syndicate handling Prince's copy decently makes no mention of feed-box sources or horse sense.

★ ★ ★

Important information from old 48's unequaled service department to those contemplating moving to Fort Wayne, Indiana. It's illegal to build a barbed-wire fence in Fort Wayne. Also, you may not tether your horse to a lamppost in that city. Furthermore, there's a law forbidding you to tell fortunes in Fort Wayne's public parks and you've got to wear a bathing suit if you go swimming in the river. Maybe you'd better move to Kokomo.

★ ★ ★

Just before you hit a stretch of road that's under repairs in Mariposa County, California, you'll see a sign: SLOW—MEN SHOULD BE AT WORK. We have a photograph from Mr. W. T. Scheld in Merced to prove it.

★ ★ ★

The man at the Internal Revenue office in Kansas City, Missouri, listened with admirable patience as the tax-happy guy across his desk said what he thought of the late administration, Congress, the Treasury Department and so on. He also had a number of bitter remarks to make about Big Government. But presently he ran down, giving the income-tax man a chance to remark: "Cheer up, my friend. It might very well be worse. Suppose you got all the government you're paying for."

★ ★ ★

China going in for zoo treaties with Russian satellites. This item from Mr. Kai Lung Shan, of Reno, Nevada. Many strange wild animals already exchanged with Hungary and Czechoslovakia. Large number ot rare birds already arrived from the U.S.S.R.

★ ★ ★

Guide on sight-seeing bus in Milwaukee informed his passengers that at that moment they were passing the largest brewery in the world. A bored gentleman in the back came suddenly to life. "Why?" demanded he, rising to his feet.

★ ★ ★

Fellow in Columbia, South Carolina, tells us he'd been bothered by a loud noise on the right-hand side of his car. He decided to do something about it so he let her drive.

★ ★ ★

Motel owner in Ohio kicking about business fall-off. Said it was due to the new superhighway built a mile away from his cabins. Friend said he saw a "No Vacancies" hung out in front of the fellow's establishment and that looked like prosperity. "Yeah?" said the motel owner. "Before they gypped me by running that new highway over yonder where I ain't, I used to turn away twenty, thirty parties a night. Now I'm lucky if I have to say nothing doing to ten or twelve."

★ ★ ★

Just been talking to our congressman. He said yes, Congress was surely going to do some cutting in spending. Asked him about tax reductions. "Take it easy," said the honorable gentleman. "We've got to have something left to promise you in 1956."

★ ★ ★

Next time you meet a guy with $240,000,000, urge him to stop in the bank and get 240,000,000 one-dollar bills. Mr. Bill Prellwitz has just written from Walla Walla, Washington, saying, if

IRWIN CAPLAN

laid end to end, that many pieces of folding money would encircle the earth. Have a good time and let us know if the above is true. ▲▲▲

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The Best of References

IT WAS too bad that Mary and Paul Westley never had any children of their own, because there was nothing in the world they wanted more. They lived in a fair-sized house down on Maple Street, and Paul kept moving up to better and better jobs with his company. They knew a great many people in town and went out a lot, but they began to suspect that it was mostly to keep from thinking about the one empty spot in their lives.

They'd been married about nine or ten years when they got to talking seriously about adopting a child. They'd spoken of it from time to time before, but now they were really in earnest. So much so that they started the wheels in motion.

It was not, they discovered, a simple matter. You don't just walk into a place and say, "We'd like a nice, cuddly boy with blue eyes and light hair, please," and walk out with him bundled in your arms. Mary and Paul found that they look into your background and your way of living very carefully. You have to have the best of references. Because they want to make sure the child will have the very next best thing to parents of his own—and a home in which he'll be happy.

Paul and Mary Westley asked several people in town to vouch for them. They wrote nice letters saying that Paul and Mary were fine people, which was true enough.

But Al Barnett went a step farther, as the Westleys discovered later. He went to see the adoption representative and after he explained the purpose of his visit he said, "I've known Paul Westley for something over fifteen years, both as a friend and as his New York Life agent. And I know that Paul is not merely concerned with the business of day-to-day living, but has made some sound, solid plans for the long-range future as well.

"Paul believes in life insurance and has long since set up a program with my company that will take care of almost any eventuality. You can be sure that any child the Westleys adopt will be well provided for."

Whether or not that conversation was a deciding factor that clinched the matter, no one knew. At any rate, in the course of time Paul and Mary became known as Dad and Mom to a little toddler who soon was riding his tricycle up and down Maple Street with the rest of the kids on the block.

They named him Lawrence Westley, and he grew up just in time to serve in the Marines during the last war. He finished college when he got back.

One of these days when you're looking up a number in the telephone directory, you might just leaf through the W's for a moment. You'll still see Westley, Mary, on Maple Street with the same listing she has had for the ten years since Paul Westley died. But there's a new listing in the book now that reads Westley, Lawrence, atty, ofc, 200 Main, SPrng 7-1957. They put it in the directory only last fall.

The listing is in the usual small print, but it looks mighty big to Mary Westley. Yes, and to Al Barnett, too.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.

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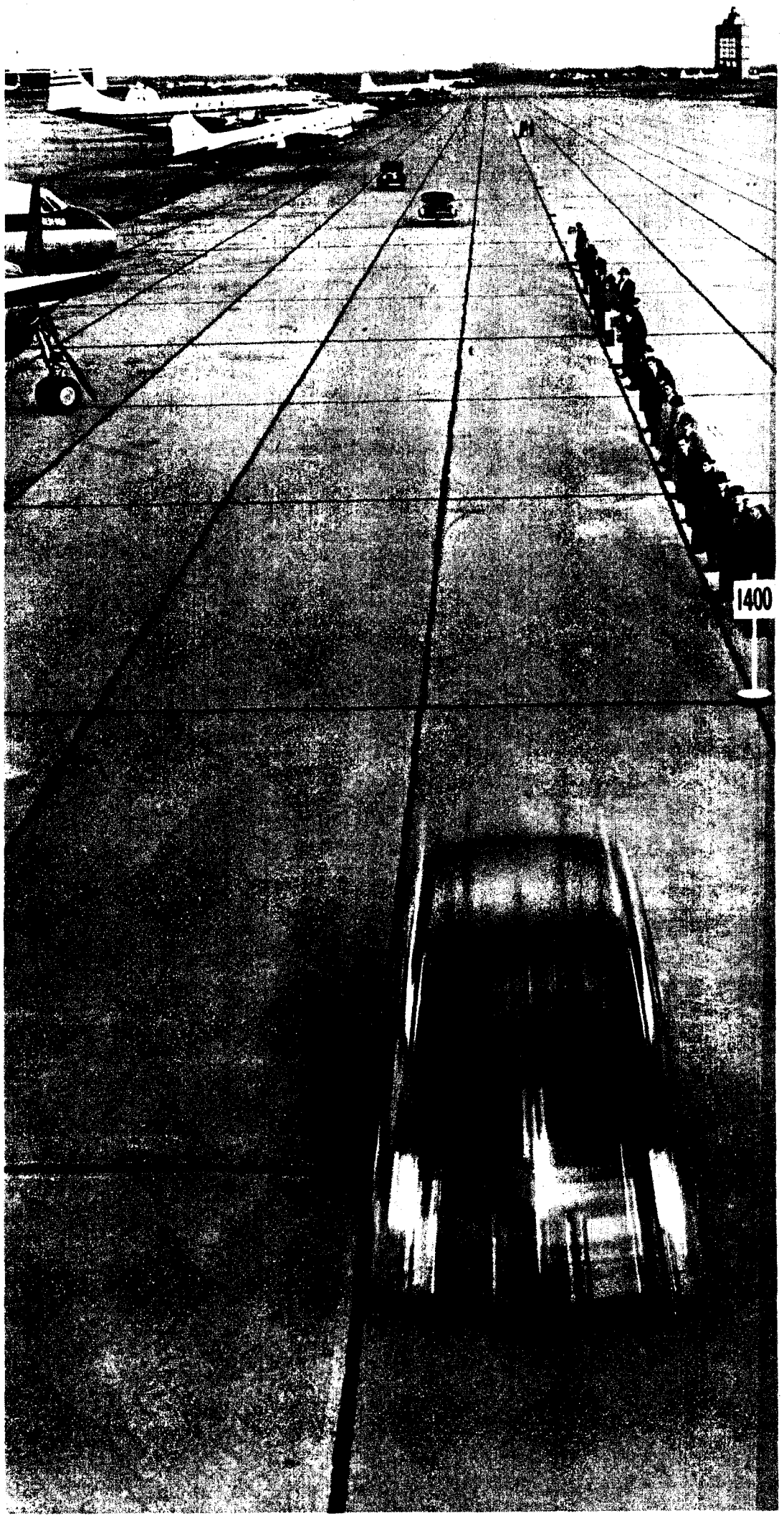

20 SECONDS AFTER start of acceleration test, 1953 car with 1953 gasoline pulls far ahead of same model car using 1925 gasoline. Trailing both new cars is an automobile of the twenties fueled with 1925 gasoline. By every test, including ton mileage, today's gasoline proves 50% better than 1925 gasoline.

Runway Tests Prove Gasoline 50% Better Than in 1925

Priced the same as it was then, 2 gallons now do work of 3

Dramatic automobile tests at New York International Airport, "Idlewild," prove that 2 gallons of today's gasoline do the work 3 gallons did in 1925.

Today's gasoline, these tests show, is worth 50 percent more by every measure of automobile performance and economy—even taking into consideration the great improvement of car engines and designs. To make test results even more remarkable, today's gasoline still costs about the same as gasoline did in 1925—*only taxes are higher.* In the same period the price of most things you buy has gone up sharply.

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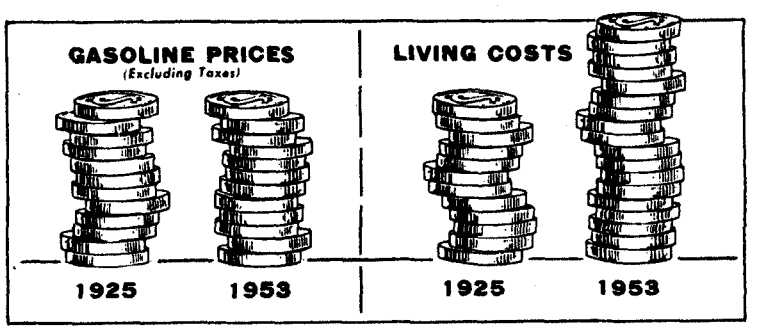
That's why you get the finest oil products at the world's lowest prices. And this is just one way you benefit from the American system of free competition where privately-managed oil companies have a chance to earn a profit while serving you.

For a free booklet about the improvements in today's gasoline, "2=3," write to the Oil Industry Information Committee, American Petroleum Institute, Box 46, 50 West 50th St., New York 20, N. Y.



1953 GASOLINE is an outstanding buy. While general living costs in the U.S. have jumped 52.2% since 1925, gasoline today is priced about the same as gasoline was then—*only the taxes are higher.*

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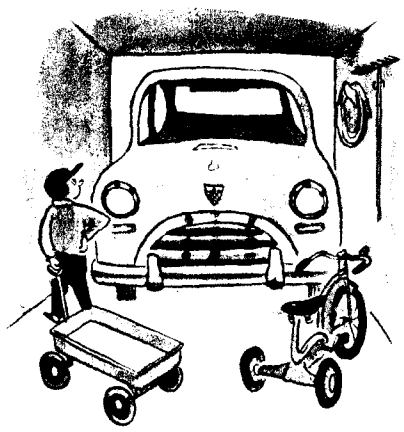
Problem Parents

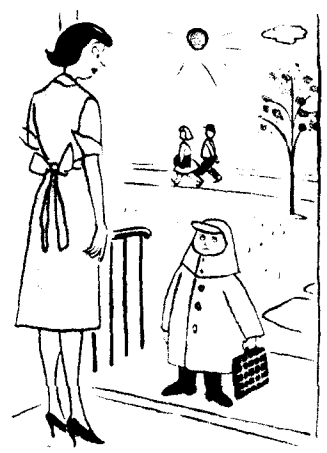
By CHARLES PEARSON

THEY'RE CARELESS

CLUMSY



INCONSIDERATE



INACCURATE

LOUD

LAZY

MISERLY

And still books are written on how to understand us

Keep Hair Neat All Day This New Greaseless Way

"V-7"—new grooming discovery now in Vitalis Hair Tonic—outdates messy oils. Keeps your hair neat all day without gummy film or matted-down look.

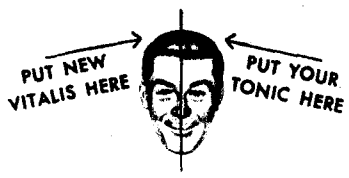
Not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil

If you object to over-oily hair tonics, as most men do, here's good news. Now you can keep hair in place and easy to manage —*yet avoid that gummy, "oil-slick" look.*

The secret is a completely new *kind* of grooming agent—introduced to you in new finer Vitalis Hair Tonic.

Called "V-7," it is not an animal, vegetable or mineral oil. In fact, "V-7" was developed in the laboratory especially to overcome the messiness and other disadvantages of various greasy oils.

Make this easy test



Even if you are satisfied with your present hair tonic, we think you'll be pleasantly surprised the very first time you use new finer Vitalis containing "V-7":

1. Hair stays neat, natural-looking. No heavy greasy look.
2. No gummy film or "matting down."

You can easily prove these facts for yourself. Just apply the tonic you are now using to one side of your head—new finer Vitalis to the other. See if you don't agree that the Vitalis side looks far better.

Feels tingling good— kills dandruff germs on contact

In addition to good grooming, new Vitalis gives you a combination of *active* ingredients found in no other leading hair tonic.

Massaged briskly onto scalp with the famous "60-Second Workout," new finer Vitalis feels tingling good . . . far more refreshing than creams or oils. And laboratory tests prove it kills, on contact, germs that many doctors associate with infectious dandruff. No mere oil or cream can do this.

Outgrooms any other hair tonic —or double your money back

We think you'll find new Vitalis with "V-7" the finest hair tonic you ever used. If you don't agree, return empty bottle to Bristol-Myers, 630 5th Ave., New York 20, N. Y. and get *double* your money back. (Offer expires December 31, 1953.)

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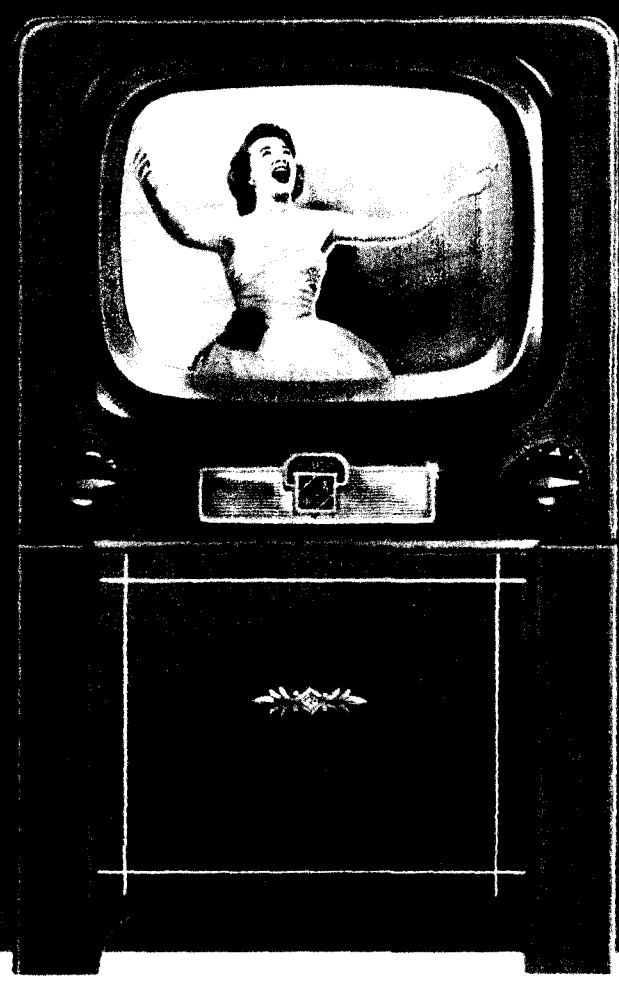

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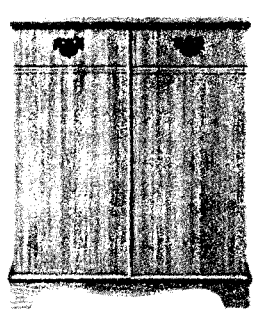

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Collier's, February 21, 1953

Do the Real Heroes Get the Medal of Honor?

By Brig. Gen. S. L. A. MARSHALL with BILL DAVIDSON

Sometimes they do, says this expert. But the selection system is shamefully unfair. Many of our greatest heroes don't even get a pat on the back, while fools and cowards may be rewarded

HARRY S. TRUMAN often said, "I'd rather have the Congressional Medal of Honor than be President of the United States." Most Americans—I'm one of them—share his feeling of respect for the nation's highest decoration.

But after eareful study I have come to the reluctant conclusion that the Medal of Honor and our other high decorations aren't being used as they were intended and have lost a great part of their value among our troops.

Many men earn their medals the hard way. But others sometimes get them without truly rating them. The decorations are awarded by boards of officers who often lose sight of the main idea in a snarl of red tape. Under our present system, not only does it take so long for medals to be awarded that they lose their good morale effect, but—far more serious—morale is undermined because too many outstanding acts of heroism go unrewarded.

How can such injustices occur in the world's most scientifically run military organization? If you had analyzed combat operations during two wars, as I have, you would find little science in our cumbersome method of awarding decorations. Injustices occur constantly.

The bravest action I ever recorded, for example, took place along the Chongchon River in Korea, where a handful of men in B Company of the 2d Division's 9th Infantry Regiment held back hundreds of attacking Chinese and gave the Eighth Army a sorely needed 24-hour breathing spell in the retreat from the Yalu River.

The company commander, Captain William C. Wallace, of Petersburg, Virginia, led an attack directly into an enemy machine-gun position. His ear and cheek were smashed by a grenade explosion, but for four hours he continued leading the outfit before collapsing from loss of blood. When Wallace was struck by the grenade, Pfc Dennis Rush, of Casper, Wyoming, crept out under the machine-gun fire to pull him back to cover, while Private Robert Noel, of Beckley, West Virginia, stood in full view of the enemy, firing his automatic rifle at the Chinese gun until his last round was gone.

ANTON BRUEHL

That night, an eighteen-year-old South Boston, Virginia, farm boy, Corporal Walter K. Crawford, crawled twice through the Chinese lines to get ammunition. Then for two hours, Crawford and Corporal James C. Curcio, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, fielded 40 enemy hand grenades, catching them in mid-air or scooping them up from the ground, then throwing them back at the Chinese before they could explode. This feat—which must be unparalleled in our military history—kept a tiny band of 14 men on a key knoll from being wiped out.

Acts of heroism piled one upon the other. In the forefront was B Company's executive officer, Lieutenant Ellison C. Wynn, who took over after Wallace collapsed. A handsome six-foot five-inch Negro from Durham, North Carolina, Wynn became the rallying point of the night defense against a Chinese force which had his position surrounded. At last, with the company reduced by casualties from 129 to 34 men, its last machine gun shattered and its ammunition gone, Wynn told his men, "Get down the hill; I'll cover you." They stared at him in amazement, knowing that he had nothing left to fire. But they started down the ridge.

Then they looked back and saw a sight they'll never forget. The giant lieutenant was on his feet, silhouetted against the skyline. Yelling and cursing, he was holding back the Chinese, then only 20 feet distant, *by throwing rocks and cans of C rations at them!* A white enlisted man, Pfc Paul Frost, of Roslindale, Massachusetts, stood next to Wynn, swinging his rifle like a club.

As they watched, a hand grenade blew away part of Wynn's face. But the big officer fought his way down the hill. For five hours, he continued to command, refusing bandages and plasma on

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grounds that other men needed them more. Finally he collapsed. It took him 187 days in Army hospitals to recover from his wounds.

Soldier after soldier, white Southerners among them, told me later that Wynn was the bravest man they had ever seen, and I consider him as worthy of the Congressional Medal as anyone who ever received it. I think Crawford, too, earned the Medal of Honor; and that Wallace, Rush, Noel, Curcio and Frost—plus two others in the company, Pfc Lawrence E. Smith, Jr., of Sandston, Virginia, and Master Sergeant Herbert Seegar, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania—all deserved the D.S.C.

Did they get it? They did not.

In the retreat, the battered 2d Division had neither the time nor the equipment to make out the forms required by our archaic decorations system. So no B Company men received proper recognition. Wynn finally got a D.S.C., but that was all.

Do you think the case of Wynn and the others is an isolated example? My official records are filled with others like it.

The Sergeant York of World War II, for example, was Staff Sergeant Harrison Summers, of Rivesville, West Virginia. On the day of the Normandy landings in 1944, Summers singlehandedly attacked five stone barracks filled with German soldiers, kicking in the front door of each, and spraying the interior with his submachine gun. It took him three hours; other men who tried to help were shot down.

Summers accounted for more than 100 Germans, and Army historical reports describe him as a major reason for the success of the entire Utah Beach enterprise. But did Summers get the Congressional Medal? No; he lost out through my own technical error in the filing of the affidavits. I neglected to get signatures, and when I went back for them, two of the three witnesses were dead.

One night in North Korea, the Chinese threw their weight against F Company of the 27th Regiment. Corporal Lonzo Mosier, of Tyler, Missouri, alone in an outpost, held fast until ordered back. Then the Chinese lighted a brush fire against the company line. The others with Mosier were forced back, but he held off the enemy while the line reformed on another knoll. He finally burst through the flames to rejoin the main body.

Chinese Strafed with Own Machine Gun

The next morning, the company charged a Chinese position which was blocking the escape of a large part of the 25th Division. Mosier leaped into the enemy strong point, grabbed a machine gun and turned it on the Chinese crew as they fled. Then he dragged the gun to the side of the ridge and slaughtered a score or more of the enemy grouped below.

That night, the Chinese again lighted a forest fire, which drove everyone back but Mosier. He kept firing until his last bullet was gone. At last, with the Chinese only 20 yards away and the flame beating at his clothing, he retired, lugging his 80-pound machine gun with him.

His award? Nothing—not even a Bronze Star. His was a sustained performance, but no one bothered to link the heroic episodes together. It simply didn't occur to anyone that he rated a decoration (I'd say the Medal of Honor).

Yet I know of a battalion commander who received the Medal of Honor for an exploit which, he later admitted, wouldn't have occurred as it did except for his own carelessness. He ordered an attack, but didn't see to it that his orders were understood by the whole battalion. Only a fraction of one company followed him and that made his leading the attack seem braver than it really was.

Even more ironic is a case involving two men who became terrified and didn't follow their company into an action which proved to be an ambush. The others were all killed or captured. The two malingerers scampered back to summon aid, and both later got the D.S.C.—one "for holding his position singlehandedly in the face of the enemy," the other "for voluntarily, at great risk to himself, bringing in a support force to re-establish the position." In cold fact, neither had been subjected to a single enemy shot. The effect of such cases on troop morale is greatly damaging. The men know who deserve the medals and who don't.

During the Normandy landings in World War II, I asked a battalion commander if he was planning to cite any men for extremely brave actions he had reported. He said wearily: "No, sir; I quit in Africa. Invariably, when I put men in for decorations, the least-deserving cases got them and my outstanding men were by-passed. So I gave up. It was demoralizing the battalion." Until the day he left the battalion, *this commander did not cite a single man for bravery*. Dozens of heroes thus went unrewarded in one of the most valiant American regiments.

What's responsible for the confusion surrounding our awards system? You have to go back into history for the answer. George Washington established our first military decoration, the Purple Heart, then awarded for valor, instead of for wounds, as it is today. But the Purple Heart fell into disuse after the Revolution and there was no award for military heroism until Congress created the Medal of Honor during the Civil War. (About 3,150 Medals of Honor have been awarded since then; perhaps 300 holders of the award are now alive.) It wasn't until World War I that the Distinguished Service Cross, the Distinguished Service Medal and the Navy Cross were added, to be followed in recent years by the Silver Star, the Bronze Star and all the others.

Brig. Gen. S.L.A. Marshall

Rated among the world's top analysts of U.S. Army combat operations, Gen. Marshall is a Detroit News staff member and Army reservist who recently returned from a mission to Korea. His activities have made him an authority on awards; during World War II, he was Gen. Eisenhower's representative for the ETO unit citations

During the Civil War, the Medal of Honor was intelligently awarded. But then there was trouble. When the war ended, many soldiers claimed the medal without documentation.

The crowning abuse came when General George Custer's forces were massacred by the Sioux in 1876. Several companies were sent to Custer's rescue; none arrived in time, but the company commanders recommended nearly every man for the Medal of Honor. Brigadier General Alfred A. Terry turned down the awards, commenting tartly: "Medals of Honor are not intended for ordinarily good conduct but for conspicuous acts of gallantry." Terry asked that the deserving cases be resubmitted with complete documentation, and a board of officers was appointed to review the list.

That first board solved the immediate problem, but it was also the beginning of the present labyrinth. As time passed, the Army piled board upon board. Today, a Medal of Honor recommendation must go through a gamut of officer groups.

When a man commits an exceptionally heroic act nowadays, his commanding officer writes up perhaps eight pages of facts, then sends a Medal of Honor recommendation, and the sheaf of documents, to his division commander.

Now the parade of boards begins. The division commander has a board to advise him; he merely rubber-stamps the board's decision and sends it to the corps commander. The corps commander, in turn, submits it to *his* awards board, then bucks it on to the Army commander, with *his* awards board. A theater awards board considers the recommendation before it goes to the Pentagon—where the Department of the Army Decorations Board takes a final look at it.

Recommendations May Be Easily Vetoed

At each level, the awards board is usually a group of officers called in from other jobs. Any board can disapprove a medal or suggest a lesser decoration, but the boards must forward all Medal of Honor recommendations until they reach the Department of the Army board. However, that top group rarely approves a recommendation that has been turned down on a lower level—so the recommendation must brave six separate vetoes. The only appeal is to resubmit the recommendation—if new facts warrant it—and go through the entire procedure again.

The defects of the system are obvious. The highest boards, separated from the act of valor by hundreds of miles, have only a vague idea of its value in relation to the remote battlefield. Also, all board members have other pressing duties; they usually have scant interest in decorations.

I have been a member of three theater boards which, in an average session, passed upon 50 to 150 closely documented cases within two or three hours. The first board knew the regulations and studied the cases. The second board neither read the cases nor respected the regulations. Members of the third board didn't even bother to attend; they sent subordinates.

But even if all board members were conscientious, decorations would still be "boarded to death." Boards tend to haggle over trifles, to concentrate on technicalities and to search for excuses for saying no. A citation may spend a year in the pipe line before it is finally bucked back to the source with a request for more information. By then, the hero may be a civilian—or a corpse.

Possibly the greatest weakness of the boards is that they take the easy way out, by approving citations which they know are sure-fire—the single, spectacular act, such as falling on a hand grenade or charging a machine-gun nest singlehanded. Some of the sacrifices which have won decorations have been plain suicides. We also have rewarded men for foolhardy ventures from which they had to be extricated with loss of life.

Because of the appeal of the stereotyped, the boards discriminate against whole classes of soldiers. I have known medical-aid men who shamed panicky infantry into holding fast by refusing to abandon wounded soldiers under fire. To me, such men are as deserving of the Medal of Honor as any doughboy who captures a new hill. Yet it is almost an unwritten law that the aid man receives nothing higher than a Silver Star, though no other group in the Army is more uniformly courageous.

It has also been an unwritten law that *leading* men in acts of bravery over a prolonged period is not, in itself, worthy of the Congressional Medal. The smug attitude of the average board is: "He merely did his duty"—and there they make the greatest mistake of all. Strong leadership under fire is the rarest sight on the battlefield.

The traditional disregard of leadership was finally broken in 1951, when Marine Lieutenant

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WIDE WORLD

Man who valiantly exposes self to enemy fire may never get medal—unless an officer sees him

Colonel Raymond G. Davis, of Arlington, Virginia, led the 1st Battalion of the 7th Marine Regiment to the relief of its F Company, which had been surrounded by Chinese for five days. That action was the essential preliminary for the 1st Marine Division's historic march to the sea.

To rescue F Company, Davis forced his men cross-country in 30-degree-below-zero cold, wrestled them to their feet when they fell exhausted, and finally stormed with them across a valley swarming with Chinese to blast a pathway to the besieged company. Marine Brigadier General Homer Litzenberg said, "The personal example of Davis was one of the rallying forces which most directly contributed to the extrication of the bulk of the division." *But it took two years to get a Congressional Medal of Honor approved for Davis.* Navy boards chewed over it, and finally sent it back for better and stronger affidavits.

Why Some Heroic Deeds Go Unrewarded

Besides the board system, other evils have held over from Custer's time. First, there grew up a tradition requiring a man's commanding officer to put him in for decoration. When a soldier performs a heroic act while separated from his officers, he usually remains unknown and unsung. My records are filled with accounts of feats meriting the Congressional Medal or D.S.C., where we have been unable to learn the hero's identity. In other cases, the name is known and the merit of the act clearly established, but no one took the trouble to initiate the award action.

Our best men in ranks often feel abashed about heroism. They are not talkative about their own actions, and few of them know they may put a comrade forward for a decoration. So the unit commander has to initiate awards. That places a great burden on a young, overworked officer who may be too inexperienced to know what medal an act is worth. So what wins a Silver Star in one company might look like a Bronze Star act to the skipper next door. Moreover, in time of emergency, heroism goes begging. In the 2d Division's terrible march through the Chinese gantlet in November, 1950, at least 10 Medal of Honor possibilities were overlooked and perhaps 60 to 80 D.S.C.s. Later, the unit commanders were too busy rebuilding companies to bother with awards.

And that brings me to the most exasperating evil of all—the fact that literary style often counts more than the merit of the act.

An officer who can write effectively may describe a comparatively inconsequential act with such drama that he makes it seem worth a high-ranking decoration. Most combat officers don't possess that literary knack; when they submit worthy citations, their clumsy narratives do not catch the eye of the bored awards-board members.

I'm a professional writer. In Europe, I recommended 58 men in my command for decoration; 56 got awards. Of course, writing out the recommendations took time; when I wrote the Medal of Honor narrative for Captain Lewis L. Millett in Korea, it required two and a half days and the full-time services of two stenographers.

What happens in the thousands of cases where the commanding officer can't write well and can't take a couple of days off to compose an epic?

A good example is that of Sergeant William D. Owens, of Alhambra, California, one of the outstanding heroes of World War II. In June, 1944, Owens took over a machine-gun position in Normandy and fought off four German tanks advancing along a causeway. A full German battalion was behind the armor. He engaged the force for over an hour, and finally beat it back.

His action preserved the flank of an entire U.S. corps. But Owens' commander was no writer. His narrative recommending a Medal of Honor wasn't exciting enough. Owens got a Bronze Star. The men of his company were livid over this injustice. One of them asked me later: "What do you do to win a Medal of Honor—capture Hitler?"

How can we correct such abuses? The answer is fairly simple:

First, the narrative should be short; decorations should not be a competition in prose. Any heroic act can be described in a half-dozen paragraphs.

Second, the operations officer, or S-3, of each regiment should be charged with systematizing awards, with a full-time decorations specialist under him to collect the necessary information. That would take the burden off inexperienced, harassed junior officers. The unit leader would simply make a recommendation to the specialist, who would then interview the witnesses and write the citation.

Besides scouting out deserving men, the specialist would bring about standardization, identify cases which are now missed, and protect men who might otherwise lose out because of prejudice.

The third major corrective should be the virtual elimination of the board system. The Bronze Star and the Silver Star should be awarded in the field by the regimental commander on the advice of his S-3, and the division commander should award the D.S.C. on the advice of his operations officer.

Responsibility for the Congressional Medal should go no higher than the Army commander, who should have a full-time officer to investigate Medal of Honor cases. Awards boards could be convened to consider marginal and complicated cases, pass upon recommendations from small and operationally independent units and consider all decorations for nonbattle service.

Patton Defies Precedent at Bastogne

There is really nothing radical about these ideas. In World War II, General George S. Patton, Jr., rushed to Bastogne after the relief of that stronghold and pinned the D.S.C. on Brigadier General Anthony C. McAuliffe, who certainly earned it thrice over. If it can be done for a general, why not for deserving enlisted men and junior officers?

One reason is the prejudice of some of our leaders against awarding "too many medals"—no matter how richly deserved. They say they don't want to cheapen the award. To my mind, you can't cheapen an award except by awarding it to the wrong man. The present system is not free of cheapness and hypocrisy, as is proved by the quota method of distribution. Under the quota arrangement (which is not chronic but is used periodically), just so many awards of each class are given to each command. The command may either use up the decorations by rewarding minor acts, or cheat true heroism by husbanding the awards too carefully because there are so few.

Some outfits in Germany after the war were given a quota of Silver Stars and Bronze Stars long after most of their combat men had been rotated home. So they pinned medals on replacements who had never fired a shot at the enemy.

When it came time to distribute the French *Croix de guerre fourragère* to our best divisions in Europe, we received 12 from the French on a quota basis. More than 30 U.S. divisions had been put in for it. They all had magnificent citations which read much alike. The weighty problem was solved in this scientific manner: two U.S. officers put the numbers of the 30-odd divisions in a hat, then drew out the "12 best."

In the same way, a division might have 30 valid winners of the D.S.C. But if somebody topside has ruled that 12 is its limit for the period, the other 18 go without. It would be fairer to draw the numbers from a hat. As one bitter GI put it to me, "If the quota's gone, you couldn't get a Bronze Star for saving Eisenhower. If it isn't, they might give you a Congressional Medal of Honor for recovering 150 yards of telephone wire."

I think we ought to eliminate the cynicism and bureaucratic nonsense from the system and get back to the original purpose for which awards were created—to stimulate pride of unit and morale in the men who do our fighting. And I wouldn't worry about how medals are given away just so long as they're deserved. I also want to return the prerogative of awarding medals to the commanders in the field, where it belongs.

No one ever stated the basic principles more forcefully than George Washington in his Newburgh Proclamation of August 7, 1782, which established the Purple Heart as a reward for valor. It was the first time in history that a commander had thought of decorating enlisted men—almost as revolutionary an idea as the Revolution itself.

Washington ordered Purple Hearts "not only for instances of extraordinary gallantry, but also of extraordinary fidelity and essential service in any way." He ordered the medals presented on the basis of *the facts plus a certificate from the commanding officer forwarded to the commander in chief,* and ended with stirring words. "The road to glory in a patriot army and a free country," he wrote, "is thus opened to all." ▲▲▲

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Go and Kiss Him If You Dare

By BENEDICT THIELEN

The old ones were trying to stay young, and the young ones were trying to grow up. Nobody was having much luck, but it was fun to keep trying

Mr. Ellis saw Nancy whirling in the center of the floor with a tall, dark young man who looked somewhat older than the others. "Who's the big lug she's with?" he asked his wife. Mrs. Ellis answered dreamily, "The iceman"

IN THE quiet summer night, the sound of a car drawing up in front of the house, with a spraying of gravel and a screech of brakes, sounded unexpectedly violent and loud. When she heard it Nancy turned and rushed up the stairs. Near the top she tripped and almost fell, but she caught at the banister and pulled herself up the rest of the way, in a convulsed tangle of white saddle shoes, flying shirttails and rolled-up blue jeans.

Mr. Ellis, who had been standing by the living-room window looking out at the sea, turned to his wife with a puzzled expression. "I thought she was all ready to go," he said.

"She was," Mrs. Ellis said, "but it wouldn't do to seem so."

"That's true," Mr. Ellis said slowly. "I'd forgotten."

She sighed and said, "We forget so much."

Eighteen years of marriage had given Mr. Ellis a certain subtlety of response to his wife's moods. He looked at her thoughtfully.

"So many things," Mrs. Ellis said, and he felt the deepening of the melancholy in her voice.

Just then there was a sharp, impatient toot of a horn from the car outside. Mr. Ellis went to the door and snapped on the switch of the porch light. Leaning forward with his face close to the screen, he called, "Come in. She'll be right down." He looked back at Mrs. Ellis. "If there's anything I hate it's people who honk horns."

The door opened, and a boy dressed almost exactly like Nancy stumbled across the threshold.

"Watch it, Ted," Mr. Ellis said.

With a bright smile Mrs. Ellis said, "Nancy'll be right down, Ted."

They all sat down. Mr. Ellis stifled a yawn and, picking up a pack of cards from the table by his side, began to examine it.

"How's your mother, Ted?" Mrs. Ellis asked.

"She's okay. They're over at the Bremers'."

"Oh, I haven't seen her in perfect ages," Mrs. Ellis said.

"They don't go out much." Ted said. He crossed his legs and began twitching one foot rapidly up and down. Mr. Ellis watched with a nervous fascination, as one battered brown moccasin gradually worked loose from the heel, hung suspended from one toe, then fell onto the floor with a thump.

"Yeah," Ted said, as he picked up his shoe, "they generally stick around pretty close to the old home plate. Although as a matter of fact," he added, "they did say something about coming to the square dance tonight. Being with the Bremers for dinner and all. Since the Bremers go in heavily for square dancing." He gave a brief, sardonic laugh. "Big deal."

Nancy came languidly downstairs and said, "Hi!"

Ted got up, said, "Hi!" and for a few seconds they stood there staring at each other with expressionless faces.

Then Ted said, "Okay?"

Nancy answered, "Okay," and they went out, letting the screen door slam behind them.

When the car had driven off, Mr. Ellis shook his head and said, "I don't get it." He brought out a card table, drew up two straight-backed chairs, and sat down. "The general attitude. They don't seem to get a kick out of anything. They seem to know all the answers."

Mrs. Ellis came over and stood by his side. "Well, I suppose we thought we did too."

"In a different way," he said. "We thought we were hard-boiled and wild, but these kids . . . They're just blasé."

Mrs. Ellis laughed and said, "Drinking gin. Necking in cars."

He looked up quickly. "Who?" he said. "They?"

"No, no. We."

Mr. Ellis smiled and said, "I guess we were sort of wild at that." He started to deal the cards, then looked up. "Do you suppose Nancy . . . Oh, hell, she's only sixteen. But with a couple of drinks . . ."

"All they drink is milk," Mrs. Ellis said. "Or Cokes."

"Funny. But it's probably just as well." He motioned to the chair opposite him. "Aren't you going to sit down?" he said.

SHE sat down, picked up the cards, and looked at them absent-mindedly. She gave a small and almost imperceptible sigh.

"What is it, Jo?" he asked. "Is something wrong?"

"Why, no, Howard," she said, "not at all. Let's play."

He shook his head. "Something's bothering you. Come on, you might as well tell me now. What was that you said before? About forgetting things? So many things?"

"Oh," she said, beginning to sort the cards. "Nothing."

A shade of impatience came into his voice. "Don't keep saying nothing, Jo," he said. "I can tell when you've got something on your mind. Forgetting what things?"

"Well," she said, and her eyes moved around the room. Then she suddenly looked directly at him and with a kind of distressed determination said, "All I mean is: don't you *(Continued on page 44)*

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

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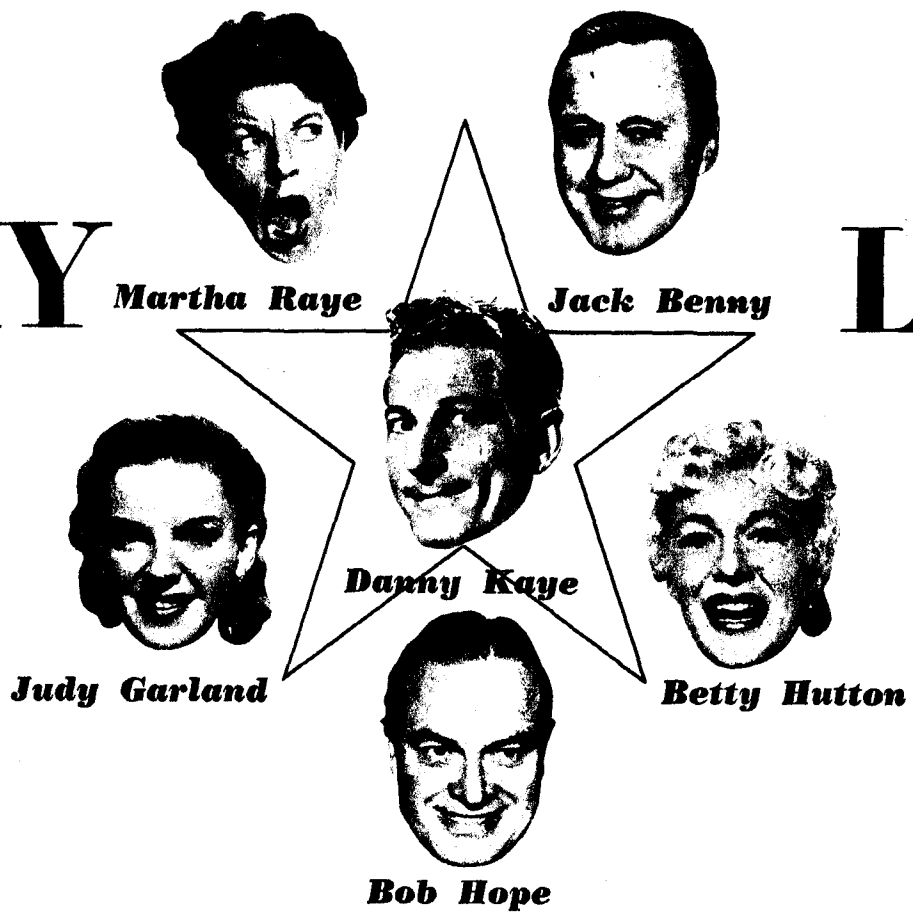
WHY LOVE TO



American stars can earn more

By ROBERT MUSEL

London

MARTHA RAYE, of Hollywood and points east, sat at a table in a London night club fortifying herself with champagne. The curtain had just fallen on her first night on the stage of the London Palladium and she was waiting for the verdict of the morning newspaper critics.

With a groan, she explained her predicament: "If you're an American artist these days and you don't make a hit at the Palladium—well, you're dead! London's approval has come to mean as much to a star as a Hollywood Oscar. But, gosh, the way you have to work and worry to get it!"

Miss Raye was giving expression to a phenomenon of the entertainment world: many of America's top-drawer comedians and popular singers would as soon appear on a London vaudeville stage 3,500 miles from Broadway and 5,500 miles from Hollywood as in a new American movie or a television show.

Those who make good—as Miss Raye did—treasure the Palladium accolade as a memorable high light in their careers. The theater has become a symbol of success as great as New York's Palace Theater in the palmiest days of American vaudeville. As a matter of fact, Danny Kaye never got over his reception in 1948, one of the greatest personal triumphs in stage history.

Jack Benny, another Palladium favorite, tells of the day he met Danny on Hollywood Boulevard and asked him the time. It was midafternoon, but Danny, with a faraway look in his eyes, replied: "Six fifteen and eight forty-five." Danny was daydreaming of London again; the curtain rises on the twice-nightly Palladium shows at 6:15 and 8:45 P.M.

Another season of big-name vaudeville will open at the Palladium next month and once more American night-club and theater proprietors can be expected to stand by in awe while London lures their box-office stars across the Atlantic.

What is the Palladium's siren call? Reigning film stars regard an engagement there as a chance to achieve success on the stage. Top stage, radio and television performers see a new world to conquer. Fading stars see a chance for a fast, new start to the top.

Then, too, Britain ranks next to the United States itself as a market for American films, popular music and records. An appearance on a London stage helps a star at the movie box office and the record and music counters. Significantly, many film-name engagements coincide with the release of the star's picture in Britain, and singers get a chance to plug their records from the stage.

Still another attraction is the opportunity to see Europe on the Palladium's money. Singer Frankie Laine says that consideration was a primary reason why he signed a contract; then his wife, ex-film actress Nan Grey, bought so many antiques in Britain, France and Italy that Frankie claims he had to squeeze in an extra concert on his last Sunday in Britain to "make enough money to get out of town." Betty Hutton says she came so that she and her husband, Charles O'Curran, could visit Britain, France and Ireland.

Valentine (Val) Charles Parnell, managing director of the Palladium, shrewdly takes all these circumstances into account when he begins negotiations with an American performer. No one in the business can draw a finer line on how little to offer a big star and still have him strike at the bait. Not that the London salaries are peanuts. Kaye, Benny and Bob Hope pulled down from $9,000 to $14,000 a week, but over the same period they could get $25,000 and more at home. However, they play only 14 shows a week at the Palladium compared with about 30 a week at big American movie houses.

American Stars Spend Freely in London

Despite the sizable salaries, few American stars manage to leave London with much of their Palladium pay. Living in Britain comes high for them. Hired Rolls Royces, suites at the Savoy Hotel or Claridge's, and innumerable purchases soon eat up the money. For example, Maxene Andrews of the Andrews Sisters bought a $10,000 British automobile, and Red Skelton purchased a couple of smaller cars before leaving for home.

Whatever the lures Val Parnell dangles before them, he has succeeded in bringing to his theater during the past five years probably the greatest galaxy of American entertainers to appear on a single vaudeville stage in recent years.

Not all the stars found the success Parnell had promised was waiting for them. There have been a couple of flops and a half-dozen near misses. But there also have been enough smash hits to encourage Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis, Johnnie Ray, Hope and Laine to agree to play the house this year. Hope and Laine needed no urging to return; they had such warm receptions in the past that they look forward to playing the Palladium. And they know that once a British audience accepts a performer, it remains loyal.

Despite the Palladium's world-wide fame, the theater looks anything but imposing. It is squeezed in between office buildings on narrow Argyll Street, a half mile from teeming Piccadilly Circus, the hub of London. It is so far off the beaten path, in fact, that it was one of four theaters permitted to reopen in the early days of the Nazi aerial blitz during World War II simply because they were not in crowded sections of the city.

The narrow sidewalk permits only a small marquee. The façade is in the style of a temple to Pallas Athene, from which the theater took its name. The Greek architectural style is heavily conventionalized and the front of the building is painted cream.

Inside, past a shallow lobby, the Palladium's two balconies and red-plush and gilt decorations make it look superficially like a lot of legitimate theaters in the United States. When built in 1910 at the then fabulous cost of $1,200,000, however, it was the only theater in London completely carpeted and with tip-up seats throughout the auditorium.

Moreover, Frank Matcham, one of the finest theater architects of his day, somehow managed to achieve in the auditorium of nearly 2,400 seats the intimacy of the small music halls then strewn thickly through London. Billy Daniels, the American pop singer, puts it this way: "As you stand on the stage, you can feel the audience close to you. It's like standing on the handle of a giant fan, with the fan spread out before you. There's no real gulf between you and the audience because of little alcove boxes overlooking the stage and the way the balconies curve toward you. And when those lights hit you, you know that everyone clear up to the last row of the top balcony can see and hear you."

Still other novel features were introduced by George Black, a former movie-theater-chain owner, who took over the Palladium in 1928, and Parnell, whom Black hired as his booking agent. They built a soft-drink counter; until then British music-hall audiences could buy only alcoholic beverages in a theater. They introduced a policy of two shows nightly plus two matinees a week—under which the theater now sells more than 1,500,000 tickets a year at prices ranging from two shillings and sixpence (35 cents) to 14 shillings and sixpence ($2.03).

They threw out the London theatrical tradition of having the women ushers—who also distribute programs at seven cents each—sell trays of tea with biscuits to the audience at intermission time. Instead, the then new regime built a mission-style lounge behind the orchestra section and added a chef to the payroll. Audiences are tempted out for a drink and a snack between halves of the show.

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PLAY THE PALLADIUM

money at home. Yet they grab at the chance to show their wares in an English theater

Parnell, a 56-year-old six-footer with a build like an ex-football player, continued to add improvements when he became managing director after Black died in 1945. As Parnell tells it: "We try to keep it all top drawer. Our pit band is the best. You ought to see the leader, Woolf Phillips, from the stage. He smiles at the artists, encourages them, gives them the thumbs-up sign, tells them they're great. When Judy Garland was nervous, Woolfie sang the English version of Easter Parade. She thought he was trying to throw her off. It brought back her concentration and became a running gag between them for her engagement.

"Our scenery is the best we can get. So is our lighting, which is operated from the front of the house on a device like an electronic organ. Music, too, is tops. We were using Leroy Anderson's music before he became famous in the States."

Show business is in Parnell's blood. His father, Fred Russell, now 90 and still active, was the first ventriloquist to use a single dummy, which he called Coster Joe. Val began his own theatrical career at 13 as an office boy to a producer. Val's wife, the former Helen Howell of Honolulu, was in an adagio act at the Palladium before their marriage in 1937.

Today Parnell supervises the booking of about 200 acts a week for the Moss Empires group of theaters in addition to directing the Palladium. He works long hours at the job, and even away from the office frequently entertains show people in his luxurious eight-room apartment in Westminster Gardens, behind Westminster Abbey. His method of negotiating with American stars—and with British performers, too, for that matter—is to coax rather than to bluster. He is slow to anger, and he rarely lets a personal dislike keep him from booking an actor who might help the box office.

Although Parnell is responsible for the postwar American conquest of the Palladium, there have been American performers on its stage off and on ever since the theater's gala opening December 26, 1910. The opening bill included a male impersonator from Baltimore, Maryland—Ella Shields, known as Birmingham Bertie from Bow. Then, on down through the years, some of the Americans who appeared were Nora Bayes, Ramon Novarro, Joe E. Brown, Gregory Ratoff, Polly Moran, Bert Wheeler, Ethel Barrymore, W. C. Fields, Tom Mix, Jackie Coogan and Gene Dennis, the clairvoyant. (Parnell fondly remembers Miss Dennis because he won a sizable sum on her prediction that Windsor Lad would win the Derby in 1934. Windsor Lad paid 15 to 2.)

In 1940, the Palladium switched temporarily to bright, bouncy revues. It headlined such stars as Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, two of Hollywood's silent-screen stars now resident in Britain (and top radio comedians at the moment), and Tommy Trinder, who will go down in London theatrical history as the man who squelched Orson Welles. ("The name's Trinder," said Tommy, in opening his act. "Why don't you change it?" bellowed Welles from the audience. There was a hush. "Are you proposing marriage?" Tommy inquired.)

The Act That Inspired a New Policy

During the 1947 season, Parnell booked Laurel and Hardy. Box-office receipts indicated that he had hit pay dirt; he decided British audiences were ready to flock to topnotch American performers whom they had seen in American movies, or heard either on records or over the United States Armed Forces radio. So Val flew to the United States and signed the first American stars for what he designed as the Palladium's new—and still continuing—policy: 31 weeks of big-name vaudeville, 10 weeks of an autumn revue, one week to refurbish the house and 10 weeks of pantomime (traditional, noisy British musicals based on fairy tales).

Parnell concedes that the success of the 31-week vaudeville season hinges primarily on getting American stars to head the bills. Only three British headliners have been able to fill the theater by themselves in recent years. They are Gracie Fields, who also has made a hit on American stages; singer Donald Peers, who is Britain's Guy Mitchell; and Max Miller, a burlesque-type comedian who calls himself the Cheekie Chappie and uses some of the bluest material in show business.

The whole project nearly foundered at the start, however. Parnell had signed Mickey Rooney to open the 1948 season. But Val's sleek, iron-gray hair nearly curled when he read in London newspapers that the ebullient little actor on his arrival in England had told reporters: "I can act, sing, dance, write screen plays, direct and produce pictures, play drums and ride horses. I am show business. I know it all."

Mickey was just being his brash, natural self. But the British, who prefer understatement, didn't appreciate his egotism. The press roasted him even before the show opened, and the brickbats increased after the first night.

"Mickey didn't seem to care," Val says now. "He used no make-up. He did imitations of people and things our audiences had scarcely heard of." Then Mickey's manager, Sam Stiefel, compounded the British ire by explaining Mickey's failure to appear at a children's benefit in these words, according to the London press: "I thought it was outrageous to fix Mickey up with a show without consulting me. It's like asking your king or one of your great athletes to appear without warning."

After the Rooney debacle, the British press was ready to carve up Parnell's next American star for British breakfast-table reading.

But the next star—Danny Kaye—approached his engagement with an altogether different attitude. Danny arrived in London several days in ad-

Located among office buildings away from theater district, Palladium doesn't appear very imposing on outside. But crowds quickly fill its 2,400 seats when a U.S. star is on bill

BILL STAPLETON

Queen, Princess Margaret and Prince Philip lend royal touch to a Palladium performance

TOPICAL PRESS

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Palladium audiences have long memories. Tony Martin once relearned the Tenemen

vance of his opening to familiarize himself with the theater and he prepared studiously for his preshow press conference. He had two friends—his manager Ed Dukoff and a veteran American foreign correspondent—pop questions at him so that he would have all his answers ready.

"They'll ask you how much money you're getting—dollars are a sore point here now," the correspondent warned him. "I'll tell them that whatever it is I hope I earn it," Danny said. After the rehearsal, Danny told his friends, "Boys, I'm going into the conference alone, on my own." He did and the press conference went off like clockwork. When a British reporter acidly recalled that Danny had flopped in a prewar dancing act at London's Dorchester Hotel, the comedian smiled and said: "It was the time of Munich, and I've always had the feeling I may have started the war." The critics were disarmed.

Danny opened on February 2, 1948—and he made theatrical history. The 4,000,000-circulation Daily Express gave him a rave review on page one —not the drama page. The first house demanded so many encores that the street outside became choked with hundreds of ticket holders for the second show. Danny's triumph assured the success of Parnell's new policy of featuring American stars.

Member of Peerage Among Standees

Among those who bought standing-room tickets for the second house that opening night in 1948 was the Marquess of Milford Haven. He fought his way through the crowd to Danny's dressing room after the final curtain.

"I enjoyed it," he told Danny. "May I bring my cousins?" He could, and he did. The cousins were Princess Elizabeth (now Queen Elizabeth II) and Princess Margaret. They joined the audience in singing Minnie the Moocher with Danny, and Princess Elizabeth went backstage afterward to invite him to supper with her party.

"I can't," stammered Danny. "I have a previous engagement." After the royal party left, Barry Storri, the Palladium manager, snapped: "You can't turn down invitations from royalty. What engagement could possibly be more important?" Red-faced, Danny confessed: "I didn't have any engagement. I was too nervous to accept."

Elizabeth and Margaret went home to Buckingham Palace and told King George VI and Queen Elizabeth about the new comedian. On February 26th, for the first time in recent history the king and queen sat in regular orchestra seats for a music-hall performance. Afterward, the king and queen spent nearly a half hour chatting with Danny in the royal box. Queen (now the Queen Mother) Elizabeth told Danny she too had tried to sing Minnie the Moocher, but couldn't keep up with his scat.

The Times, most austere of newspapers, published Danny's photograph in action—an almost unheard-of honor for a vaudeville performer. Famous people crowded into his dressing room. Winston Churchill—guarded by detectives, for on the night he attended the show Scotland Yard had been tipped there would be an attempt on his life—told Danny his impact was frightening. "I start quietly and gradually build up," said the great orator, "but you come on and hit your audience in the eye."

The Duchess of Kent, Prime Minister Clement R. Attlee, Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin and Anthony Eden all went backstage to pay tribute. Danny was booked for four weeks, but Parnell hastily rejiggered his line-up and gave him six. Ticket scalpers got 10 to 15 times box-office prices for seats.

Everything Danny did made news in Britain. His car almost ran down the Archbishop of Canterbury. "Young man," said the Primate of All England, with a smile, "you almost achieved a measure of *real* fame." Danny lunched with George Bernard Shaw; the entertainer bruised his ribs in an automobile accident while returning to London, and when he went on that night, he was hailed as a hero. On the last night of his run, the scalpers were asking $50 for orchestra seats. The audience sang Auld Lang Syne and kept Danny on stage so long most transportation shut down and many of those without cars had to walk home.

Word that Danny would fly back from the United States for the Royal Variety Performance brought 80,000 applications for 2,400 seats. Four months before his 1949 season at the Palladium, forged tickets were on sale; Parnell had to put out tickets with a special design to foil the racketeers. During Danny's provincial tour in 1949, thousands gathered before his hotel in Glasgow and sang Will Ye No Come Back? His eight-week 1951 season at the Palladium was sold out before he opened.

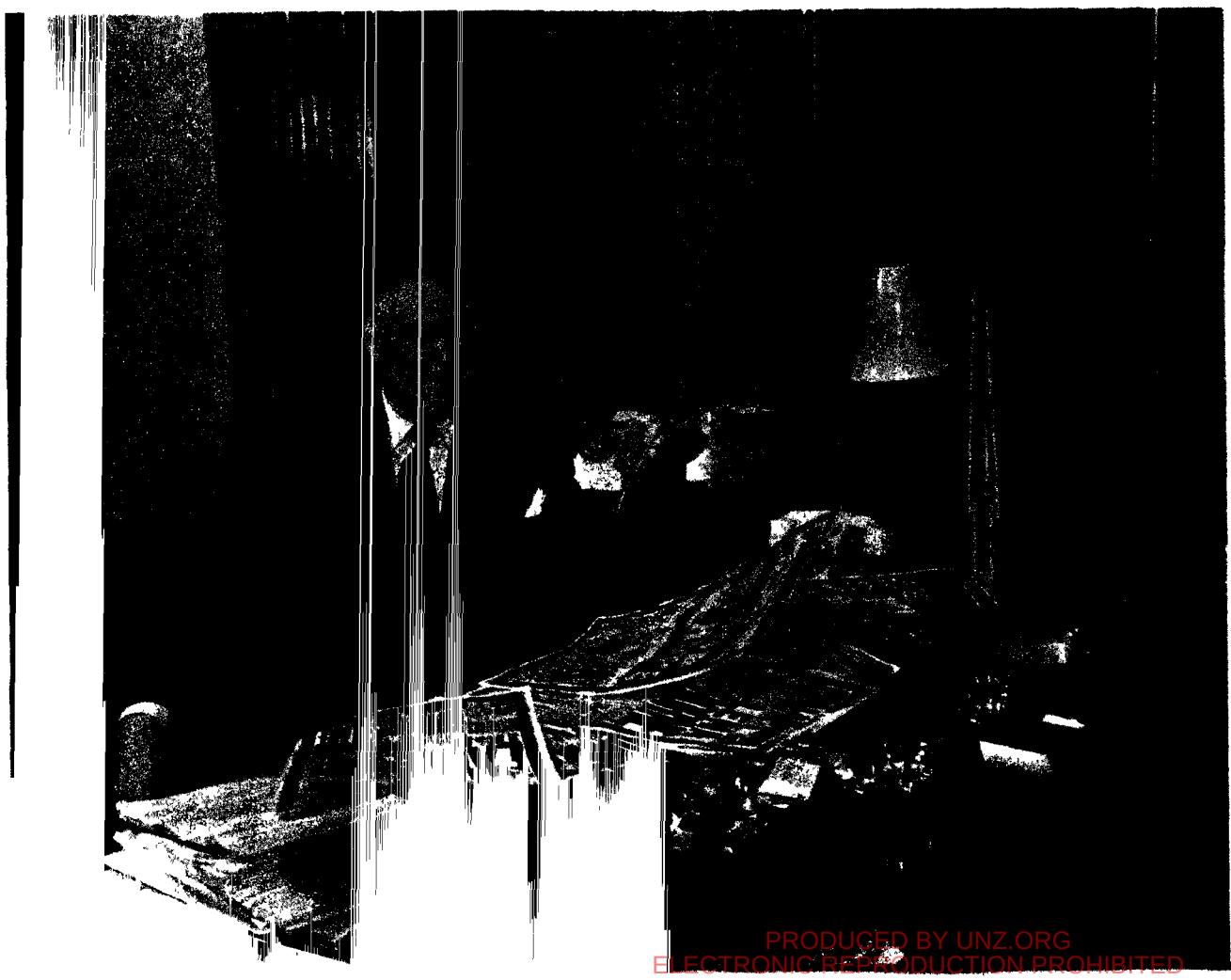
Electric Tension on Opening Nights

Danny's success had several aftereffects. Parnell started the Palladium Oscars—the brass name plates affixed to the star's dressing room. Danny took his along, and so has every star who followed him. Since 1948, the first show on opening night has always run suspiciously late. Parnell blandly denies he engineers the jam-up in Argyll Street between the two shows; but he admits it adds to the electric tension of first nights. Audiences developed an attitude toward American stars which Beverley Baxter, Member of Parliament and drama critic, named "palladiumania."

And Parnell found American resistance to his blandishments collapsing. For example, take Danny Thomas. "Why did I come?" says Thomas. "Because Benny, Kaye and my other friends in show business told me that you haven't performed to an appreciative audience until you've performed in England." Thomas represented Parnell's big gamble for 1950. Val booked Thomas for four weeks although he was almost unknown in Britain. The comedian won the audience with his opening line: "I wouldn't like to be in your shoes tonight. You're supposed to be the best audience in the world—you've got a lot to live up to."

Only one other top American entertainer—Jack Carson—has given Parnell a headache approaching that of the Rooney incident. "Carson wouldn't listen," Val sighs. "He tried out his act in Manchester. I went up there, looked at it, and told him it wouldn't do at the Palladium. He said, 'I'm killing the people, aren't I?' I nodded. 'They're English, aren't they?' he said. I saw it was no use and he came into London. The first night was painful —for Jack as well as for the audience.

Managing Director Val Parnell studies posters for some of acts he's brought to Palladium



Theater also has pantomimes (traditional musicals

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Symphony for first-nighters. And Dorothy Lamour had to put on a hastily made sarong

"Carson then agreed to change his act. But when I came back to see it, I found he had put in a few bits I didn't like. I phoned his agent, Harry Foster, who was having dinner, and said, 'Drop your fork and hurry right over here.' We both talked to Jack and, do you know, after that his act did quite well." What Carson did at Parnell's request was to tighten his act by cutting out a long card-trick routine and two songs.

But if there hasn't been much temperament, there has been a lot of drama and comedy both on and off the Palladium stage. During the 1952 season, Betty Hutton tried to do her trapeze act despite gastric flu and nearly fainted as she swung over the edge of the stage. Her husband, Charles O'Curran, saw she was on the verge of collapse and was hanging on only by instinct. He ran out onto the stage and directed stagehands to bring her down. Betty missed the next night and Frankie Laine, who had tickets to see the show, substituted for her.

Judy Garland began her comeback at the Palladium in 1951. Parnell assured her that her widely publicized emotional problems would meet only sympathy in London. As she finished her final rehearsal, she said: "I'm all right now, if only I don't fall down." On the opening night, she stumbled and fell while going into a tricky dance step, but the gallery already was screaming, "You're great!"

Critics Were Won Over by Sinatra

Frank Sinatra was another whose career got a high-octane injection. Frank came over in 1950 during his courtship of Ava Gardner, and the critical knives were whetted. But the critics decided at his opening night that he really could sing and that he was—as they admitted somewhat grudgingly—quite an artist.

By one of the lucky breaks which have studded Frank's career, he was invited to sing at a society party given by Lady Bailey, widow of Sir Abe Bailey, the South African diamond millionaire. Among the 100 guests who sat around him on pillows under a marquee in the pelting rain was Princess Margaret. It developed he was one of her favorite singers, and this news—duly broadcast by his press agent, Mack Millar—hit the front pages in the United States. Frank could have lunched with George Bernard Shaw, too, but he blithely passed up the rare honor for tea with Ava. As Sinatra's run ended, bobby-soxers paraded before the theater carrying placards reading: THANKS, VAL PARNELL. WE KNEW HE'D BE SWELL.

Dinah Shore went on depressed that her husband, George Montgomery, had not even cabled good wishes. But the handsome actor had secretly flown to London and went into the wings during his wife's first number. Dinah caught a glimpse of him, broke off her song and ran off stage to embrace him, crying: "George! George!" The audience loved it. So did a little man who stood at the side of the orchestra applauding loudly. When John Carlsen, the theater press agent, questioned the little man, he got this explanation: "Please don't think it's because she sings my songs: it's because no song writer could ever hear his songs done better than Dinah sings them." The little man was Irving Berlin.

Dorothy Lamour didn't think she would need her sarong—although Parnell warned her that the British often remember artists for things they themselves have forgotten. (Tony Martin, for example, had to relearn Tenement Symphony quickly when the first-nighters wouldn't let him off without it.) So a sarong was quickly run up backstage for Dorothy out of some prewar silver lamé from the wardrobe department.

Jack Benny is one of the best-loved of the American visitors. On one of his first visits, he asked Hannen Swaffer, dean of British columnists, how he thought his act would go. "If it's in English, you should be all right," said Swaffer. "Some of us here speak it quite fluently." Benny is another who cannot hope to make anything like his American salary in London, but he says: "Back home I'm on the go all the time. Here I'm free during the day and can get some golf in. Playing at the Palladium is good fun—a relaxation, if you like."

Red Skelton won public acclaim, but the critics were unaccountably cool. The Andrews Sisters also drew an unenthusiastic press for their 1951 act, which went in heavily for comedy. But their astute manager, Lou Levy, promptly reroutined the act with the emphasis on singing and invited all the critics to see the show again. This time the notices were good.

Burns and Allen got their start in big-time vaudeville in London. "They were playing the house in 1929," Parnell recalls, "and I was sitting with Eddie Darling, the chief booker for the American Keith-Orpheum circuit. 'Who are they?' he asked. I told him they were Americans and he said, 'Never heard of them.' But he booked them for the Palace in New York and they never looked back."

Jack Benny's "Long-Distance" Call

Benny and George Burns are great friends and never fail to wish each other luck. Playing golf in California one day in 1949, Benny remembered that Burns and Allen were opening in London in a couple of days. He staked his golfing partner—his dentist—to a ticket and both flew to England. Burns was at a cocktail party when he got a phone call from Jack. "What do you know," he said when he hung up, "Jack called me all the way from California just to wish us luck." And Benny walked into the room.

Three of the big hits of 1952 were singers—Billy Daniels, Frankie Laine and Sophie Tucker. Laine had heard a great deal about British reserve and was so startled when ecstatic shrieks descended from the gallery during his first number that he turned to his accompanist, Carl Fischer, in the middle of a song and asked: "What happened?" In another number, Frankie suggested the audience sing along with him. "Are you ready?" he asked. A large, well-dressed woman jumped to her feet in the orchestra section and shouted: "Any time, Frank-eh. Any time!"

What with all his success, you might think Parnell would be a very happy man. But he isn't. He has never been able to tempt Bing Crosby.

"I'll come when I need the money," Crosby assured him.

"And you know when that will be," Val Parnell sighs. ▲▲▲

based on fables). Number is from Dick Whittington

Backstage at Palladium, as in other theaters, the chorus girls like to chat between numbers

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL STAPLETON

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CHARLES HAWES

The stranger tossed up a coin. "Most women wear dresses," he said, glancing at Aunt Vicki

Tuneful Stranger

By MARK HAGER

I TRIED to get in a little fishing that morning, while we waited for the men to come to cradle Aunt Vicki's wheat, but just about the time the biggest fish in Little Stony Creek started to nibble at the cricket on my hook, Aunt Vicki yelled that the men had come.

It's a pure sin to leave a nibbling fish, but I had to. I met my Aunt Vicki at the barn. The guinea hens were potracking shrilly at the barn door.

"What's the guinea hens excited about?" I said.

"Must be a hawk flew over," Aunt Vicki said, and then she handed me a fifty-dollar bill. "Run to the store and get this bill changed so I can pay the men off this evening."

"Aw, shucks, another trip!" I said. "Why don't you marry you a man, like everybody says you should?"

"I will, when my man comes along," Aunt Vicki said. The guinea hens were getting more noisy.

"That wasn't no hawk," I said. "They duck from hawks. It's something strange in the barn."

Then we heard the sound of a man—a man inside my Aunt Vicki's barn, humming a tune.

We backed away as the barn door opened and the stranger stepped out. He was tall, lean and black-haired, and he had a bag in one hand. He looked about thirty. When he spoke, he seemed to speak to himself. "Only trouble with a barn is," he said, "a man can't get his sleep out. Things wake up too early. Too noisy."

Then my Aunt Vicki spoke. "Most men work for a living and sleep in houses," she said.

The stranger glanced at my Aunt Vicki. He tossed up a gold coin. "And most women are married and wear dresses," the stranger said, and with that, my Aunt Vicki glanced at her overalls and fumbled with her tumbly hair while the stranger glanced at the wheatfield.

"But all the gold," the stranger said, "is not in your wheatfield, miss. Some of it is in your hair."

With that, the stranger put the gold coin back in his pocket. He set his bag down, opened it, and got out a small mirror. Then he took off his hat and walked over to the waterspout and began to lather his face.

"Bub," my Aunt Vicki whispered, "there's a man I'd like to find out about. You can ask him while he shaves. Find out who he is, where he's from and going to, and is he married, and a believer. I can hear what he says from inside the barn."

Then my Aunt Vicki disappeared into the barn, and the stranger came back to shave.

"You seem to be a stranger around here," I said.

"I am," he said. "My name's Medley McKay. I'm what you might call a globe-trotter. You and your aunt live here alone?"

"Yes, sir. I have to stay with her since Grandpa and Grandma died, and her man ain't ever come along yet for her to marry."

"Tell your aunt that when her man does come along, he might be old-fashioned enough to like his woman in a dress."

"Yes, sir, I'll tell her. But she likes overalls when she works. In overalls she can outrun me on a dead level. How'd you leave your folks?"

"With a tune in their hearts," he said.

"Your wife and children all right?"

"Ain't ever had a wife," the stranger said, and I said, "Why?"

"My woman ain't ever come along yet," he said. He pitched up the gold coin. "One ever comes along who can pull this gold out of my pocket, I might marry her," he said.

"Believe the Scriptures?"

"Uh-huh. Only Samson had an awful good pack of hounds to catch them three hundred foxes that day."

"Been baptized?" I asked.

"Indirectly. Boat turned over while I was fishin' in the Jordan River one day."

"Bein' as the reason you're foot-loose ain't because you left a wife, my Aunt Vicki might hire you. Ever cradle any?"

"Cradle? Grew up on Sourwood Mountain among cradles and fiddles."

"You could sweat out ten bucks in the wheatfield today."

The stranger glanced toward the wheatfield, ripe and hot. "Mind to lend me that fifty-dollar bill a minute?" he said.

I glanced at the stranger and at the barn door. It was my Aunt Vicki's money, but the stranger had a friendly and harmless twinkle in his eyes, and I didn't think he'd run.

He took the bill and walked over to the men. "I've heard," he said, "that there's good blood on Little Stony Creek. I've heard men are men here."

The big cradlers glanced at each other.

"I'm not a man to hire out for wages," the stranger said, "but I have a streak of the gambler. I'll cradle one swath. If I'm not the front man at the end of the swath, you men get this fifty, and I finish the field. If I am the front man, I take the fifty and you finish."

The big cradlers were running hard thumbs along the keen edges of the cradle blades. They huddled, whispered, and said, "Stranger, you're called."

AUNT VICKI had come out of the barn, and she gave the stranger Grandpa's old cradle from the apple tree and the mossy old whetstone from the forks of the tree. He stood the cradle on its handle. A cradle has four or five wooden fingers out from the blade, and they catch the grain as the blade sweeps through and hold it, and the cradler lifts it out.

The stranger adjusted a warped finger or two, and then he began to whet, stroking the blade first on one side and then on the other with the whetstone, and at the same time he hummed. He was the only man ever on the waters of Little Stony Creek who could whet a tune on a cradle blade, and the tune made me and my Aunt Vicki shiver, for it made us think of Grandpa with no calf on his leg because a Minié ball hit him when he climbed the hill with General Pickett's men that day. For you see, the tune was Dixie.

When the stranger got done whetting, the men opened the gate and started cradling. The stranger started as the hind man. Aunt Vicki ran to the house. She came back in white moccasins and a flaming pink dress, and she smelled like she'd waded through a patch of primroses.

I stood with Aunt Vicki, and we watched that first swath that day. We saw the stranger's blade swish and sing at the heels of the next man, and the next. We watched the big Stony Creek men jump from their swaths to get away from the blade at their heels.

When the last man had jumped out of the way, the stranger shouldered the old cradle. Me and Aunt Vicki sat down on the plow beam at the barn lot. He came back whistling a tune.

"I could use a man like you on the farm," Aunt Vicki said as she handed him the fifty-dollar bill.

"You are beautiful in pink," the stranger said.

"But I suppose you could never settle at a place like Little Stony Creek," Aunt Vicki said.

"I might," the stranger said. "I might even decide to settle and work for a living and sleep in a house," and with that he tossed the gold coin. Aunt Vicki whispered to me it was a good time for fish to bite and shoved me off the end of the plow beam. I went on fishing, wondering could it be that my Aunt Vicki's man had come along.

But of course I wasn't sure, not sure until some weeks later when I saw the stranger make the last toss of the gold coin, which he did because Little Stony got on a high lonesome that day and the stranger and Aunt Vicki couldn't cross, and the preacher just came down to the bank of the creek. He married my Aunt Vicki and Medley McKay across the creek that day.

Then the preacher seemed puzzled. He hesitated and waited. My Uncle Medley felt in his pockets. He got out some bills, but when Little Stony Creek gets on its Sunday clothes, you can't throw paper money across, and my Uncle Medley dug again, and this time he came up with the gold coin, and, with that last toss, it sailed across the creek, and the preacher picked it up from the sand. ▲▲▲

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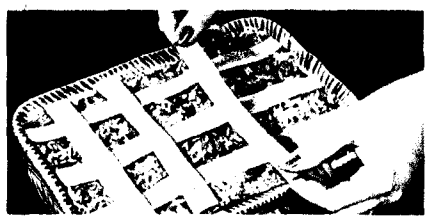

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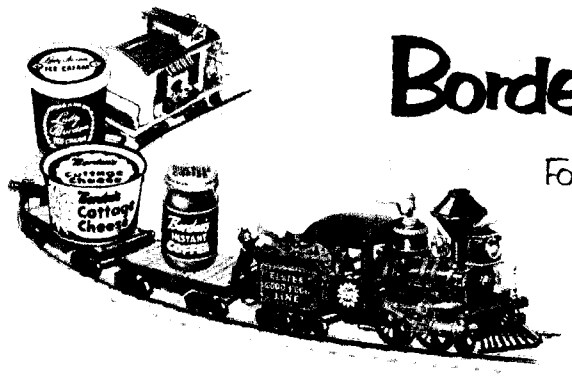

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FOUL

By FRANK ROONEY

Donovan was a craftsman who took pride in his skill. A proud man cannot betray his own pride. He cannot fight dirty, for if he wins a dirty fight he destroys not his opponent, but himself

DONOVAN, who was neither articulate nor talkative, admired his friend, Joe Evers, but did not always understand or agree with him. Evers, a sports columnist for a New York City afternoon paper, had written three years ago, when Donovan retired from the ring, that no fighter in his memory had had more pride in his skills than Donovan. Donovan, Evers wrote, *was dominated by his pride the way some inferior men are dominated by a woman. Pride was Donovan's mistress. This pride, fierce and probably unrecognized by Donovan himself, would not allow him to perform a small or mean action in the ring. He is retiring from the ring now at thirty-one because he is afraid his diminishing skills will demean him. He is afraid that his body, made slow and clumsy by time, will try to replace skill and stamina with trickery and deceit.*

Donovan, lying on the bed in the hotel room a half mile from Yankee Stadium, wondered how many people had read that column. He wondered too how many of the people who had read it would be in the Stadium tonight to watch him fight Kid Grover. The kid was twenty-four and weighed one sixty, and Donovan was giving him ten years and six pounds. Not that the weight mattered. Fifteen pounds would matter but not six. The years were important, the ten years, including the two he had been away from the ring. Those two years had hurt him. The three fights he had had during the last year had proved that. But this was the big one. The kid now in September, and the champion in June—if he got by the kid. And there was another thing that might hurt him too: the heat. The hotel room was air-conditioned. What would it be like on the floor of the Stadium under the lights?

Getting off the bed, he checked the thermostat by the window. It was set at seventy-five degrees. He did not want to risk getting chilled, nor did he want to go directly from a temperature of sixty-eight to one of eighty-five or ninety. His wife, Mary, came into the room shutting the door quickly behind her; Donovan could hear the voice of Tully, his manager, in the brief time the door was open.

"I heard you moving around," Mary said. "Is there anything you want?"

"I don't want to see anyone."

"I won't let them in, honey. How do you feel?"

"Good. I feel like I need a little exercise."

He smiled when Mary laughed, grateful to her for recognizing and appreciating the joke. Not many people knew when he was joking and when he was not. Even five months pregnant, even in the maternity dress, she looked fresh and handsome. They had been married three years ago, the day he announced his retirement, when he was still middleweight champion retiring undefeated and not, as he was now, simply another challenger. An average challenger, coming back a one-way street and bucking the traffic all the way. Joe Evers had written that in one of his columns, Joe who had come from the same neighborhood on the lower West Side of New York and knew what it meant to get away from it. *They live there in the old street,* Joe had written, *and they will die there, softly or loudly, in love or in hate, in filth or in decency. When we were kids, we dreamed of getting away. Donovan was one of those who got away. Some of us who got away go back now and then but Donovan never did. Perhaps Donovan feels that getting away was a miracle and going back even for an hour would put that miracle in jeopardy.*

"Joe call?" he asked, and Mary said, "He'll be in the dressing room. Do you want to be alone now?"

"In a minute."

He stared at Mary, thinking that he would like to touch her but remembering that it was bad luck to touch a woman before a fight. Or not bad luck. It ruined his concentration. If he touched Mary, he would no longer be alone. Joe Evers had written: *Although the fight game is often a filthy racket populated by evil men dedicated to the slaughter and robbery of the innocent, there are some fighters who approach a bout with the mysticism and reverence of devout men entering the pew of a church. The cynical will clutch their sides and roll out in the aisles with laughter at the above sentence. What the cynical do not and cannot understand is the frightening simplicity and devotion of a man who works at a trade that has not only enriched him but has removed him from the environment of crime and degradation. To a man climbing out of a sewer, the gutter is heaven.*

That was it exactly, Donovan thought. A talent, even a talent for fighting, made it certain that he would not have to live and die like his father, live in dirt and poverty and die in a brawl on the docks. And his talent bettered not only himself but also his three brothers and his sister. A whole generation. And there was his mother too, finally taken away almost by force and set down in a clean little cottage in New Jersey. Living on a ranch in California now, he did not see his mother very often, but it was pleasant to think of her in the cottage, pleasant to think that two of his brothers had a profitable trucking business in New Jersey and saw his mother almost every day; his sister too, married and living in Connecticut; and the other brother, the youngest, teaching in a high school on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Without his talent none of this would have been possible. A whole generation uplifted (that was Joe Evers' word) by his talent

Crouching, Donovan threw a right as the kid closed in. Bent nearly double, he threw the right hand hard and straight, as he had intended in the early rounds, and the kid fell

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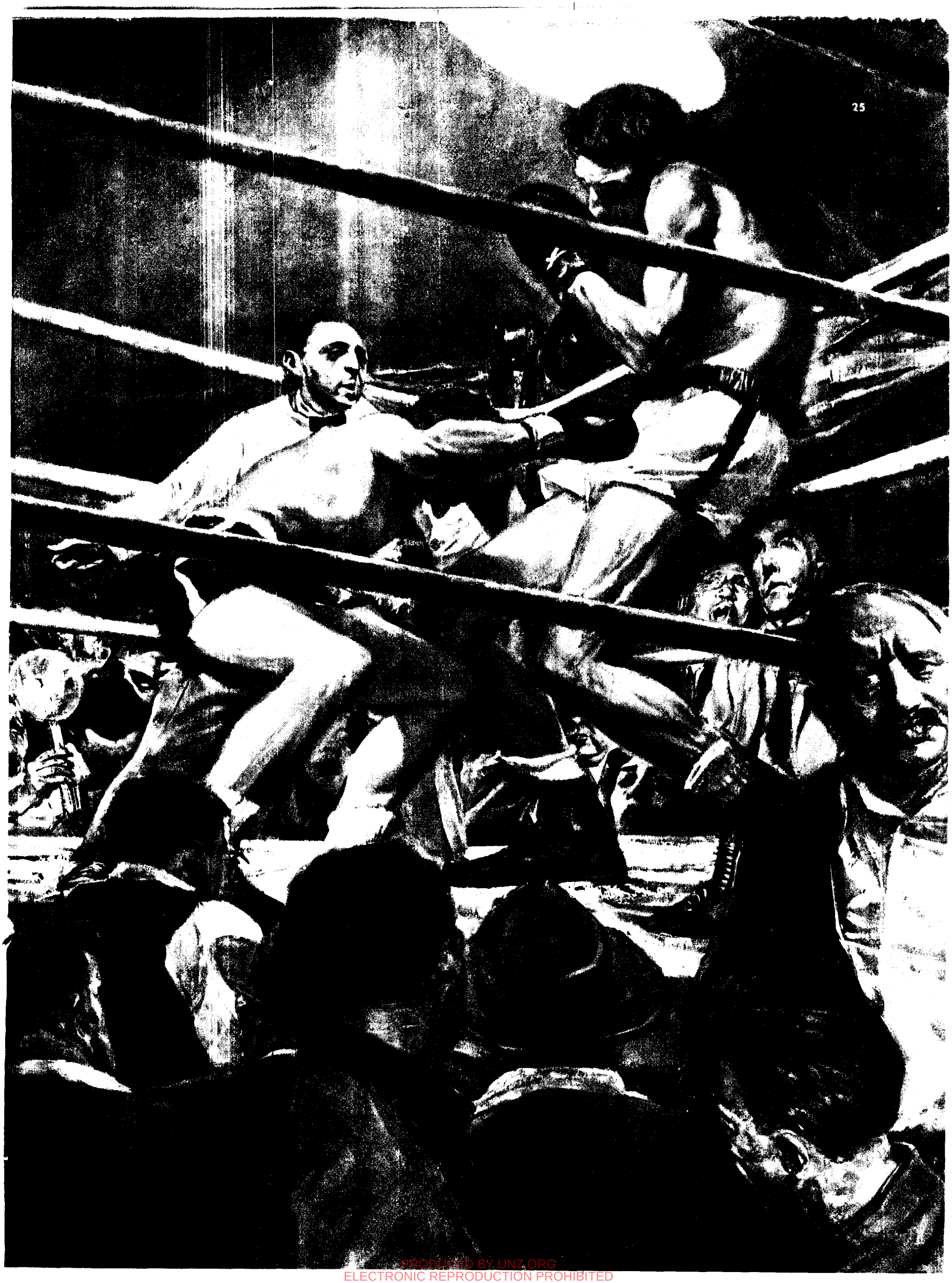

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and his money. A man who had done this had good reason to respect the trade he worked at, to be proud of his reputation for honesty and decency. Being alone before a fight—concentrating on the fight, planning it, shutting away everything that did not belong to it and might lessen his ability to think clearly about it—was a part of his trade, like training. He ought to start doing this now, but there was Mary.

"Twenty thousand," Donovan said. "Maybe twenty-five."

"Don't think about that now."

"I've got to think about it. Money. You and me and the baby."

"You ought to rest, Tom."

"In a minute. And after the kid, the champ. Maybe another twenty, twenty-five thousand. Then the champ again in September. And then no more. What time is it?"

"Seven. I'll call you at eight thirty."

AFTER she left, Donovan, crouched in the space between the bed and the window, jabbed twice with his left hand, holding his right close to his body and even with his belt. He was going to end this early—in the first round. The kid was a counterpuncher and Donovan would have to force the fight. He had it planned. He would push the kid into the ropes, the kid would come off them fast, and Donovan would hit him from a crouch, the right hand pushed up from the hip with his weight solidly behind it, the elbow crooked and rigid, the shoulder rising fast. It was a sucker punch, crude and tasteless, and would not have been possible against the kind of man he had fought ten years ago, but it would be possible against the kid. The kid did not know how to fight. He had a right hand and was hard to hurt, and nowadays that was enough to give a man a shot at the championship. Ten years ago, Donovan thought, he would have chopped the kid down like a tree. Or better, no one would have thought of matching the kid with him. The kid would have stayed in the preliminaries where he belonged, and his only contact with Donovan would have been in a training camp as a sparring partner.

Donovan lay down on the bed again and tried to get his mind back on the fight. The money. In the beginning it was twenty-five dollars and now it was twenty-five thousand. He did not wonder where it had gone, as some men did. He knew where every penny of it went—to his mother, his three brothers, his sister. He had thought he had enough when he retired, but there had been the ranch and Mary's father and now the baby. Joe Evers had written, after he had flown out to see Donovan in California and had got the exclusive story on Donovan's plans to fight again: *We grew up together and we were two who left the street. I remember another of us who left the street. What stands between myself and the street is a typewriter, what stands between Donovan and the street his fists. But all Whitey Milgrim had was a gun. Whitey was a hoodlum and was for everything I am against. I despised him. But I understand why at the last he would not let the cops take the gun, why he died with it in his hand. As long as he had the gun Whitey could stay away from the street. So he died still holding it. Whitey had his gun. Donovan has his fists. I have my typewriter. If someone tried to take my typewriter away from me, I'd fight too. And I would not fight as cleanly as Donovan is going to fight. I'd fight dirty—like Whitey.*

He must have dozed then because there was Mary shaking his shoulder, Tully, his manager, and Millstein, his trainer, standing in the door behind her. He stayed with Mary a moment after Tully and Millstein had gone down to the elevators.

"You can turn on the radio," he said.

"I don't want to listen." She had never seen him fight. She would not turn on the radio when his fights were broadcast, nor would she look at the movies made of them. He remembered coming home to her after the first fight of his comeback, and remembered the shock in her face as she saw the strip of adhesive over his left eye and the cut on his lip.

"Well, I'll see you in a couple of hours," he said.

He went out the door and down the hall to the elevators. When the elevator

"Tommy and I had planned to elope on Thursday night, but his father wouldn't let him borrow the car . . ."

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

came he said "Wait a minute" to Tully and Millstein and went back to the hotel room. Putting his arms around Mary, he kissed her and held her tight, feeling the bulge of the baby inside her against the taut muscles of his belly. Touching her might be bad luck and it might ruin his concentration, but this time he was going to take Mary with him.

"Attaboy," Millstein said when he rode down in the elevator. "You feel good. First time I seen you smile."

"It's the baby," he said. "My brothers—the older ones—got two apiece. This is my first. We'd like to have a girl, but we've got a boy's name picked."

TAKING the cigar out of his mouth, Tully said, "Work on his belt. He's got a chin like a boulder," and put the cigar back in his mouth. The cigar was light brown, smooth and expensive, but where Tully had chewed it, it was dark, almost black, and crushed. Donovan did not like Tully and when he had signed with him, he had said, "You get the money. I'll do the fighting." He had wanted O'Brien, the man who had taught him how to fight, had brought him the championship, who had managed him for twelve years before he retired. But O'Brien had said, "It's like this, Tom. You're not going anywhere but where you've been before—if you go that far. I can't stop you from fighting and I can't stop you from getting hurt. But I'm not going to be a party to any of it."

Down in the dressing room under the stands, Donovan asked about the crowd, talked with reporters, and, after they left, started the business of shutting out everything around him. It was a conjurer's trick. You made people vanish until you were alone in the room. Now was the time to think and to plan. In the ring, if a man thought he knew, he was beaten. There was no time to think. You fought, and thought afterward. You never saw an opening, either. You hit and saw it later, when the fight was over, when it was necessary to start thinking of the next fight. If you saw an opening clearly enough to want to take advantage of it in the ring, you knew that you had missed it. Keep the left hand out, he thought, and get your weight behind it. Hurt him with it. And in the first or second round, the sucker punch to the jaw. Ten rounds. He would have to go fifteen when he fought the champion, but tonight it would be ten.

Joe Evers came in while Donovan was having his hands taped, the kid's manager coming in too to watch Millstein wrap the long cotton strips over Donovan's knuckles and the first joints of his fingers. Donovan, wearing a towel and the blue bathrobe with his name on it, stood in a corner, talking to Joe. As he talked, he stretched lazily and bent at the knees, loosening and testing his muscles.

Joe Evers had written: *Donovan is not only putting a magnificent record on trial tonight but the myth of invincibility many people who have seen him fight—and many who have not—cherish in their minds. No man can be as good as his myth. On his record Donovan was a great fighter. Ninety-one professional fights. Eighty-three wins, two draws and six losses. Sixty-two knockouts and he himself was knocked out only once, early in his career, when he was fighting four- and six-round preliminaries. But this is not enough for the people who create myths. They want and expect a superman and Donovan was never that and is not now, at thirty-four, even a shadow of that.*

Joe's columns were highly personal and not always about sports. Short and stocky, he often referred to himself as "that round little man." He had written: *I am on the short side and must watch my weight and I am not sure you would like me the first time you saw me. I know that I hit people in the eye, when I hit them at all, and sometimes I am sensitive about this. I do not have all my hair either and I sleep badly, I talk tough too and hearing me talk you would know I came from the street. I write like I look, sometimes in pain, often in ridicule, and almost always in anger.*

"How about it if you lose tonight?" Joe said. "You going to quit?"

Donovan thought for a long time. "I don't know. Mary wants me to quit. But this is the only way I know how to make money. I've got to have one more fight."

"Your brothers are doing all right. You helped them plenty."

"I can't ask them, Joe."

"Sure you can."

"No."

"You going to try to end it early? The sucker punch?"

"Like I told you."

"Good luck, then."

"Don't say good luck, Joe. If I'm good, I won't need luck."

"I'll see you after the fight."

"Come back to the hotel with me. Mary's got a pot of coffee for you."

EVERS had written: *The skills go first. The timing is poor, the reflexes bad, and the fighter cannot put a combination of punches together. He knows what to do but he cannot do it. His legs tremble and buckle under him, and after five or six rounds the old fighter reminds you of a man with weak arches chasing a kid off his front lawn. Only this is a kid with a brick in his hand and when the old man gets tired enough the kid is going to turn and clip him. The skills go but the pride stays. Pride is senseless then. It can injure and sometimes maim. But no one can tell the old man this. The old man will never believe it.*

In the ring, Donovan looked briefly at the kid while the referee was giving his instructions, seeing the heavy shoulders and arms under the light bathrobe, seeing the heavy, square face and the broken nose. He can be hit, Donovan thought, and he'll take three punches to get one in. I don't even have to remember that. I don't have to remember anything. All I have to do is fight and win. Donovan did not listen to Tully as he stood waiting for the bell for the first round. Tully irritated and disgusted him. "Work on his belt," Tully said. That was all the man knew. What Tully meant was: Do anything you can get away with to cut the kid down. And that meant all the cheap little tricks he had learned years ago that other fighters used but which he himself had never used. It's a business arrangement, Donovan thought, and what Tully is cannot touch me.

Donovan came out quickly in answer to the bell, and after feinting with both hands, jabbed twice with his left lightly, moving to his right, making the kid miss. He got in three straight left hands without a return and hooked his right to the body, taking a right hand on his shoulder before he moved in and tied the kid up. Midway in the first round he began to put more weight behind the left hand, hoping for a chance at a combination. He missed badly with his right and took a left and a right to the ribs that shook him. The kid could hit but Donovan

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had expected that. And the kid was quick with his hands, quicker than Donovan had thought.

Donovan was feeling the heat a little; the air was thick and warm under the overhead lights, and there was no breeze to move it. He sensed the crowd too for a moment and then forgot it, as he always did. It was simply a movement or a sound outside the ring. It had nothing to do with the three men in the ring and what happened there.

The kid tried to work closer, Donovan stabbing him with the left hand and bringing his right straight into the body, the first solid punch he had landed. He followed it with a left hook to the body and a left to the head; ducked the kid's right; and then from his crouch, his own right hand low, he saw the opening he had planned for—saw it and knew that seeing it meant that it was gone. He had to tell himself not to think about it, to keep moving, to keep his left hand out. The time to think about the fight was later; the time to fight it was now.

In the second, third and fourth rounds Donovan stayed away from the kid and used his skill as a boxer to pile up points. He did not use the right hand very often, but when he did he made it count. In the fifth round, with the crowd restive and yelling for action, he tagged the kid with a clean right hand, shaking him, but took a left and right to the body later that hurt him. He was feeling the heat more too, and in the sixth round his legs began to go. The kid was able to work closer, brushing aside Donovan's left hand and hooking both hands to the body. Donovan missed continually with his right, and when he set himself to use it, took more rights and lefts to the body.

"It's still your fight," Millstein said at the end of the sixth round. "Now, listen. Make him come after you. Watch him. He drops his shoulder when he throws that right."

"I'll get him," Donovan said.

"Sure, you will. He's wide open."

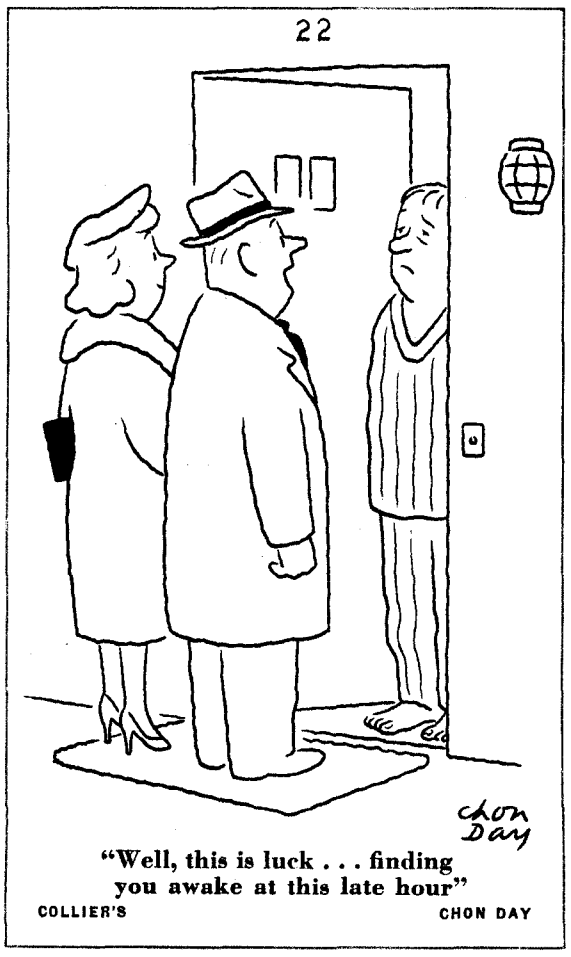
Wide open, Donovan thought, and I can't hit him. A kid that ten years ago would have been making twenty-five bucks a fight and hanging around training camps trying to get taken on as a sparring partner. He sat on the stool, raging at his own clumsiness, disgusted with the defective body, humiliated by what he knew was to come. He had been beaten before but not this way, not like a duck being knocked over in a gallery by a man with a rifle, not like a snail crushed on a sidewalk by a man's heel.

THEN the bell rang for the seventh round. Donovan, abruptly determined to get it over with, came out fast and put his left hand in the kid's face. Working faster now than he had in any earlier round, he jabbed with the left and hooked the right to the body. He missed with another right, took a right and left to the body, and landed a hard right on the cheekbone and followed it with a left hook to the body. He staggered the kid with a right cross and, holding him off with his left, hit him twice more with the right. Then he had the kid on the ropes and was hitting him with both hands—a left and a right to the head, a left to the body, a left to the head, and a right and left to the head. But the kid grabbed him and hung on and grabbed him again after the referee broke them, and Donovan, trying to hold him off, missed with a right and a left, and the kid grabbed him again. The referee broke them, and Donovan, coming in fast, took a hard right over the heart, then missed with a left and a right. As Donovan crowded in, the kid, in a crouch, grabbed him, and Donovan, off balance, slipped and felt the sting in the left side of his face as his face struck the kid's skull. He held the kid and, when the referee broke them, grabbed and held, feeling the blood running down into his left eye. Closing his eye against the blood, he jabbed and clinched and backpedaled until the round was over and Millstein could come out and lead him to his corner. He did not know it was the end of the round until he saw the kid drop his hands and walk away, and he did not know where his corner was until Millstein led him to it.

He was tired. He had never been so tired. What he had left after six rounds in the heat had been used up in the seventh. Millstein said something about luck, but Donovan knew that it had not been luck. What had prevented him from finishing the kid off was something more important than luck. Luck could come back to a man, but not this. When this went away from a man it stayed away.

"Okay," Millstein said, after he had stopped the blood. "Keep him away from that eye."

That was a beautiful idea, Donovan thought, as he moved out for the eighth round. Keep him away from the eye, but what with? His disgust made him careless. He did not back away. He moved in and stayed in, slugging it out. The blood was running into the eye again; and, missing a right hand, he slipped and fell, getting up quickly and not hearing Millstein yell at him to stay down. He felt the ropes against his back and then



"Well, this is luck . . . finding you awake at this late hour"

COLLIER'S — CHON DAY

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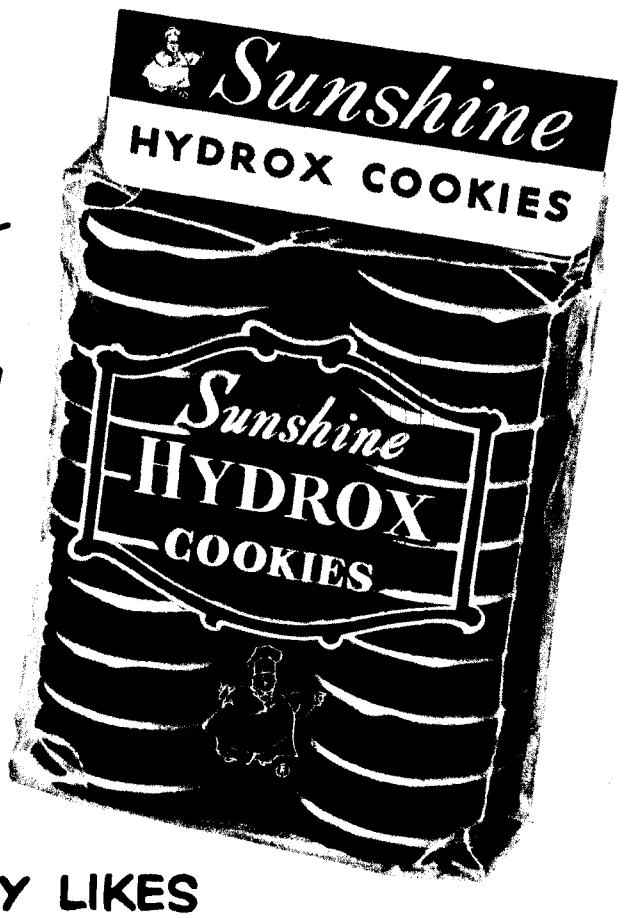

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suddenly, shockingly, canvas against his chest. Pushing himself to his hands and knees, he looked toward his corner, and when Millstein's hand came up he came up with it, the referee grabbing his gloves and rubbing them against the gray shirt. And now, after his carelessness and disgust, he realized that he did not want to lose this fight. He had been close to throwing it away. It was still, despite the knockdown, his fight, and if he did not win, it might be his last one. And there was Mary and the baby and the ranch, and there was a year of the punishment of training and fighting to get himself into shape and now—if he won—a shot at the championship and the money. A lot of money. Not his, but Mary's and the baby's. And then of course he was too good, still too good, to be beaten by a novice like the kid.

He was hurt, but his head had cleared, and with the kid coming at him fast, he had to cover and duck and run and jab and hold on until he had strength enough to fight back. The kid, anxious and overeager, crowded Donovan against the ropes, using both hands to the head. Donovan tied him up and, after the break, moved out into the center of the ring. Donovan's left eye was closed and he had trouble seeing the kid's right. Donovan jabbed with his left, keeping his left shoulder high to protect his jaw. A hard right to the temple forced him to the ropes, and, crouching, his right hand low, Donovan threw the right as the kid closed in. Bent nearly double, he threw the right hand hard and straight, as he had intended to in the early rounds, and the kid fell and rolled on his side, holding his belly. Donovan, moving to his corner, heard the bell and saw the referee signal and saw the kid's handlers coming into the ring.

"What's the matter?" Donovan said. "What are they doing that for?"

TIRED and dazed, confused by the sudden action in the ring, he allowed Millstein to push him down on the stool and work on his eye.

"You got him now. He's hurt. What a break! Sit still."

"I want to know what happened. Why don't they count him out?" Donovan tried to get up but Millstein held him down.

"You hit him low."

"Why, I never—" Donovan said. "I never—"

"Sure, you didn't. That punch was six inches above his belt. But the referee's giving it to him. Forget it. You lose the round, that's all. Okay. Go get him."

The kid was off his stool now, and Donovan came out to meet him. In New York a fight cannot be lost because of a foul. The fighters are equipped with protective cups and it is presumed that these cups prevent them from being injured by low punches. It is up to the referee to decide whether or not the fouled fighter is in shape to continue the fight. Donovan was not angry with the referee. The referee had made a mistake, and the mistake could either be corrected or denied successfully by the people who saw the fight. It was the kid, turning a clean knockout into the dirty business of a deliberate foul, who infuriated him. The round was lost but not the fight. It was the fight that mattered.

It did not take long. The third time the kid went down, the referee stopped the fight. In the dressing room, Donovan collapsed. The doctor who worked on him wanted to send him to the hospital, but Donovan refused.

Back at the hotel, he rode up in the elevator alone, wanting to see Mary and Joe Evers and wondering what he was going to say to them. The motion pictures of the fight, he thought—they ought to show clearly that it had been a fair punch. Sometimes they showed very little. It would depend on the angle—where Donovan, the kid and the referee were in relation to the camera. Donovan knew that he had not hit the kid low and that in the morning the newspapers would prove it. But unless the referee reversed his decision (and that was hardly possible) the foul would go into the records or at least into the public memory, and his twelve years in the ring, thirteen now, would end like this—in doubt, in shame, in agony.

When Mary opened the door and saw his face, she started to cry.

"It's only a cut," he said. He kissed her hair as she cried softly against his shoulder. "It'll heal. Anyway, I won. The referee stopped it."

He sat with her on the couch under the windows, holding and patting her hands. "They claimed I hit him low. I wouldn't do that, Mary."

"I heard it, Tom. I couldn't help it. I didn't want to. Just the last two rounds. It was terrible."

"Have you seen Joe? I'd like to talk to him."

"He called and said he'd be up later. Are you all right?"

"Fine. You don't believe I hit him low, Mary?"

"I don't care. It's over. That's all I care about. Do you want something to eat? How about some scrambled eggs?"

"A lot of people are going to think I did it on purpose. They'll think I had to do it to win. You see? That's what they'll think. They'll think the kid had me beat and this was the only way I could win. They'll think—"

"I don't care what they think. Why don't you lie down here while I get the eggs ready?"

Mary was in the kitchenette when Joe came. Donovan got up off the couch to let him in, then set up a card table in the middle of the living room and brought three straight chairs. Eating the scrambled eggs slowly, his mouth and gums sore from the kid's punches, he listened to Mary and Joe talking and began to go over the fight in his mind. After a fight, he had to remember it round by round, punch by punch, before he could sleep. He remembered all his fights and never made a mistake about them.

THE first six rounds were easy to remember but he became confused in the seventh. It was clear up to the point where the kid had butted him, cutting the skin over the left eye, and after that it was not at all clear. And the eighth—what exactly had happened in the eighth?

"I was knocked down," he said aloud. "I remember that."

"You took a count of nine," Joe said.

"What was I hit with? A right hand?"

"You could call it that," Joe said.

"Eat your eggs," Mary said.

"Then I got up and I hit him. Wasn't that it?"

"You slipped once."

"That's right. That was earlier. After I got up I—I was in the corner."

"Why don't you eat your eggs?" Joe Evers said.

"And then I hit him. Over the heart, wasn't it? Maybe under the heart. Maybe a little lower than the heart. That right?"

Tom drank his coffee and Mary told him to eat the eggs and stop worrying about the fight.

"No lower than that," he said. "I had my hand down and I brought it up fast. I caught him coming in. That right?"

"That's right," Joe said.

"The kid was wide open. I couldn't have landed it against anyone else." He put down his fork. "I landed that one. Just the way I'd planned it before the fight. You remember that, Joe. I planned that days ahead. I thought about it a lot. It wasn't just something I did without thinking about it. And they claim I fouled him. Hit him low."

Joe nodded.

"The doctor examined the kid afterward?"

Joe nodded again.

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COLLIER'S **"I have some excellent references as file clerk in here *someplace*"** JOHN DEMPSEY

"Did it show where I hit him?"

"He had a bruise."

"Where was the bruise?"

"Please," Mary said.

"I've got to know."

"All right," Joe Evers said. "It was a little low."

"How low? I'll find out tomorrow anyway."

"Low enough," Joe said. "You were half blind. It was an accident. He was wearing a cup but it didn't do much good."

"I suppose the kid and his manager are yelling I did it on purpose."

"What else did you expect, Tom?"

Donovan got up and went into the bedroom, where he lay down on the bed and shut his eyes. Mary came in and bent over him, and without opening his eyes he asked her to send Joe in: "I want to see him alone."

WHEN he opened his eyes, after a time, he saw Joe standing with his back against the closed door of the bedroom.

"You'll feel better about this in the morning," Joe said. "I'm going over to write my column. I'll send it over to you as soon as it's done."

"I want you to put this in," Donovan said. He looked at the ceiling. "I did it on purpose. I hit him low because I had to do it to win. You can say I needed the money. You can say anything you like, but say first I did it on purpose. I'm through, Joe. This is my last one. If I had another fight, I'd probably do the same thing. You can say I don't like to lose and you can say this is why I did it." He closed his eyes. "I ought never have tried to come back, Joe. I wouldn't have if I'd known this was in me."

Joe Evers left Donovan in the room with Mary and went to the newspaper office where, typing with two fingers, he wrote: *It is a part of Donovan's creed that he must take the blame for fouling Kid Grover. He claims that he did this on purpose, that this was what he had to do to win. The blow that struck Kid Grover was delivered by a man as bereft of sight and sense as the victim of an automobile accident. I talked with Donovan after the fight and it is my conviction that he believed at the time that he had landed a fair blow. It was, as he himself said, delivered according to plan. And this is true. A week ago, Donovan outlined the plan of the fight to me. Stated simply, his plan was to maneuver his opponent into such a position that Donovan would be able to hit him on the jaw with a right hand, the right hand to be held low, down on the hip, and moved upward with Donovan's body behind it. Donovan himself described it to me a week ago as a sucker punch, one that would only work against a clumsy, inexperienced, or inept fighter. Like Kid Grover. The blow was to be delivered in the first or second round and if it landed was to have ended the fight. As it happened, Donovan had just such an opportunity in the first round but because of his slower reflexes he was unable to take advantage of it. Since I was looking for this, I saw it clearly. In the eighth round Donovan had a second opportunity but now the circumstances had changed. He had been beaten to the floor by a roundhouse right he had not even seen. Dazed and bleeding, he crouched against the ropes and because this was his creed he fought back. He caught Kid Grover coming in and hit him the way he had planned to hit him. And he fouled him. There is no doubt of that. I saw the bruise on Grover's body afterward and, more important, I sat ringside and saw Donovan's glove on Grover's trunks. Half paralyzed, dragging his right foot, in terrible pain, Grover was a sitting target.*

The point of all this? Just as Donovan took the credit for his victories, so he must take the responsibility for his defeats. And this was the worst of his defeats, a defeat that could not even be dreamed of and something he must now live with the rest of his life. I have tried to tell Donovan that few people outside of those who stand to gain by it will believe that he struck that blow on purpose. Donovan is a proud man and pride never allows a man an accident. To the proud nothing they do is accidental. All their actions are parts of a grand and regal plan, even those that demean and injure them. Especially those that demean and injure them. . . .

"Do you mean that?" someone looking over Evers' shoulder said.

"I think I do," Evers said. "I hope to God I do." ▲▲▲

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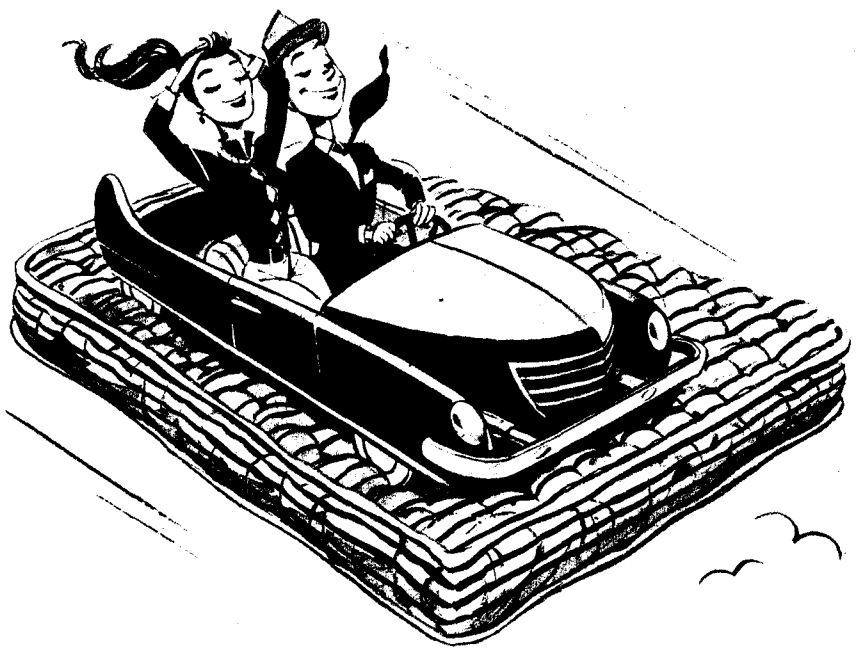

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The

Who stands in for a great

IN PARIS almost anything can happen to a young man—especially if he is imaginative, and most especially if he is an artist. What happened to Marcel Vertès in the 1920s is the basis of as curious a little tale as any ever written. It is worth knowing because, as you can see by the pictures on these pages, he has just made a major contribution to the new movie Moulin Rouge. But here is the story much as Vertès, now a famous illustrator in his middle fifties, tells it in his autobiography *Amandes Vertes** (Green Almonds).

About 30 years ago Vertès went to Paris from his native Budapest to study art. "Like all the other students," he recalls, "I amused myself by making paintings 'in the manner of' the great masters. Since I warmly admired Toulouse-Lautrec, who at that time had already joined the immortals, I naturally became proficient at conveying his style in my own work. Perhaps I became too proficient.

"There was one sketch—two horseback riders in a park, with a carriage and two young women in the background—which could have been done by Lautrec. I put it in my portfolio along with my other sketches and water colors.

"One day I was making a fruitless tour of the galleries. What devil possessed me to show that sketch, I'll never know. The proprietor tried to conceal her excitement. 'Where did you get that picture?' she asked."

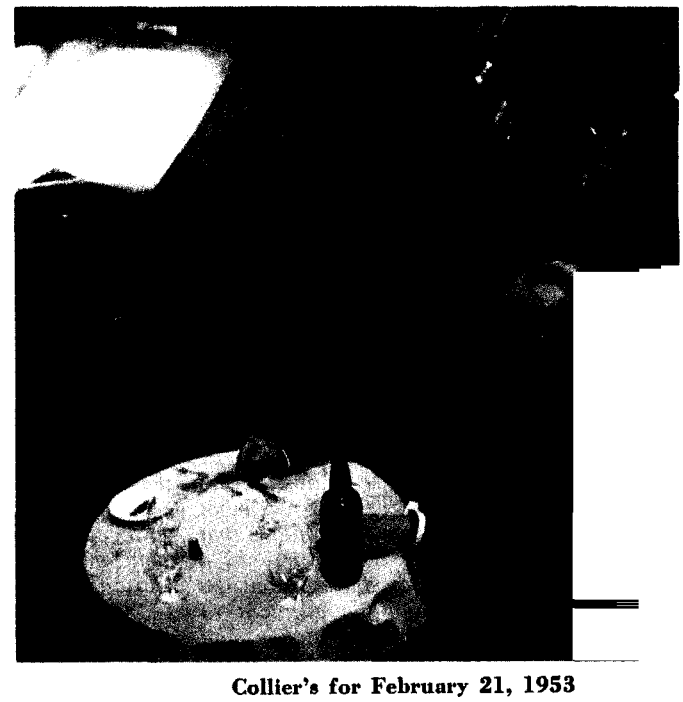
With elaborate calm, Vertès said, "Oh, it's been around the house for quite a while." Suddenly, though, he realized what was happening. There was no signature on the sketch, neither his nor Lautrec's. No name had been mentioned, but the dealer offered him 100 francs, saying, "We like horses. But if you find any others in this style—with nudes perhaps—we will take them, too."

Mr. Vertès accepted the 100 francs and left the matter with his conscience. Now he has a fine reputation of his own. He is an American citizen with a vast studio in mid-Manhattan and another in Paris. His gamin-eyed, slim-bodied nudes, brazen *boulevardiers* and haphazard dogs and cats in book, magazine and advertising illustrations are

*Copyright 1952 by "Adam", Publishers, Paris

La Goulue, above, queen of cancan at fabled Paris music hall Moulin Rouge, and Mme. Eglantine's Girls, at left, chorus of black-stockinged cancan dancers, were re-created by artist Marcel Vertès in spirit of the original Toulouse-Lautrec posters

Artist designed sets and costumes for film, "played" Lautrec's right hand in story of crippled genius. At right, the camera closes in on Vertès hand in Moulin Rouge scene in which the little painter sits making sketches on the tablecloth



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Great Imitation

By SEY CHASSLER

artist when they film his biography? Marcel Vertès has the best answer

Vertès made series of water colors, like one above, of gaslit cafés and music halls immortalized in Lautrec's lithographs. These pictures of backstreet Paris set mood for the film. In tour of Lautrec's haunts last spring, Vertès found atmosphere of eighties gone for good, though it had still lingered in his student days thirty years before. So he fell back on memory. Photograph of José Ferrer as Lautrec, right, shows how closely film follows art, now on show at New York's Carstairs Gallery

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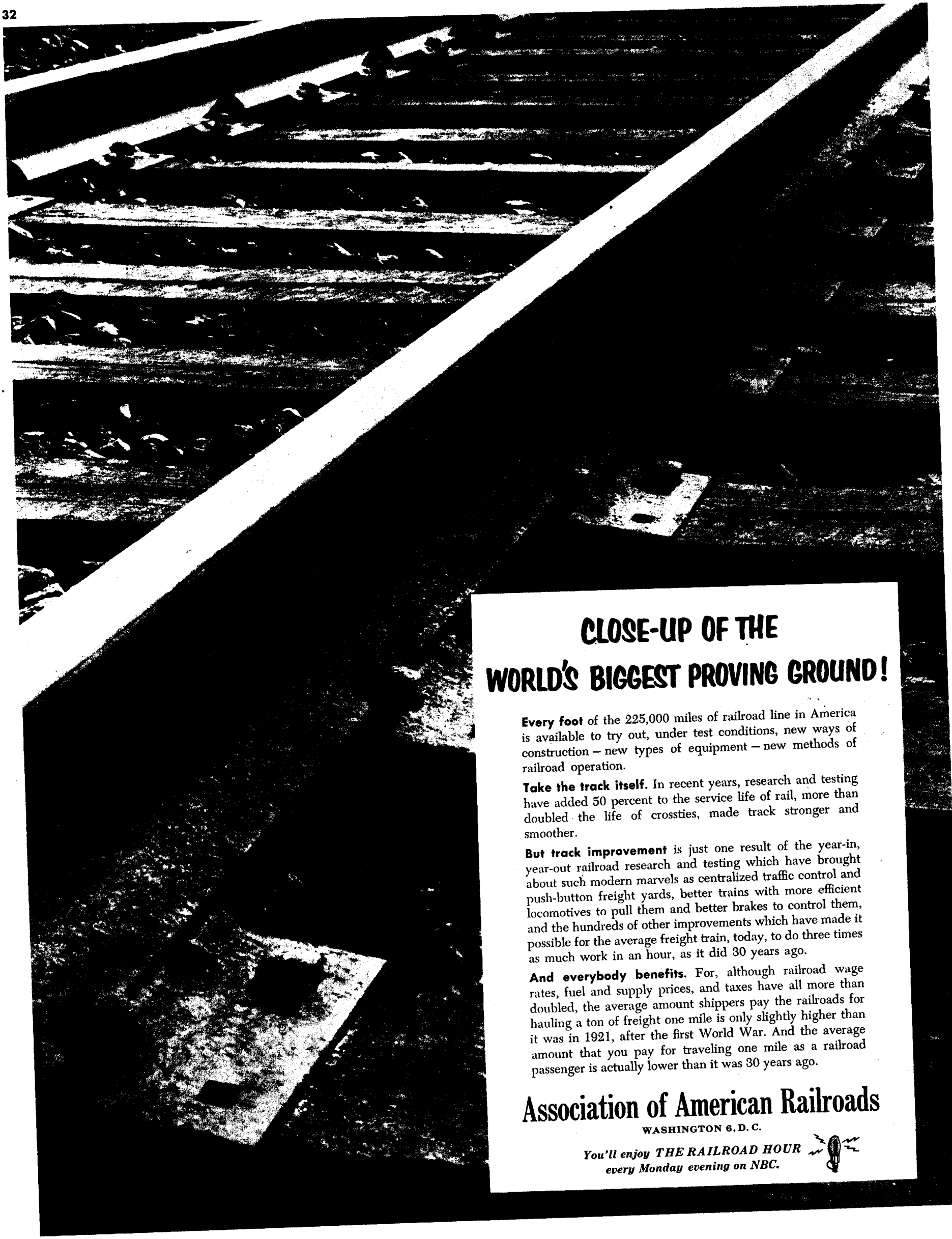

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distinctively and unmistakably his own. And he has become an authority on the works of Lautrec. Several months ago the ghost of the artist came back to haunt him.

Vertès was asked to help design the sets and costumes for Moulin Rouge, the film biography of Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, directed by John Huston and released last week by United Artists. To cap the irony, he was asked to imitate for the screen the works of the master himself.

Before a single camera was set in motion, the mood of the picture—the misty half-light of cobbled alleyways, the gaslit gaieties of the Montmartre music halls, even the Chaplinesque outlines of the dwarfed Lautrec (played by five-foot-eleven José Ferrer)—was set down in a series of casually correct water-color sketches by Marcel Vertès. When the camera swings to a forlorn figure seated at a little café table in the finished movie, the face behind the black beard, the fingers reaching out for the cognac glass are those of Ferrer. But the hand that makes swift, satiric sketches on the tablecloth belongs to Vertès. The silent partnership between Lautrec's alter ego and the great artist himself comes full circle.

"It was a queer feeling," Vertès says now. "I had not wondered what became of my 100-franc riders for many years. But suddenly in Paris, working on the film, I got to talking about it again. Finally, in July, I had a telephone call from a stranger. He had read my autobiography. He was interested in my story of the imitation Lautrec—and he knew where it was hanging now. It was in the collection of a wealthy American. I thanked him, but we agreed that since the collector was happy with his Lautrec, we would not spoil his pleasure."

The matter, however, did not end as easily as it sounds. Vertès is still bothered now and then with the haunting thought that something beyond reality guided his first green attempt to imitate Lautrec.

Perhaps. Or the moral of the tale might be this: Vertès is his own reward. ▲▲▲

In Moulin Rouge, frustrations of Toulouse-Lautrec's short, lonely life are symbolized by slatternly Marie Charlet, one of his models, above, and lovely fashion model Myriamme, being sketched by little dwarf in Vertès drawing at left. Rear view of Lautrec, leaving restaurant, right, is copied often in the movie, as are other scenes reproduced here

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"I'm telling you," the old man said, "that as long as Buell's number is up, and he knows it, he's going to get all three of us if he can"

Showdown at Scuffletown

The three men had to face together the danger that lay in the valley. Two were young and hated each other. The third was old and—they thought—a coward

By JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS

RIVES TUCKER reached the sheriff's office at daylight that April morning in 1919 and found Page Yancey waiting with the sheriff. He should have known that Page would be there first, for Page was restless and impatient, and very ambitious. You never had to wait for Page; he was always ahead of time.

Rives spoke respectfully to Sheriff Julian Webb. To Page Yancey he gave a scarcely perceptible nod, and he received the same kind of nod in return. They looked at each other guardedly, he and Page, their enmity close to the surface, neither troubling to mask the hostility in his eyes.

Then, shrugging in that contemptuous way he had, Page stepped past Rives and flung open the door. In single file, Page leading, the sheriff second and Rives bringing up the rear, they went down the courthouse walk to the sheriff's Model T. Here they stood a moment, the three of them, the old man and the two young men, as if gathering their strength against the danger that awaited them across the mountain.

Beside his two tall deputies, Julian Webb seemed almost tiny, a thin old man beginning to wither, the fire faded from his blue eyes. In contrast Rives and Page looked especially young. Yet they were both twenty-seven, had served with the A.E.F. in France, and had been deputies before enlisting in the Army.

They were good-looking young men, practically the same height, but Rives Tucker was a little broader. Page was more wiry. He had quick, impatient black eyes, thick black hair, high cheekbones and a rather small, thin-lipped mouth. Rives's eyes were gray and tranquil, his hair the color of ginger, his features relaxed and pleasant.

None of the three was in uniform. Rives and Page both wore whipcord breeches and brown felt hats. Rives had on a brown wool coat, and Page a jacket of dark corduroy. Each of them had a .38-caliber revolver at his hip and a cartridge belt.

Sheriff Webb was dressed in a black business suit, heavy-soled high shoes, a hat of black felt, a white shirt and a narrow, black bow tie. It was his official costume and had been for forty-one years. He wore no gun at his hip, but carried it in the right side pocket of his coat.

"Let me drive," Page said.

"If you like," the sheriff said gently.

They got under way with Page and the sheriff in front and Rives riding in the back. It was like Page, Rives thought, to want to drive, to take charge as much as the sheriff would permit him. That, however, was only one of the things about Page Yancey that Rives Tucker did not like. There were many others.

As boys they had been jealous rivals in athletics. As deputies before the war, they had struggled to surpass each other, with Page always outshining Rives by virtue of a certain reckless but effective

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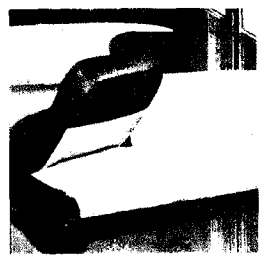

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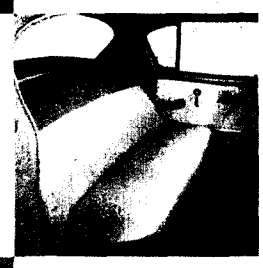

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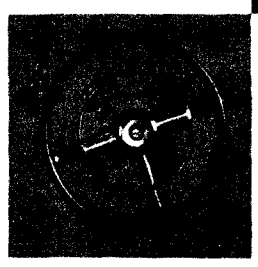

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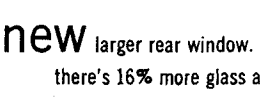

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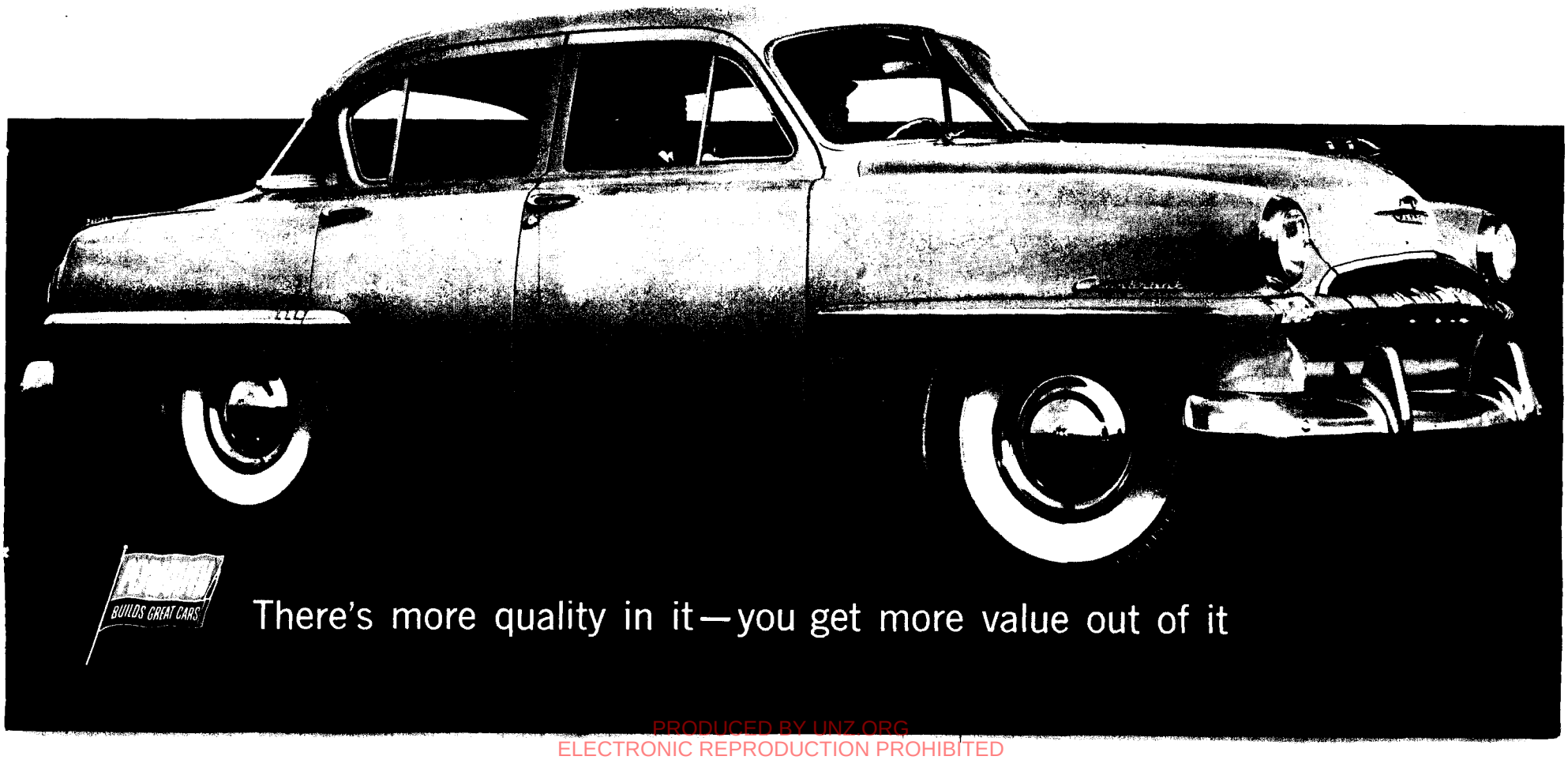

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courage. As young veterans after the war, their jealousy had developed into open hostility when both began courting the same girl, Julian Webb's daughter Lillian.

In this contest Rives had, for once, been the victor. Only a month ago the sheriff had announced the engagement of his daughter to Rives Tucker. And the next morning Page had said to Rives, "You may think this sews up the job of sheriff for you when the old man retires. But it doesn't. You can't marry the job. I'm a better man than you are and you know it, and the county knows it."

AND that, Rives thought now, was partially true. Page *would* make a better sheriff. Rives could dislike Page as intensely as he pleased, which was very intensely. He had to admit that the man was fearless. It was this fearlessness that would count with the voters if the contest ever came to an election.

The sheriff himself would back Page. You might think, if you didn't know old Julian, that he would support the man who was going to be his son-in-law, but that was not the way Julian Webb did business. Because he was honest and he knew Page was better qualified for the job, he would back Page. The old man was sixty-nine now and showed it. Soon he would retire, and Page would step into his shoes.

"Lillian said to take care of yourself today, boy," the sheriff called above the noise of the Model T.

"I aim to," Rives said, and thought of Lillian's golden hair and the way it curled around her ears, and of her blue eyes that were not faded like her father's but bright and alive.

They rode west, along a hard road, for three or four miles, and then they turned onto a dirt road, rutted and narrow. Page drove fast. Eighteen miles from the county seat, they began to climb the mountain, going around one hairpin curve after another, drawing always closer to a notch between two peaks.

"You sure he's at Scuffletown?" Page asked suddenly.

"Not a doubt in my mind," the sheriff said.

"Well, there's some in mine," Page said. "Why wouldn't he take to the mountains?"

"You can forget that, Page," old Julian said, with a curious gentleness. "I was sheriffing in this county before you were born, boy. I know them Shafters like I know my own family. They don't run. They're too mean to run. And young Buell Shafter is the meanest of them all. It ain't a question of escape with him now, anyhow. He knows that when he killed Harlow yesterday it was the end of the line for him."

"Well, after all," said Page, "he's just one man—just one, human, two-legged man."

"That's so," the sheriff said. "How you riding, Rives?"

"Fine."

"You got some questions, too?"

"No, sir."

"You just following me blind, then? That's a good way to fall in a trap, following some old fool blind."

"I've always followed you," Rives said half angrily, "but I wouldn't say I ever followed you blind. I've seen you in a better humor, though, lots of times."

The Model T labored around another hairpin curve, and suddenly they were in the notch between the two peaks. Here the road ran level for a quarter of a mile. When it began its descent of the western slope of the mountain, Sheriff Webb ordered a halt.

There was an open place at the western end of the notch—a wide, clear space, bulwarked with boulders, from which you could look down into the valley below. You could look back to the east, too, and see smoke from the chimneys of the county seat hanging like gray mist against the sheer blue of the morning sky.

The sheriff put one foot on a boulder and stared down into the valley below, where Scuffletown lay nestled among the Alleghenies. Scuffletown was a settlement rather than a town, a settlement of half a dozen scattered houses, each house a careful distance from its neighbor, as if to discourage familiarity, but close enough for protection if the need arose.

"I was raised in this end of the county," Julian Webb said. "My wife came from Hunter's Hill, which ain't more than ten miles down the valley. In them days, same as now, the good people of this valley stayed away from Scuffletown."

"I know," Rives said. "I've heard my daddy tell how the horse thieves used to hang out at Scuffletown."

"You don't know anything," the sheriff said, "except what somebody's told you—you and Page both. But I know. I was here. In 1887 me and Tom Graham broke up that band of horse thieves, and Tom killed Henry Shafter. We caught old Buell redhanded and away from his gun, and we sent him to prison, where he died in 1893. Young Buell was twelve years old when his daddy died."

"What are we waiting for?" Page asked.

Rives wondered the same thing, though he resented Page's impatience.

"We're waiting until I can make up my mind."

"About what?" Page asked. "What is there to decide? We've just got a job to do."

AND that was the truth, Rives thought, even though Page had voiced it. There was nothing complex about their problem, dangerous though it might be. They had simply to go down the mountain, enter the settlement, and arrest a man for murder. They were three against one; they would get this man even if they had to kill him. It was as simple as that. The danger was there, certainly, but it did not change the problem.

"There was a time," the sheriff said slowly, as if he had all day to dispose of whatever it was that troubled him, "when every one of them houses sheltered a Shafter or Shafter kin. Now all the Shafters are gone except Buell. Trash lives in the other houses, trash that won't interfere with us. They're mean, but not mean like the Shafters. Low-down and common, but without the guts the Shafters had."

"The Shafters were pretty brave?" Rives asked in a loyal effort to humor the old man.

"Mean brave. Crazy brave. That's why they'd never run. That's why they're most all gone. Tom Graham shot Henry, old Buell died in prison, somebody picked Frank off with a rifle. Two of the younger ones went the same way. Another one was murdered at Three Chimneys in 1912. Couple of them were killed in the war. And that brings us down to young Buell."

"Lucky for us," Page Yancey said. "Lucky we got just young Buell to deal with. If all the other Shafters were living, I reckon they'd run us clear out of the woods."

THE old man looked at Page tiredly. "I am trying to tell you two *young* men how this thing is, and I aim to keep on trying, and in my own way, until I do. If you think we're going down there and inform Buell that he's under arrest, and have him agree and come along peaceable, you don't know the first thing about this situation."

"Maybe he'll get tired of waiting for us," Page said.

Old Julian ignored the remark. "You boys know what happened yesterday. Buell went across the mountain to Harlow's. About six months ago he started hanging around Harlow's sixteen-year-old daughter. Time and again Harlow warned him to stay away. Yesterday—"

"I know," Page said wearily. "I was in your office last night when Mrs. Harlow and her daughter told the story."

"Yesterday," the sheriff continued imperturbably, "Harlow warned him again. Buell laughed at him. Then Harlow went at him with his fists, and Buell shot him dead in his tracks. He murdered Harlow. That's why it's the end of the line for him. In his time he's got by with a lot of meanness, but even *he* knows he can't get by with murder. He'll make his stand in his own house, not go dodging through the mountains. Men don't get any more desperate than Buell Shafter is right now. I am trying to tell you that as long as his number is up, and he knows it, he's going to get all three of us if he can."

They were silent then for a while, Page restless and on edge, Rives waiting with a disciplined patience, the sheriff still standing with his foot on the boulder, leaning forward, his elbow on his knee, his chin resting in his hand, his eyes busily scanning the valley.

"I'd give my right arm to take him alive," he said finally, "and I'm afraid it can't be done."

"All right then, let's take him dead!"

"Wait," the sheriff said. "Wait, Page."

Page turned away abruptly. His eyes were fixed on Rives Tucker. Rives stared back at Page, reading in Page's eyes the same thing that Page read in his. It was strange, he thought, that the truth had come to them both at exactly the same moment, yet not so strange either, because it had been there all the time, waiting for them to discover it.

Rives felt sick at first, then his years of loyalty asserted themselves, and he felt not contempt for old Julian but pity. It was pity for a man who had stopped here and tried to win back his lost courage and had failed. Page Yancey was not troubled by pity.

"Look, Sheriff," he said curtly, "you've been at this game a long time. Too long maybe. Why don't you wait here, you and Mr. Rives Tucker? I'll go down the mountain by myself and get him."

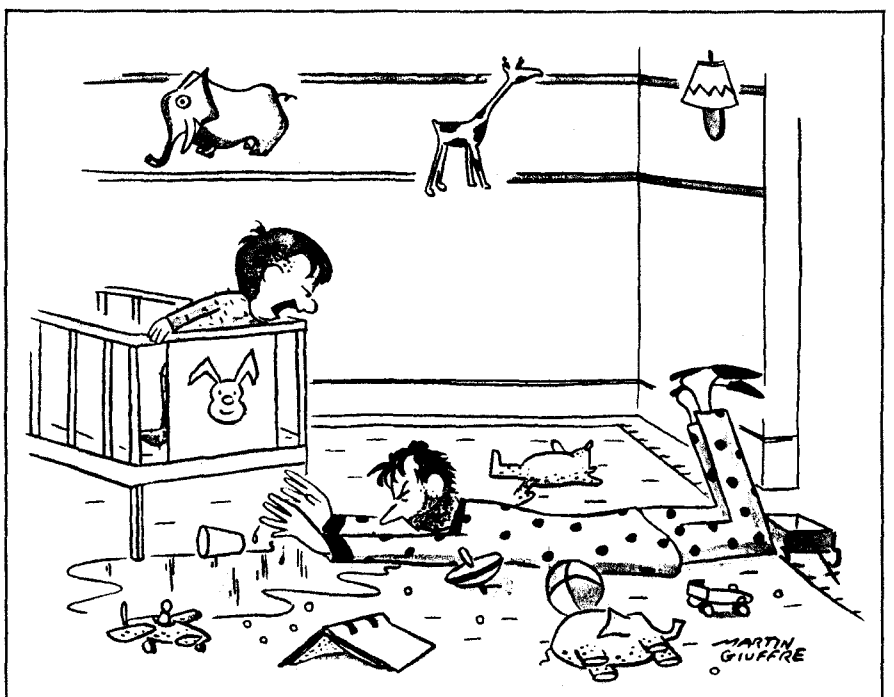
Julian Webb stared at Page. "I talk myself blue in the face, and for all you understand, you might just as well be on your way to arrest a drunk or a chicken thief." He took his foot off the boulder and stood erect, and his eyes were suddenly brighter. "Here's the way it will be: Rives and I will go to Scuffletown in the car. You, Page, will go down the mountain on foot, to the creek that runs north of Scuffletown. There'll be plenty of cover along the creek. When you come to the mouth of the draw that runs from back of Buell Shafter's house down to the creek, stop and wait."

"All right," Page said thoughtfully. "I still think he'll run at the last minute. If he does, down the draw will be the quickest and surest way into the mountains for him—and he'll meet me."

THE sheriff turned to Page and said, his voice rising for the first time that morning, *"Wait at the mouth of the draw.* You wait there, Page, until one of two things happens—until Buell comes down the draw, or I call for you. Do you understand, Page?"

"Yes, sir," Page said, impatient, eager to be gone.

The moment Page disappeared, a deep silence settled on the cleared place, and Rives Tucker was suddenly aware of loneliness and a creeping anxiety. He was not afraid; that might or might not come later. But in a way he was alone. Unless Buell Shafter chose to go down the draw, the success of this undertaking depended on Rives Tucker, for the sheriff had lost his nerve. Some time between this moment and the capture of Buell Shafter, Rives knew he would have to push the sheriff aside and take charge.



COLLIER'S **"Well, now, that's dandy! Just dandy!"** MARTIN GIUFFRE

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But he felt no resentment toward Julian Webb. Page was right. Old Julian had been at this game too long. You had to look at it that way. You had to remember and honor the man the sheriff had once been. You had to do that and then, when the moment came, you had to take charge.

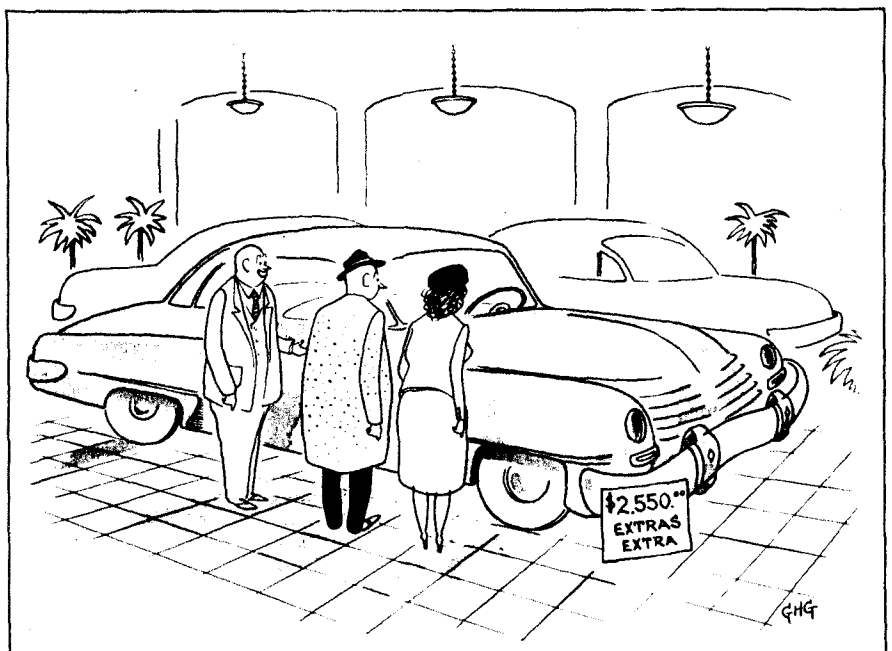
"We'll give Page a little time," the sheriff said, and got out his pistol and checked it.

Rives did the same. High overhead the sky was a warm blue, but a sudden chill wind blew through the notch—an odd, silent wind that you felt but did not hear.

"Let's go," Julian Webb said at last. "You got that thing fully loaded? If you have to use it, take your time, but be quick, too. That's simple, ain't it?"

Slowly, watchfully, they walked along the road until the last house but one lay behind them. The last house stood alone, a two-story frame building, with a small porch and two windows —open and uncurtained but screened— downstairs and two more upstairs. A ragged row of boxwoods grew along the front and one side of the house. At one point, the road, running between two high, brushy banks, passed within sixty yards of the house.

The sheriff and Rives Tucker made their way to the shelter of the west bank of the road without any sign of their being seen coming from the house. A windy little sigh escaped the sheriff as he peered through the sassafras bushes lining the bank. Rives peered too and saw nothing but the bleak and



"Think of it, folks! You're getting thirty-seven hundred pounds of automobile for $2,550. And that's less than you pay for hamburger"

COLLIER'S — G. H. GREEN

Go along with him, Rives told himself. It's too early to take charge. You have got to be careful how you do this.

They walked back to the car and got in, the sheriff at the wheel. The road dropped swiftly, and Julian Webb drove with caution. Through the pines they sometimes caught glimpses of the valley below, and the gray, weathered houses of Scuffletown.

"Page is a brave boy," the sheriff said. "He's braver than you, Rives."

"Then why didn't you bring him with you and send me down the creek?" Rives demanded hotly.

"On the other hand, you've got better judgment than Page."

This is going to be tough, Rives thought. He doesn't know, he hasn't realized yet, that he's afraid. He thinks all that talk-talk of his really meant something.

THE sheriff fed the car more gas, and then they coasted down the last incline and were in the bottom of the valley. A quarter of a mile away the houses began. Sheriff Webb stopped at the first one, slid out of the Model T, told Rives to wait, and walked to the house. The door opened part way when he knocked, and the sheriff stepped inside. Five minutes later he reappeared and returned to the car.

"He's up there, all right, in his own house, the last one to the north, with whisky and ammunition enough to last him a long time. We'll go on foot from here."

lonely house, the blue mountains beyond it, the blue sky above it.

Suddenly, in a ringing voice, the sheriff called Buell Shafter's name. Receiving no response, he shouted again and again. The house remained utterly still.

"He's pretending he ain't home," Sheriff Webb told Rives. He stared at the house gloomily, a dull resignation in his eyes. "Whether he is or not is something we've got to find out, and there's just one way to do it."

"Make a break for the house?" Rives said quickly.

"No, make a walk for it. We'll go side by side, but not real close together. You watch the windows on the left, I'll watch the two on the right. If you see a sneaky movement back of either one of them windows, shoot and keep shooting—and run, run for the porch."

For a minute they both stared at the house, studying every detail, straining their eyes for any movement, however slight, behind any one of the four windows. Then Rives gave his attention to the space lying between their shelter and the house. The ground was flat and bare of grass and treeless, offering no protection whatever. He judged the distance to be more than fifty yards and less than sixty. Suddenly, however, the distance grew, and kept growing, until the house seemed to stand against the mountains a mile away. He felt sweat break out on his forehead.

One moment he was standing in the roadway; the next he and the sheriff had scrambled up the bank and were walk-

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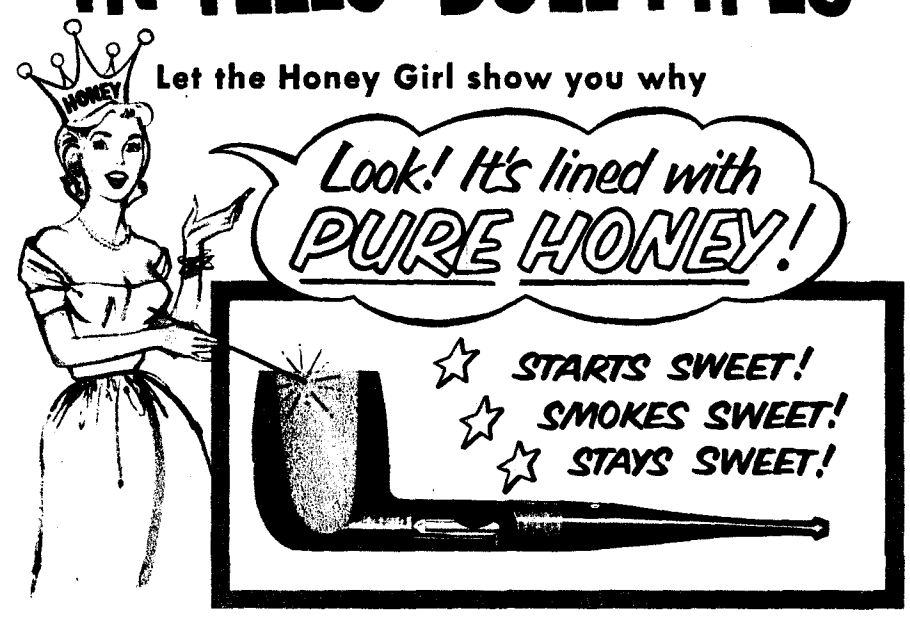

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ing toward the house, not swiftly, not slowly, but at a steady, careful pace. Rives kept his eyes fixed on the two windows to the left. In his right hand his gun swung at his side, and he had to fight himself to keep from gripping the butt so hard that he would freeze to it at the very moment he needed to be loose and fast.

With each step the tension in Rives mounted. Sweat ran down his face, and he wiped it out of his eyes with his free hand. He dared not look at the sheriff, but he could hear the old man's hard breathing. Suddenly he knew that he and Page had been wrong, that never again would he question old man Webb's courage.

THEY were halfway to the house, they were two thirds of the way, they were better than three quarters. Then they broke step simultaneously and dashed for the protection of the porch. For a little while they leaned against the wall, sheltered from the upstairs windows by the porch roof, protected from the downstairs windows by their own watchfulness.

"He's not here," Rives said. "He—he did run."

"Wait," the sheriff said. Gingerly he tried the knob of the door. When it turned easily, he gave the door a slight shove, and it opened inward. The sheriff drew back. "He's made it too convenient for us. This is a trap. One of us might have got away if he'd opened fire on us in the yard. But if we open this door, he makes sure of both of us."

Again they stood close to the wall, and for a while there was no sound except their breathing. Then the sheriff whispered, "When you've been in this business as long as I have, you can smell a trap. He's in there, all right, waiting beyond the door. I can *feel* him in there."

Suddenly he rapped the door with his gun muzzle. "Come out, Buell! Lay your gun down and come out with your hands up!" There was no answer. Again the sheriff whispered, "Suppose he leaves us waiting here, sneaks out the back way, and comes around the house on us?"

"I'll go to the back," Rives said, his lips barely moving.

The sheriff nodded. Rives quietly left the porch, ducked under the window and, still staying close to the wall, made his way stealthily toward the rear of the house. Behind him the sheriff shouted Buell's name again and ordered him to come out. After he had negotiated the first corner of the house and was approaching the second, Rives heard the old man call again.

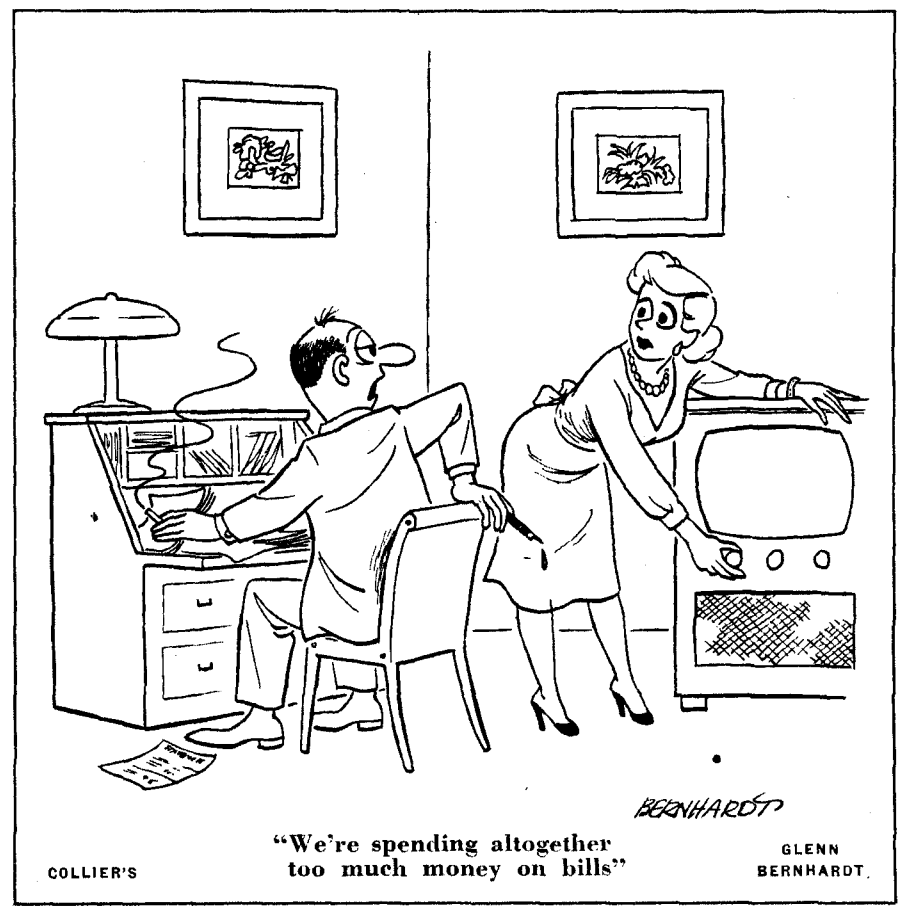
Luck was with Rives. Turning the second corner, he found another boxwood, bushier than those at the front of the house; it stood directly in his path. He dropped to his knees behind it and fixed his eyes on the back door of Buell Shafter's house. He could not have picked a better place of concealment. The boxwood was tall enough, wide enough and thick enough to hide him completely, yet he could see through it.

He heard the sheriff's voice, calling on Buell to surrender and then pretending to address Rives. Old man Webb was kicking up quite a commotion at the front; he was putting on a good show. A man inside, if there were a man there, would never suspect that the sheriff and his deputy had divided forces.

Rives waited. He was never afterward able to estimate exactly how long. He waited until the gun in his hand became a burden, until his eyes ached under the strain, until his cramped legs hurt from hip to heel. He waited until at last it came to him that old man Webb had guessed wrong. There was no one in this bleak old house. Buell Shafter was gone.

He shifted position carefully, painfully. From the corner of his eye he caught a movement, turned his head, and saw Page Yancey emerge from the brush at the head of the draw, fifty yards away. His first impulse was to beckon Page on. But something warned him and, standing erect, he signaled for Page to drop.

Page hesitated. Rives waved again frantically. At last, grudgingly, Page dropped from sight in the weeds and brush at the head of the draw. Once more Rives got down on his knees be-



COLLIER'S

"We're spending altogether too much money on bills"

GLENN BERNHARDT.

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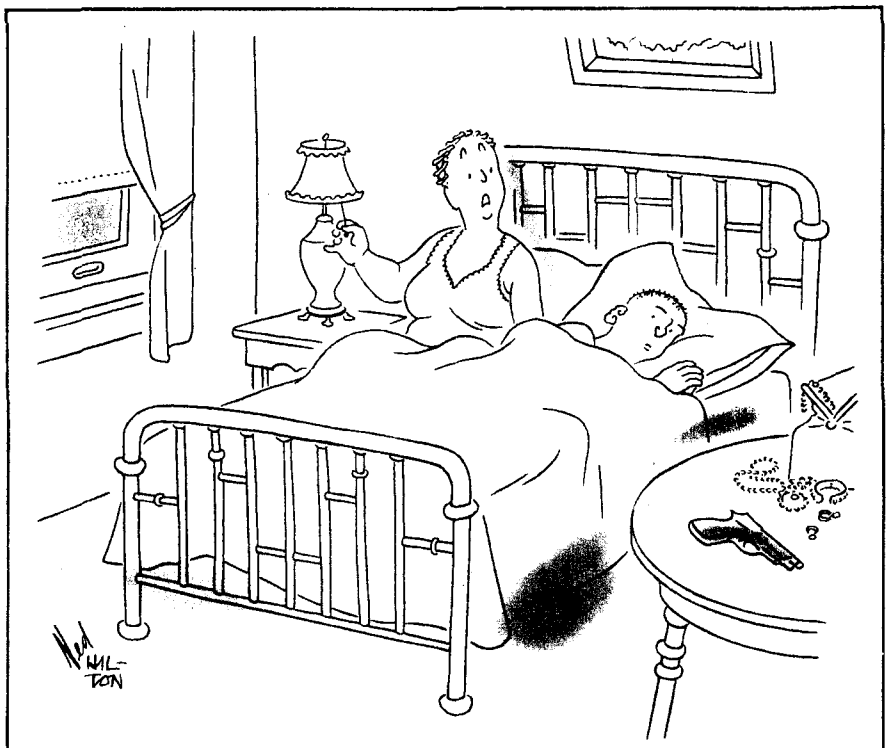

COLLIER'S

"Spike, wake up. I think there's a strange burglar in the house"

NED HILTON

hind the boxwood. He was acutely disturbed now. Page was not one to stay put long. If Page exposed himself again, and Shafter, provided he was in the house, opened the door and saw him, he'd slam the door shut, and they would be back at the beginning.

Rives glanced quickly toward the draw. So far Page was keeping out of sight. Rives looked at the door again, and his heart began to pound. Ever so slowly, the door was swinging inward, and then it was wide open. For a little while the doorway was empty, then Buell Shafter appeared in it, a big man in his late thirties, with black hair and eyes, and a lean, haggard face. He had a pistol in his right hand and another jammed into the waistband of his khaki trousers.

He looked directly at the boxwood and evidently saw nothing suspicious; he scanned the yard; he let his bloodshot eyes travel quickly over the head of the draw. Then, satisfied, he stepped from the doorsill to the yard. Rives waited. This was the important moment. If Shafter turned to his left, fine. If he turned to his right, Rives would have to meet him face to face.

He turned to his left, and Rives, rising instantly, stepped around the boxwood, and called: "Buell!"

Shafter did not whirl, as Rives had expected him to, but stopped dead in his tracks. Rives waited, his gun leveled, his finger loose, yet ready on the trigger.

"You going to shoot me in the back?"

"Yes," Rives said, "unless you drop that gun."

THEY had a lot of friends when they got back to town, a lot of friends who'd known all along that Sheriff Webb would bring the murderer in alive. Good-naturedly the sheriff waved them aside. Then he nodded to Rives and led the way to his office.

"Where's Page?"

"I haven't seen him since we left the jail," Rives said.

"You made me proud of you today, son," the old man said. "I wanted to take Buell Shafter alive more than any other criminal I ever went after, and you took him for me. But if you'd shot him the minute he poked his nose out that door, I couldn't have blamed you. Doing it the way you did is the difference between being a good peace officer and a topnotch peace officer."

They walked into the office and found Page waiting with characteristic impatience. "All right, so I disobeyed orders, Sheriff," he said. "So I didn't wait in the draw, and the way you and Rives see it, I suppose you think I came awful close to spoiling your party."

"I didn't intend to mention that, Page," the sheriff said.

"I'm mentioning it for you, because I know why you sent me down the draw. You wanted to get me out of the way so you and your future son-in-law could get all the—all the glory."

"Did you go to Scuffletown today, Page, looking for glory?"

"You know what I mean."

"I know why I sent you to the draw, too. I was afraid of you. Afraid I couldn't control you. You're a brave man, Page, but there's always a point where bravery leaves off and lack of judgment takes over."

"There's a point, too, where I quit," Page said. He unbuckled the gun belt and the gun and laid them on the sheriff's desk.

"Wait," Rives said. "Wait, Page."

"And play second fiddle to you? No! I've hated you too long for that, fella."

Wheeling, Page left the office. Rives and the sheriff watched him stride down the courthouse walk. By the time he had reached the street, he was swaggering.

"I was never absolutely sure about him until today," the sheriff said, "and I was never absolutely sure about you, either, until today. I'll be resigning in June, Rives. You can run for sheriff in the fall elections if you're interested. Being a topnotch peace officer gives a man a lot of satisfaction."

The telephone rang then. Sheriff Webb said, "Hello . . . Yes, we're both safe and sound. Yes, he's here with me now . . . Telephone for you, Rives. Some woman or other." He winked.

Lillian's anxious voice came over the wire. "Are you sure you're all right, Rives? You didn't get hurt? You're all right?"

"I'm okay," Rives said. "I'm fine. I'm wonderful." ▲▲▲

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Teeth bared, startled fox dashes for cover as .22 hunter whirls to fire. Fox usually is hunted on snowy ground. Animals in these photographs are live

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Hunting in Your Own Backyard

YOU AND A .22

Stop dreaming of expeditions to faraway places. You can find real hunting adventure at the end of the bus line—at bargain prices. What's more, stalking small game with a .22 takes the finest woodland skill

By LEONARD A. STEVENS

THE fog was thin and wispy. It lay upon the hillside like a giant's breath. There was no wind. The sun was up, but it hadn't yet pushed the fog away.

From over the hillside came the sound of a deliberate, businesslike step. The hunter, carrying a gun, cleared the ridge. As he moved slowly down the hillside, his eyes were wide with looking and his head was cocked to hear.

Inside, he was atingle. He had keyed his senses to the fullest. He was, even as were the animals he hunted, aware, cautious, alert—seeing and hearing and smelling everything about him. He was, at that moment, as fully alive as a man can be.

In most respects he was much like the almost 14,000,000 hunters in this country who annually spend an estimated $3,500,000,000 to equip and transport themselves into the woods. He did, however, differ in three ways:

He was hunting out of season, when most other hunters were dreaming of the past or itching for the future.

His out-of-pocket expense for the day was a scant 50 cents—including transportation.

He had stepped off a city bus 20 minutes earlier.

In addition, he was notable in one other respect—he was unexcelled for skill and woodland know-how.

But he was nothing more than you could become. Some of the greatest hunting in the world—requiring as much skill as the most elaborate safari into Africa—probably can be found within 60 minutes of where you are at this moment—even if you are in a large city.

You need only take the time to investigate your close-to-home hunting possibilities. All you really need for your home-town safari may be tucked away in a corner of the hall closet or gathering dust under Junior's bed. It is a .22-caliber rifle.

If you would enjoy hunting, there is no need to buy a lot of expensive equipment or to travel long distances. In some places, you don't even have to get a license to hunt with a .22. Closed seasons, for the most part, are no problem. If you approach him right, a farmer probably will welcome you, and you can make his land your personal hunting preserve. The conservationist will pat you on the back. You needn't ever miss a meal at home. Indeed, after a day in the woods, you can often bring dinner home with you.

Hunting with a .22 packs a challenge virtually unsurpassed in outdoor recreation. The man who can hit a running rabbit with a .22, or come off best in a game of wits with a nervous squirrel, or coax the wily crow into position for a shot (and hit him) should envy no other hunter. He is qualified to take his place alongside the sportsmen whose trophy rooms are hung with heads of mountain sheep, moose and water buffalo.

Actually, the animals who make their homes close by our biggest cities are the wariest you can find. They have to be, or they couldn't exist in proximity with man, their natural enemy. And the person who sets out to hunt small game with a .22 merits the title sportsman in the truest sense. He is meeting the animals he hunts on nearly equal terms. A .22 hunter on the trail of rabbits is roughly in the class with the person who would stalk a housefly with a peashooter. He isn't out just to kill. He has, in effect, stacked the cards against himself just to make the game more difficult, more sporting.

With a .22, the joys of hunting at its very best are yours at about a penny a shot and virtually in your own backyard. Let me tell you how.

Check with your conservation department and your local law-enforcement officials. Find out what you legally can do and what you legally must not do. What is fair game in one state is forbidden in another. Regulations covering firearms are as strict as they are varied. So, know the law as it applies to you.

That accomplished, equip yourself with good materials. You can get .22s for $15 or less. But at that price the rifle will be only a single-shot, bolt-action model suitable for target practice or plinking away at bottles or tin cans. You'll do better in the field with a .22 that fires faster—a semiautomatic (if your state permits its use), or a model with a slide or lever action.

Whatever weapon you choose, get some target practice. If you set off into the woods straight away, chances are you'll return empty-handed and discouraged. Practicing with a .22 can be almost as much fun as hunting itself.

Beginners should concentrate on moving targets. Roll a croquet or rubber ball along the ground, or skid a piece of coal across an ice-covered stream, and pop away at it. (During the summer, you can use that same stream by firing at a bottle bobbing in the water.)

And always use your sights; don't just blast away. Practice throwing the rifle to your shoulder. Never fire until the gun is against your cheek. Get the sights in front of your eye until you become so familiar with the sight picture that you wouldn't think of firing until you see it.

But however you practice, *always* know where your bullet is going to stop. Use a rise of ground as a backdrop. And watch for ricochets. A .22 bullet packs a killing punch—for humans—up to a mile. Even deflected, it can be lethal.

If you weary of practicing on inanimate targets, shift to live ones—and do your community a favor in the process. Go out to the city dump (if they permit hunting there), or get permission from a farmer to use his field, and shoot rats. Make it easy for yourself.

Ammunition makers turn out a little-known .22 cartridge called the "long rifle shot," which looks like a tiny shotgun shell made of brass instead of paper. The cartridges are filled with minute, sand-grain-size No. 12 shot. They're tiny, but they're deadly on rats up to a range of about 20 feet. Using them, you can get some wonderful practice in the technique of throwing your rifle up to your shoulder and sharpshooting away—what the big-game hunters call "snap shooting." It's not a good idea to shoot too many of these cartridges because prolonged use will injure the rifling on the inside of your gun barrel. But a box or two of these cartridges won't do any harm.

When you've finished the long-rifle-shot cartridges, promote yourself to regulation bullets against the same targets. No need to waste money. Use "short" ammunition, the smallest .22 ammunition in popular use. (BB caps, actually the tiniest .22 cartridges made, will work, but shorts are preferred.) A box of shorts costs less than 50 cents. After a couple of week ends, during which you fire regulation fixed ammunition, you should be ready to take to the woods.

The game you go after will depend largely on where you live, the time of year and your personal tastes. In most locations you have a choice of about a dozen different animals, ranging from frogs to foxes. One of the most genuinely challenging little critters for the would-be .22 hunter—an animal found throughout the country and in several different species—is the squirrel. (He also is a mighty tasty dish, properly prepared.)

The squirrel hunter, however, in addition to knowing how to handle his .22, must also know how to handle the squirrel. Peanuts will lure squirrels up close in a city park, but the country cousin of the tame panhandler is

The author sights a slide-action .22, an excellent gun for hunting

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

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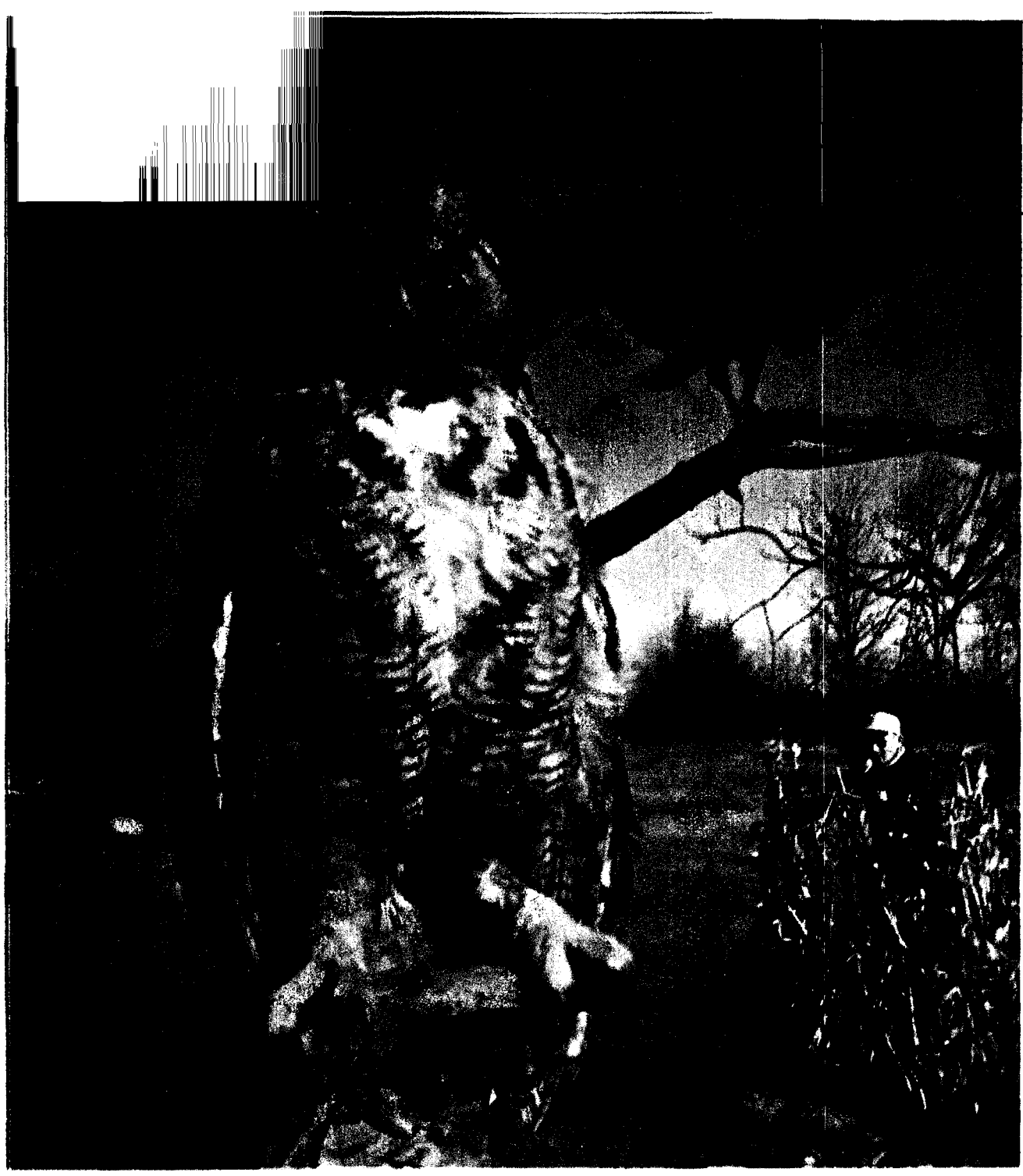

The wily crow abandons caution to attack his archenemy, the owl, unaware that wise old bird is decoy placed on tree limb close to hunter's blind. System is popular for attracting crows

mighty fussy about the hand that feeds him. You'll do best to pick a good spot, somewhere along a squirrel runway, then take up your stand with your rifle ready to fire—and remain still.

Squirrels travel along regular paths, like the tops of fences or stone walls, and along the trunks of fallen trees. Find a likely-looking spot and go into business. You should arrive on the scene before daylight, for squirrels eat breakfast early. Try to be in position ahead of time by a tree or stump in his dining room. But, above all, keep quiet and don't move. The slightest noise, the smallest movement, and the squirrel takes off. Sooner or later, if the circumstances are right and if you have any sort of luck at all, a squirrel will come your way. When he does, fire, and fire fast.

Arousing the Squirrel's Curiosity

Even in squirrel hunting, though, there comes a time to abandon the sittin'-and-waitin' system. Most frequently that time comes when you hear bits of nuts falling to the ground or an unseen squirrel chomping his food in a tree. That's the time to go to work on his curiosity; maybe you can coax him into view.

Try rubbing two sticks together. If that stratagem doesn't work, try pursing your lips to make a sucking noise, or cluck your tongue against the gum behind your upper teeth. You might lure him into the open by shuffling your foot slightly in the leaves, or clicking a coin or cartridge against the metal of your .22.

Probably the most exciting moment of all comes when you move up on a squirrel which refuses to come into range regardless of what you do. The instant you move, the squirrel will flatten himself on the tree trunk or limb—and always on the opposite side from where you're standing.

If you think you can outrun him around the tree, forget it. His revolutions per minute will be exactly half a tree ahead of you. But don't give up. Maybe you can outwit him. Throw a stick or stone to the far side of the tree. There's a chance you'll startle him around to your side of the trunk. But have your rifle at your shoulder, aim fast and fire. There's little likelihood you'll get a second chance. That's the time you'll be thankful for your snap-shooting practice at the city dump.

There are other systems. One hunter I know who frequently goes after squirrels uses a decoy. He removes his hat and coat and hangs them on a bush near where he takes up his watch in the woods. If a squirrel gets on the wrong side of the tree, the hunter cautiously moves toward the far side. If the squirrel thinks the hat and coat are another man, the hunter sometimes is able to get to the other side of the tree while the squirrel is still there. If the hat and coat don't do the job by themselves, the hunter throws a stick or pebble to make a noise and make the clothing move.

Remember that in squirrel hunting—as in all types of hunting—you must be where the animals are or you'll come home empty-handed. One way to find out where game will be is to learn what the animal you're after likes to eat. (Animals spend a great deal of their time eating.) Squirrels go for acorns, butternuts, walnuts, beechnuts, hickory nuts and pecans. If squirrels have been in the area you plan to hunt, you'll probably notice empty shells on the ground. Squirrels almost never clean up after they've eaten. But don't concentrate on a nut diet, and don't limit your hunting to the woods. Squirrels also are crazy about the farmer's corn, and they like side dishes of all kinds of seeds. Occasionally, they eat the sap of trees; and in the spring some of their favorite foods are the buds from blooming trees.

There's a fairly sure-fire method of finding good squirrel-hunting ground: ask the local people. The rural mailman is a good bet, or the local feed-store operator. A co-operative farmer may tip you off to a choice location. But always ask before trespassing on privately owned land.

Fascinating as it is, you may find that squirrel hunting begins to cloy after a while (though I doubt it). So maybe you'd like to hunt some game that is really difficult to shoot with a .22. If so, set out after *hasenpfeffer* on the hoof—rabbits.

Rabbits Seem Part of the Scenery

The reason rabbit hunting with a .22 is difficult is that the rabbit is always on the move when you shoot him. Not that rabbits don't sit still. They'd like nothing better than to sleep all day (they feed at night). But rabbits look like where they live. Most of the time, rabbits blend in beautifully with the scenery. And they know it. Their first defense is camouflage. A sitting rabbit often will allow you to approach to within four or five feet before he resorts to his second means of defense—running. When a rabbit takes off at full tilt, he's really moving. Scientists have clocked Texas jackrabbits at as much as 45 miles an hour, a little less than the speed of an antelope.

But occasionally the rabbit's camouflage will work against him. A cottontail, for example, is brown like the earth, weeds and rocks where he makes his home. Comes a snowfall, though, and he's caught in the wrong suit. If you're after cottontails, hunt them in snowy weather.

In northern areas, you can go after snowshoe rabbits. They have the part-time advantage of turning white during the winter, so don't hunt them when there's snow on the ground. Wait for a good thaw. The ground goes bare and the snowshoe rabbit is caught in the wrong overcoat.

Since most of your rabbit shooting will be at moving targets, you can borrow a trick from the field artillery to increase your chances of scoring a hit. It's called "bracketing." Shoot at the running rabbit, and, if you miss, note where the bullet kicks up the dirt or snow. With the next shot, try to correct your error. Keep shooting and correcting until you hit the rabbit or he gets out of sight. The difficulty of using a single-shot, bolt-action model should be obvious. For rabbits you need a repeating .22.

However, there are some tricks you can use that may slow down the rabbit a bit. The instant the rabbit takes off, let out a sharp whistle. The noise may make him pause. You also can employ the sharp-whistle technique by going to the edge of a field and sitting quietly for about 15 minutes, then giving out with a short, sharp whistle. The rabbit may sit up from his hiding place.

The rabbit hunter usually must keep on the move. A good place to look for rabbits is a cornfield near a clover patch. If there are rabbits around, there's an excellent chance they spent the night eating in one or the other. But if you arrive during the day, they'll be resting in weeds, grass and bushes. Rabbits really do love the brier patch.

If you're not familiar with the area, pick out a strip of brushy cover between two open areas, if possible. When a rabbit jumps, he may run into the open area where you can see him.

Be sure to walk slowly and inspect the cover thoroughly. Kick at tufts of grass. Walk through gul-

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lies. Make noise around refuse piles. Jump on brush piles. Look in tree crotches close to the ground. Throw stones in culverts. Remember, you're hunting an animal who will let you walk right up to him without tipping you to his presence.

After learning how to hunt squirrels and rabbits, you may want to try your hand in what, for the .22, is the big-game department. If so, go after foxes. You'll probably have to journey farther from home, and you can expect to be bone-tired at the end of a day in the woods—but it's worth it. Some Southern states make great efforts to preserve the old English sport of fox hunting with hounds. In those states, foxes enjoy the protection of laws which even, in some cases, prohibit trapping. But Northern states generally do not have a paternalistic approach to foxes. Some Northern states occasionally pay bounties to fox killers (the fox is a carrier of rabies).

For the hunter with a strong back and a sockful of determination, fox hunting is a sport that can hardly be topped. Snowy weather is preferred, because you must trail the fox. Check with your state conservation department for a good locale, and when you arrive, team up with some local hunter if possible.

A great many hunters use dogs to track fox. But although a dog is a handy item on a fox hunt, he is by no means a necessity. The dogless hunter, by behaving as foxily as the fox, can come home with a potential fox fur muff.

Your fox, if and when you catch up with him, probably will be asleep. Foxes usually feed at dusk and sleep all day. Red foxes prefer to snooze right out in the open, most often on a rock or some rise of ground. Gray foxes are partial to holes or crevices under logs or tree stumps. Your shot—and chances are you'll get only one—will be fired when you startle the fox from his nap.

Pick up a fresh fox trail when you get to your selected hunting grounds. If it was made the night before while the fox himself was hunting, it probably will be a zigzag trail, punctuated by little "nosings" where the fox shoved his snout into the snow to search out mice or rabbits. Follow the trail as stealthily as if the fox were going to jump out at you. Look to each side. Stop frequently and survey every foot of ground within your range of vision.

Sooner or later, perseverance will pay off. Up he'll jump—and *zing!* You've got him.

Crows Are Disliked—But Not Dumb

For real excitement close to home, I think crow hunting with a .22 tops everything. Crows are almost universally disliked. They destroy duck eggs and they have been known to bankrupt farmers by devouring entire crops. But however you feel about the crow, you have to respect his IQ. If you want to shoot crows, you have to think faster than they do, and don't get the idea that's easy.

When you go after them with a .22, the best—and safest—method is to entice them down on the ground. You'll need decoys.

Position your decoy crows like a flock of the black marauders eating lunch in a field—say a cut-over cornfield. At the edge of the area, build yourself a blind from tree branches and leaves placed around a rectangle of trees. Once you've learned how, you can make a good one in an hour or less.

Do a little investigating before you build your blind, though, by observing crow aeronautics. Crows travel along flyways, just as ducks do. For real success, erect your blind in a flyway. You can locate flyways by riding around in your car late in the afternoon and watching flights of crows returning to their sleeping grounds. The prevailing wind should blow from back of your blind. Crows land into the wind, and you don't want them coming in over your blind where they can look down and see you waiting for them.

Only one additional piece of equipment is needed: a crow call (cost: $1.25 to $3). You can learn to use it by practicing with a phonograph record made for the purpose. Or an experienced caller can teach you. If you're trying to lure crows in to land at your open-field feeding station, it's best to stick to the common conversational "caw, caw," and its variations of "ah, ah," or "gnaw, gnaw."

With luck, one or two crows will spot the decoys or hear you calling and decide to stop for a bite. The chances are they'll give out with a few "caws" of their own to tell the rest of the flock that they've found a free meal.

"Don'ts" for a Hunter Lying in Wait

During this period, keep perfectly still in your blind. Stare at the decoys. Don't look up. Don't smoke. Don't move your hands. You want the crows to land on the ground, and if you move, they're practically certain to see you. Even as they come in, crows invariably will post a sentinel in a high tree. If he spots you, he'll give the crow call of alarm, "caw, ca-a-a-a-w," and the flock will speed off.

If the crows land among your decoys, then slowly, ever so slowly, bring your rifle up, aim, and fire. One crow is considered par; two makes you a semipro. After the crows have gone, remove the dead crow, return to your blind and start all over again.

In really open country, in places where you can safely shoot into the air without fear of hitting anything or anybody (never, never fire into the air in populated areas), you can hunt crows by stalking them and spotting them from afar. You then get under some natural cover and call as if you were a crow in trouble. If you're expert enough, the crows will rush to the rescue of their troubled friend and land in trees nearby.

The best crow hunting is done with an owl decoy. Crows and owls just naturally hate each other. The owls give the crows all sorts of trouble during the night, and the crows love to reciprocate in daylight. When a crow spots an owl asleep during the day, he goes berserk with rage and summons every other crow within hearing distance to the attack.

An owl decoy made of papier-mâché costs about $3. Place your decoy owl on a pole or the limb of a tree, near other large limbs where the crows can land when they come in. If you happen to have a dead crow, hang him near the owl. His live relatives will think he's been murdered by the owl. Your next move is to retire to your blind and begin setting up a terrible noise with your crow call, as if you were a crow being attacked.

First thing you know, the crows in the area will pick up the distress call and rush to the scene, spreading the alarm as they come. They'll dive and scold the owl. If you've placed your decoy correctly, one or two crows will land on a limb and begin berating the owl from there. That's where you enter the picture—with your .22. Scratch one crow.

But unlike the cautious feeding crows, the attacking flock, its anger aroused, very likely will ignore the fact that a comrade has fallen and continue to worry the owl. That's the time to knock off a second one, if you can. Some hunters have been known to thin out a flock considerably before the one or two remaining birds have looked around and noticed how lonely they were.

So, whether it's crows, rabbits or squirrels, frogs, foxes or woodchucks, you and a .22 can find real hunting pleasure very near home.

With practice, you may even get as good as the farmer who walked into Frank Vogt's sporting-goods store in Effingham, Illinois, not long ago. He threw open the door and stood there. His jaw quivered with rage.

"That .22 rifle you sold me don't shoot straight, young fella!" the farmer roared.

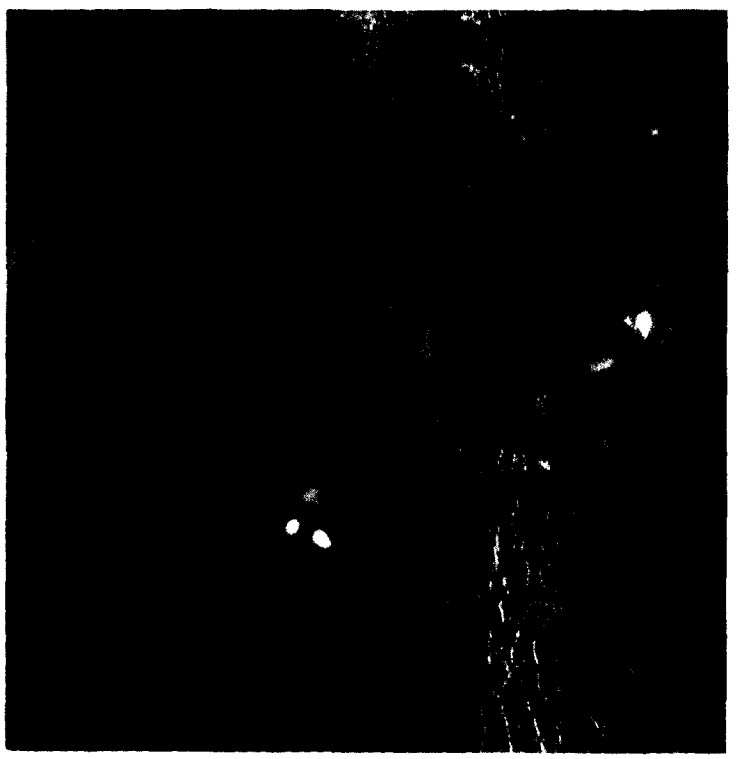
"Oh?" said Frank, cautiously.

"You're dang tootin'," the farmer snapped. "When I miss two hummingbirds out of three, I say the rifle don't shoot straight."

It just takes practice, I guess. ▲▲▲

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

Rats provide good practice at firing quickly. Barnyard rodent here darts off as hunter throws gun to shoulder



Squirrels prefer to put tree between them and hunter. Pursuit is useless, but woodland tricks sometimes help

Zip! Rabbit, making good 35 mph, streaks from brier patch. Fast-moving bunnies require top shooting skill

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Go and Kiss Him If You Dare

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

think we're maybe getting into sort of a *rut?* You and I? Perhaps?"

He leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"No, really," she said. "I mean, it does happen. Without your realizing it."

"But *what* things? Forgetting what?"

"I just mean," she said slowly, "I just mean we forget how others, how the kids feel about us. We forget the point of view."

"You mean *they* think we're in a rut?" he said, and laughed again.

SHE nodded, without smiling, and he said, "Well, of course they do. Natch. So what? Do you think we ought to be like the McCloskeys: each week end a brawl, people falling off the dock, screams and breaking glass at all hours of the day and night? Hell, that's a rut if ever I saw one. It's just a different kind, that's all."

"You know I don't mean that, Howard," she said wearily. "You always exaggerate so."

"*I* exaggerate?" he said; then he took a deep breath and, sitting back in his chair, brought his finger tips together and looked at her across them with an air of judicial calm.

"Well, we both exaggerate," she said. "We know that. When I say a 'rut' I don't really mean a rut, but . . ."

"What gave you this idea, anyway?"

"I was coming to that. It's just that . . . Well, you know those bathhouses?"

"I certainly do. A hundred bucks for the season, when it was only fifteen the first year we were here."

"I know, it's just awful, but where else can you go? Anyway, you know how they're all open at the top and you can hear anything anyone is saying around you? Well, I was getting dressed, and in the one next to ours there was Sally Dodge and some friend, and they were giggling and talking about their parents. And I heard Sally say, 'Every night, every single night without exception, my dear, they sit and play Russian bank, and at *exactly* a quarter to ten they have *one* highball, and at *exactly* ten thirty they go to bed. Isn't it *awful?*' "

Mr. Ellis looked down at the cards lying spread out on the table in front of them, then he cleared his throat and said, "Well, that's Walter and Sarah Dodge. That isn't us—we. And of course Walter Dodge is one of the biggest stuffed shirts in existence. Vice-President-in-Charge-of-Trust-Department! My God!" He lighted a cigarette, then offered the pack to Mrs. Ellis. She shook her head. "Besides," he said, "we don't play Russian bank every night."

"Well, canasta," she said, "and before that, gin rummy. But, Howard, we always do have just one drink and then go to bed. I mean it's a tendency we ought to watch."

"What are we supposed to do?" he asked, his voice rising slightly. "Get plastered every night? When I have to get up at a quarter to seven? I don't see that drinking to excess is necessarily any indication of—well, I don't know—emancipation. Or something."

"I wish you wouldn't always get so angry," Mrs. Ellis said. "Like at Ted blowing his horn."

Mr. Ellis got up and began pacing up and down the room. Presently he stopped and stood for some time with his head lowered, staring intently down at a large, smoothly rounded green stone that they had picked up on the beach and which now served as a doorstop. Finally he turned around and, speaking very slowly and calmly, said, "I'm sorry I gave the impression of being angry. I assure you I wasn't. I was just—just being emphatic."

They stood facing each other without speaking. Then at the same moment they both laughed.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Ellis said. "It all sounds so familiar. Doesn't it? Remember how we used to fight?"

He nodded, smiling. "You were always so dramatic," he said.

"*I* was dramatic? I like that. Why—"

He took a step forward and laid his hand on her arm.

"After all," she said, "it was you, not I, who used to be so keen on the little theater. Howard Ellis, the Matinee Idol. The Stranger in The Passing of the Third Floor Back. With a beard, no less. All I did was help with the costumes."

"Please," Mr. Ellis said, "don't bring that up."

"As a matter of fact," she said, "you were darned good. That beard was quite becoming. And your voice sounded beautiful. So spiritual."

He laughed and said, "You used to say it sounded sexy."

"Well, that too," she said.

"H'mmm," he said. "Quite a remarkable combination." He leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the cheek.

"It really is," she said.

They stood there a little longer, both smiling, then he stepped back from her and, rubbing his hands briskly together, said, "Well, what do you propose? To get out of this rut. Shall we get drunk? Roll up the rugs and do the Charleston? Make fudge? What?"

"No, no, no," she said, laughing. "But—" She looked at the clock over the fireplace. "Well, we might go to the square dance. For instance."

"Oh!" Mr. Ellis said. "Oh, no! Please!"

"See!" Mrs. Ellis said. "As soon as I suggest anything—"

"Caper around and . . ." he said, shaking his head. "Anyway, I don't know how to square-dance. The last dance I learned was the black bottom."

"You don't have to know how. All you do is what the caller . . . uh, calls."

"Please," Mr. Ellis said, but after a time, listening to her, he began to nod his head in a resigned way, and while she went upstairs to get a coat, he got up and made two highballs. When she came back they drank them rather quickly, sitting a little forward on the edge of the couch.

As they were about to leave, Mr. Ellis said, "Maybe we ought to take that bottle along. Just in case. Don't you think?"

Cars were parked for some distance down the road from the Quohansett Town Hall, where the square dances were held. As they walked toward the brightly lighted building, the soft night air became strident with the sawing of a fiddle and the thin, high, reedy notes of an accordion playing Turkey in the Straw.

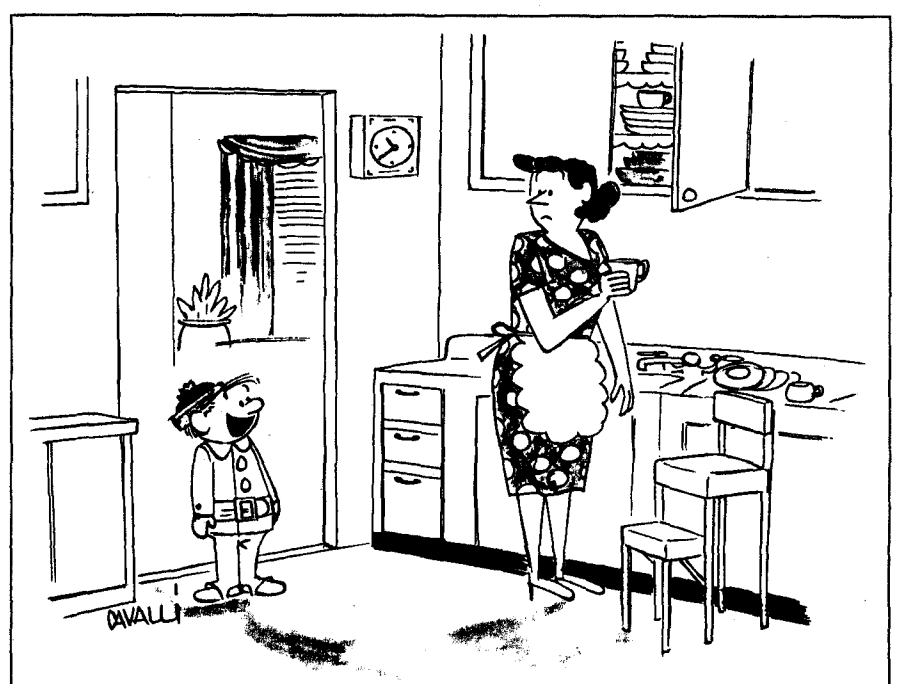
"Remember," Mr. Ellis said, "I'm not capering around any. I'll sit and beam benevolently, but that's all."

THOUGH most of the dancers were young, other people of the Ellises' age or older were also on the dance floor, and others sat along the wall. They were divided almost equally into three groups: the villagers, the city people, like themselves, and the artists who, during the summer, formed a small but truculent colony of their own. It was a simple matter to tell which was which. The villagers—the women in print dresses and the men in dark suits with stiff collars—looked like city people. The city people, in plaid shirts and blue jeans, looked like stage versions of country folk. The artists, in paint-stained trousers, turtle-neck sweaters or soiled T-shirts, looked defiantly artistic.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis went in and sat down on folding chairs that had been arranged along the wall.

"There!" Mrs. Ellis said, her face lighting up. "There's Nancy. Doesn't she dance well?"

Mr. Ellis saw Nancy whirling in the



"It was easy. I just raised my hand and asked if I could leave the room, and here I am"

COLLIER'S — DICK CAVALLI

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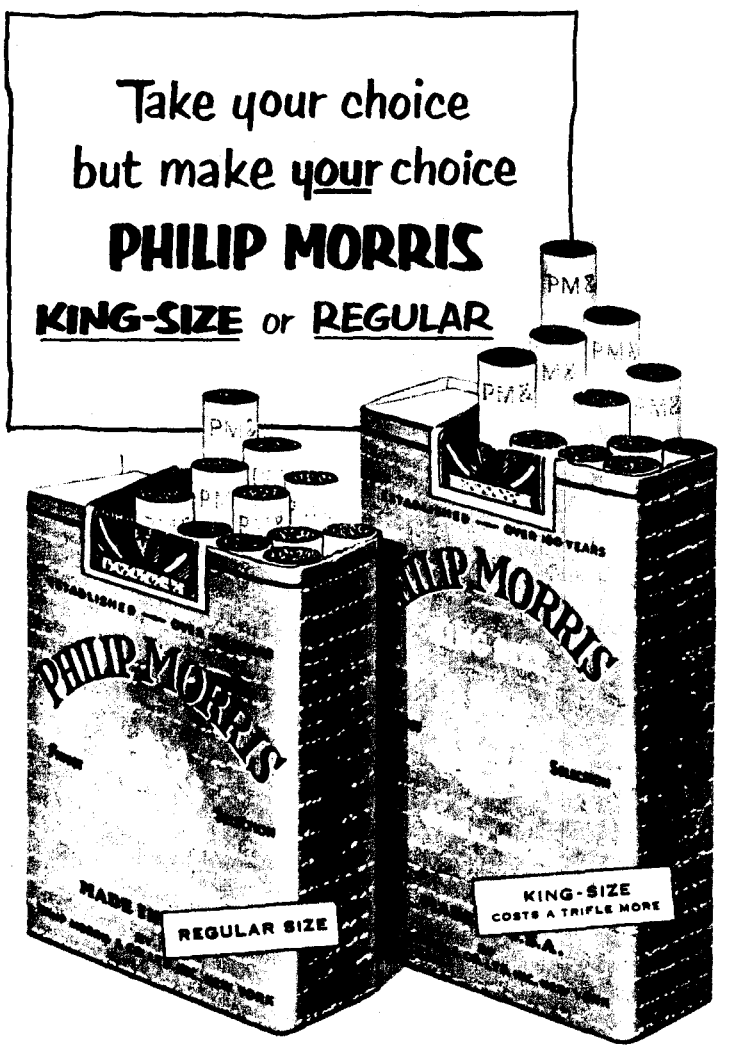

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center of the floor with a very tall, dark young man who looked somewhat older than the others, especially by contrast with his daughter's slender and—it suddenly seemed to him—frighteningly fragile, young grace. He turned with a frown and asked, "Who's the big lug she's with?"

"The iceman," Mrs. Ellis said dreamily. When she saw his startled look she added, "Oh, it's perfectly all right. He's working his way through Rhode Island State."

SOMEONE sitting along the opposite wall waved at them. Mrs. Ellis waved back and started across the room. Mr. Ellis, following her, recognized the Dodges, Sarah and Walter, the parents of Sally, the people who played Russian bank and had just one highball every night.

Sarah Dodge was small and slender, and in spite of the narrow streak of gray in her dark hair looked very young and pretty—much too young and pretty, he thought, to be the wife of a pompous ass like Walter Dodge. He sat down beside her.

As he was starting to speak, Walter Dodge and Mrs. Ellis got up, and Walter, in the same tone of matured decision in which he might have said, "We shall invest the proceeds in U.S. Treasury two and a quarter," announced that they were going to dance.

Mr. Ellis looked nervously at Sarah Dodge. She shook her head and, as the others left them, half yawned and said, "I can't imagine anything more utterly boring."

Mr. Ellis offered her a cigarette and sat back with a sensation of profound relief.

She inhaled deeply and said, "God, I wish I had a drink!"

Mr. Ellis gave her a quick look out of the corner of his eye. Then he looked toward the dance floor, where Mrs. Ellis was happily dancing in a ring with half a dozen other people who had joined hands. He hesitated; then, raising his voice to be heard above the music, the clapping hands and the stamping feet, he said, "Well, why not?"

She turned to him quickly, then got to her feet and started for the door. He followed her. When they came to the shadow beyond the lighted doorway, she took his arm. "You have no idea what this means to me," she said as they walked down the dark road. "I think those affairs are just too deadly."

"Why do you go?"

She shrugged her shoulders and said, "It's better than just sitting around."

When they came to the car and got into the back seat, he handed her the bottle. She took a long drink, then gave a deep sigh of satisfaction. He glanced out the window. Some people were walking along the road, coming in their direction. Drawing back into the corner of the car, Ellis took a quick drink. The whisky felt hot and harsh against his throat, and he choked a little on it. Sarah Dodge laughed, and he said, "Gosh, I guess I'm not used to this any more. It's been years."

"Remember how we used to drink in cars?" She turned and smiled at him. "At proms? I remember one prom where there were northern lights all over the sky when we came out, and everybody was scared to death because they thought they'd gotten some bad liquor and were going blind."

He laughed and said, "I was there. But I'd forgotten all about it."

"I know," she said. "It was a long time ago. My God, I was young! Only sixteen. But not too young to get looping on bootleg gin. We really were pretty wild, weren't we?"

"Yes, I guess we were."

"But it was fun," she said. She shook her head. "Most of the time nowadays I feel about a million years old."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I thought you looked particularly young tonight. That dress is very becoming."

SARAH turned to look at him, and it seemed, although he could not be absolutely certain, that she moved slightly toward him.

"Why, Howard!" she said. "How nice! That's the first compliment I've had in years."

"Is it?" he said, feeling as he said it that he should have said something else, although just what he wasn't sure. "Why, I'll bet you get all sorts of compliments, Sarah. All the time."

She gave a short laugh. "Who from?" she said. "Walter?"

"Well, I know," Mr. Ellis said. "Men aren't always very good at that sort of thing. But that doesn't mean they don't think so."

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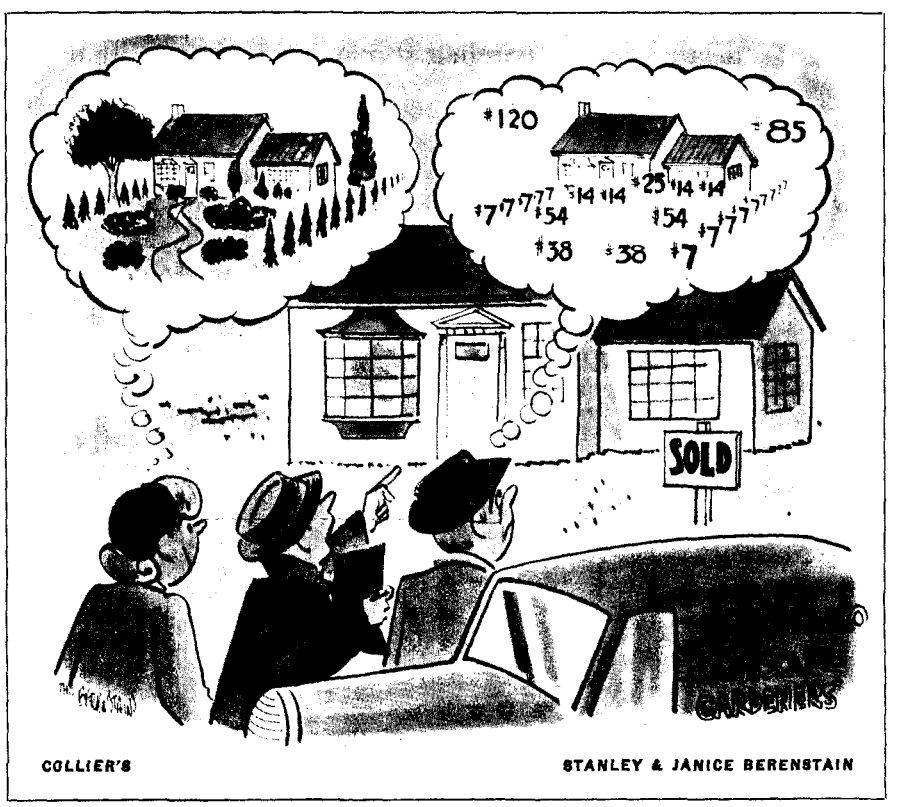

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VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S

"Listen, Filstrup! Just because it's called an ammunition dump . . ."

VIRGIL PARTCH

"Oh, well, you and Jo," Sarah said, "that's something else. You're so congenial."

"Oh, we fight too," Mr. Ellis said. "Sometimes."

"Fight! I wish we did. At least if you fight you're alive. You're not in a *rut*."

"Well . . ." Mr. Ellis began.

"She's so pretty," Sarah said. "She looks so young. Even though," she added reflectively, "she's actually older than I am."

MR. ELLIS suddenly realized she was leaning against him, with her head almost resting on his shoulder. He started to sit up straight; but just then the headlights from a car coming down the road flashed in the back window, and he slumped down in the seat and lowered his head. Her hair lightly touched his cheek. For the first time he was aware of a heavy but agreeable perfume. Sarah's hand moved a little, and he felt his heart beating faster. He remembered Mrs. Ellis saying something about being young in spirit, and he leaned a little toward Sarah. Although they both stayed perfectly motionless, he had the slightly dizzy sensation of starting slowly to slide down a long incline. It was almost as if he could feel the beginning rush of a dark wind. He half closed his eyes.

At that moment, from outside the car, he heard the sound of footsteps crunching on the graveled road, followed a moment later by laughter. It was a clear, high, young-girl laugh. It sounded just like Nancy's, and he turned to look out the window. He saw a slender figure, dressed in blue jeans with a man's shirt flapping outside; but even though her face was partly turned toward the car it was too dark to see it.

When she had gone past she stopped. She faced the tall boy she was with and, imitating the nasal voice of the square-dance caller, said, " 'Honor your partner!' "

The boy bowed gravely from the waist and said, " 'Now stamp on his feet and pull his hair, go and kiss him if you dare.' "

There was a brief confused struggle between them, then she broke away, laughing, and called, " 'Now leave her alone and run back home, and everybody swing your own.' "

The young man seized her, and they began whirling round and round, moving swiftly down the road until they were lost in the shadows of the tall trees beyond.

Mr. Ellis watched them until they disappeared. He heard the echo of her laughter. But at the same time, unexpected and disturbing, there came the sudden vivid picture of Nancy sitting in the back of one of the cars that was parked down there in the darkness.

He reached for the handle of the door, then paused. He looked back at Sarah. "Well," he said, "I guess we'd better get back."

When they got back to the hall, the dance had just ended. People stood on the dance floor, applauding and cheering, but the players were putting away their instruments. Mrs. Ellis and Walter Dodge came toward them, both looking flushed and rather breathless.

"It was such fun," Mrs. Ellis said. "Did you see us?"

They stood there together for a few minutes, talking. When they went out Nancy was standing in the crowd that was gathered by the door, and as they passed her, Mrs. Ellis called, "Oh, Nancy, be sure and come home right away now. Don't go anywhere else."

Nancy looked at her over her shoulder with an expression of long-suffering patience. "Okay, Mother. *Okay*."

IT WAS only a short drive home. As they got out of the car, another car came up close behind them. Shading his eyes against the headlights, Mr. Ellis stared at it, then said slowly, "What's the ice truck doing here? At this hour of the night."

He walked back to it. He heard Nancy's giggle from the front seat, and when he looked in the cab, he recognized the tall, dark young man with whom she had been dancing when he first saw her.

"Good evening, sir," the young man greeted him.

Mr. Ellis said, "What's the idea, Nancy? Where's Ted?"

They both laughed, and Nancy said, "Ted got sore and left. So Gilbert"—her voice dropped in what seemed to

Winter orange harvesting

Winter geranium field

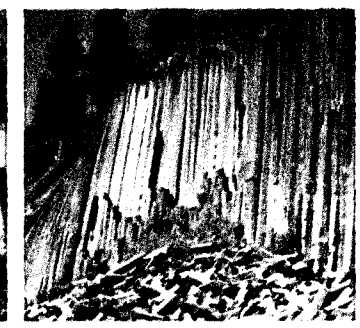
Desert oasis in winter

Hollywood night life

Palos Verdes Light

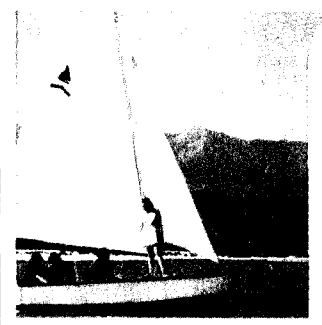
Palomar Observatory

Aloes blooming by the sea

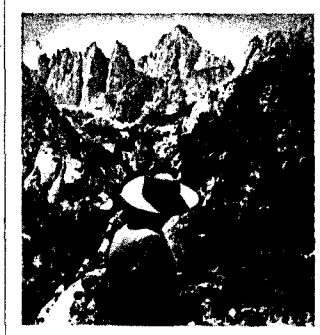


Devil Postpile

San Gorgonio Pass, March



Pacific shoreline, winter



Mt. Whitney (14,496 ft.)

Grass links, desert oasis

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Mr. Ellis a fatuously caressing manner —"Gilbert brought me home."

"Oh," Mr. Ellis said. "Well, you'd better come in now. It's late."

In the house Mrs. Ellis was standing by the card table, smiling down at the cards that were scattered on it, and humming Turkey in the Straw.

"They had a fight or something," Mr. Ellis said. "Nancy and Ted. So she came home with the iceman. Jo, I think you really ought to talk to Nancy."

Just then the door opened, and Nancy came in.

"Well!" her father said. "That was *pretty fast.*"

NANCY sniffed and walked past him with her eyes lowered. Then she stopped, swung around abruptly, and said, "When I'm told the instant I arrive that it's time to come in, that it's late and little Nancy has to be in bed, what do you expect me to do? If I didn't rush in immediately you'd probably start peering out through the screen and calling to me. Jeepers, why, we'd hardly gotten here before you—"

"All right, all right," Mr. Ellis said. "But there's one thing I'd like to know, and that is why Ted Albee got mad and you had to come home with the iceman."

"He isn't an *ice*man. He's a junior at Rhode Island State. He's working his way through. In any event, I don't see why you have to be such a snob."

"I'm not a snob. And I don't care where he goes to college. Rhode Island State or—or Oxford. I just asked you why Ted Albee—"

"That drip! Gilbert and I just took a little walk down the road and—"

"And sat in the ice truck?"

Nancy looked at him for several seconds before answering, then she said slowly, "Well, yes, we did, as a matter of fact."

"I've told you," Mr. Ellis said, "that I don't want you sitting in parked cars with perfect strangers."

Nancy laughed mockingly. "What about yourself?" she asked.

"Myself?" Mr. Ellis said, and Mrs. Ellis turned to look at him curiously.

Nancy nodded and said, "I saw you. Sitting in our car. With some woman. I kept talking my head off so Gilbert wouldn't notice you. Of course it may not have been you, and in any event, I wasn't going to mention it but—"

"Why, Howard!" Mrs. Ellis said and broke into a rippling laugh.

"Well, as a matter of fact," Mr. Ellis said, "it was. I was sitting there with Sarah—with Mrs. Dodge. She wasn't feeling well and said she wanted some air, so I took her out. Neither of us was dancing."

"In any event—" Nancy began.

"I wish you'd stop using that expression," Mr. Ellis said. "I'm sick of it."

Nancy sighed and said, "All right, in any *case*, then. I mean, *besides*, I don't see why you have to *spy* on me."

Mr. Ellis looked bewildered. "Spy on you?"

"Oh, not only you." She turned to her mother. "Following me to the dance and watching my every move. Telling me again and again I have to come home the second the dance is over. Before the music has hardly stopped. And incidentally, Mother, it's sometimes a good idea to learn how to do a dance before you try it. I saw you at one point, simply standing out in the middle of the floor with that . . . with Mr. Dodge, just standing there. You have no idea how humiliating it was."

Mr. Ellis looked at his wife with what he knew was an annoyingly elfish grin, then said to Nancy, "Your mother felt that by not going out occasionally we were perhaps in danger of getting into a rut. We want to avoid that."

COLLIER'S — **"The party's getting dull. Think of something to do to pep it up!"** — FRITZ WILKINSON

"Well, of course that's fine," Nancy said, "but it would help if the old . . . if people knew what the things the caller calls meant. If they didn't just stand there and foul things up. Like that old Mr. Bremer. Why, poor Judy Bremer can hardly face going to the dances. I mean, it's so utterly undignified."

Mrs. Ellis nodded toward the clock on the mantel and said, "It's time for you to go to bed, Nancy."

"Oh, *all right*," Nancy said. She raised her eyes to the ceiling with a stricken look. "Would it be all right if I got a glass of milk first?"

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis waited, without speaking, while Nancy went to the kitchen. When she came back she had a glass of milk in one hand and a large piece of chocolate cake on a plate in the other. She passed them with heavy-lidded eyes and a bitterly ironic twist to her mouth, on which there was also a smudge of chocolate icing.

When she had gone upstairs, closing the door to her room behind her with elaborate quietness, Mr. Ellis said, "Well, that was a success."

Mrs. Ellis, who had begun emptying ash trays and straightening pillows, smiled and said, "Apparently it was. For you."

"Look," Mr. Ellis said. "You don't really think I was out there sitting in that car necking, do you?"

Mrs. Ellis gave a tinkling, artificial-sounding laugh.

"Well, do you?" he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "That's what Sarah Dodge usually goes out and sits in cars for. It's well known," she said and smiled. "Any man at all."

"Oh," Mr. Ellis said. He watched Mrs. Ellis as she moved busily around the room, humming to herself.

Presently he said, "She's really a very unhappy woman."

Mrs. Ellis laughed and said, "And I suppose her husband doesn't understand her."

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, Jo!" Mr. Ellis said. "Stop acting so childish."

"Childish! If anyone has been acting childish, it's you. Sitting out in a car like some college boy. Even if you don't care about me, I think you might have given some consideration to the effect that such a performance might have on Nancy."

"Frankly," Mr. Ellis said, "I don't think she was half as humiliated by me as she was by you. Capering around there with—"

"Can't you find any other word than caper?" Mrs. Ellis said.

"It expresses my meaning," Mr. Ellis answered, with some dignity.

Mrs. Ellis took a deep breath and said, "I wish we didn't always have to *fight* so."

"I know," he said. "But at least there's one thing: it shows we're alive."

Mrs. Ellis paused in the act of emptying the contents of one ash tray into another. Then a slow smile came over her face. "Why, I guess it does, really, doesn't it?" she said.

"Yes, because if we were really—in a rut, why, we just wouldn't care. As it is . . ." he said, raising one hand, then letting it drop to his side. "Well, never a dull moment."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Ellis said, looking at him admiringly, "you really have very original ideas, Howard."

"Oh, well," Mr. Ellis said.

"No, you really do."

"For that matter," he said, "so do you. Like going to the square dance."

"Please!"

"Well," he said, "it was a noble experiment."

She laughed and said, "They wouldn't even know what that meant. Those kids. Nancy."

"Oh, hell, they don't know what anything means."

"It takes so long," Mrs. Ellis said. "Doesn't it?"

HE NODDED, *smiling at her.* She took a step forward and stood by his side. He put his arm around her.

"What did she say?" she asked.

"Who?"

"Sarah. Sarah Dodge."

"Oh! Why, she said she thought we were very congenial. And that you were very pretty. And very young-looking."

Mrs. Ellis gave a short, skeptical laugh and said, "Was that all?"

"Just about. I gave her a drink. Then we went back."

She leaned her head on his shoulder. Presently she said, "They don't really know *anything.* Except," she added, yawning a little, "except the things the caller calls."

He raised his eyes and looked over her head toward the window. It was dark, but far out beyond the shore a beacon flashed on and off at regular intervals. Seeing it he thought again of the northern lights, and he remembered how the whole sky, from the horizon to the zenith, had been filled with flowing bands and curtains of light, shot through with swinging rays and hung with patches that shivered like the surface of still water swept by gusts of wind. Sometimes in the late summer they saw them up here, and he wondered if now, above their heads, the sky was quivering and flashing. He leaned forward a little. All he could see, low above the pine trees to one side of their house, was the moon. It was a waning moon, and more than half of it was gone, but it cast a warm and steady golden light. ▲▲▲

COLLIER'S — **"Here's the dinner I've planned for us this evening—somewhere"** — JEFFERSON MACHAMER

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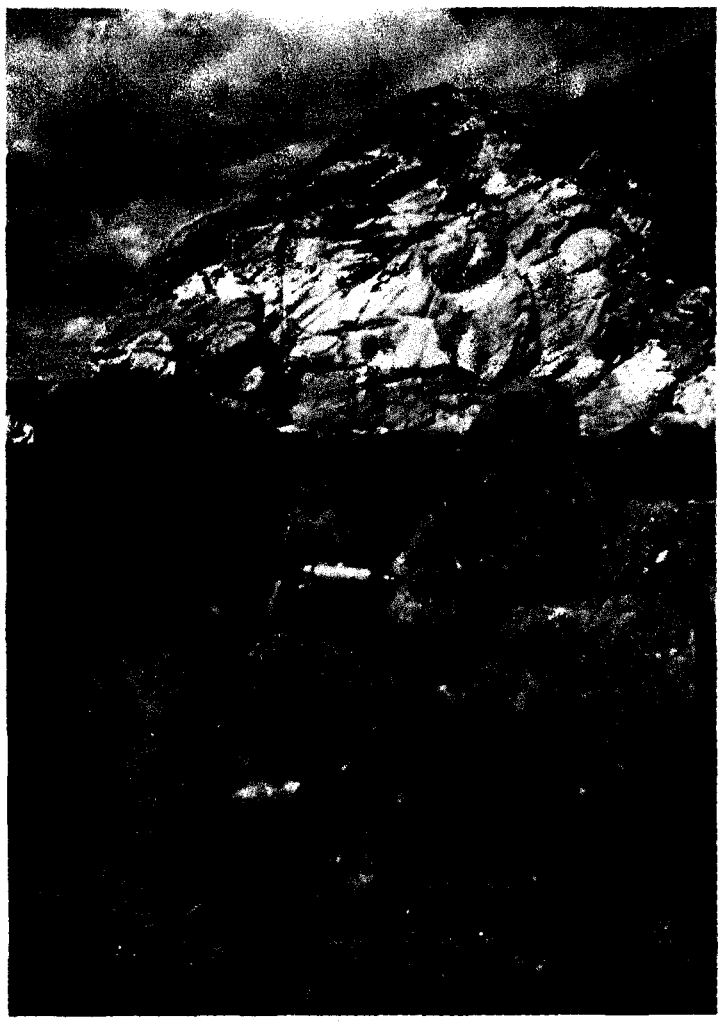
FROGMEN IN KOREA



Frogmen, training for their underwater net-cutting assignment, pause to rest on rocks off Korean coast

OPERATION FISHNET was a job that had to be done by hand. The men who performed it had to work in the numbing waters of the Sea of Japan. They had to operate behind the Communist lines literally in the shadow of the embattled North Korean hills. The success of the operation depended entirely on stealth.

It was a job only the U.S. Navy's frogmen could do. Their only weapons were knives; their only armor, rubber suits. Their enemies were the tides and the surf and the reefs—and the Communists.

So secret was the undertaking that the Navy only recently released the details and allowed the photographs taken during the daylight phases of the operation to be published.

The first phase of Operation Fishnet got under way late last July, when frogmen of Underwater Demolition Team Five boarded the high-speed transport USS Diachenko. At a rendezvous point off Wonsan on Korea's east coast, they collected the latest intelligence reports, then headed for their target area farther north. Their task was to locate and destroy the nets the North Korean Communists were using to catch fish for their troops. Fish is the second most important item (next to rice) on the North Korean menu; the Communists were catching more than a million tons a year. And though the United Nations naval blockade had cut off food supplies coming by sea, the Communists were doing very well indeed on the fish they caught in the nets.

Operation Fishnet, therefore, had only one purpose—to knock out that supply of food, too. Our strategists figured that if we were successful, we could take fish off the North Korean diet for six months or more.

Operating from the Diachenko, UDT Five struck three times. Twice they were unmolested. But during the third strike the enemy garrison ashore cut loose with machine guns while the frogmen were in the water. It took the combined firepower of the Diachenko, the landing boats and a Korean PT boat rushed to the scene to get the swimmers out safely. They made it all right, but as of that moment Operation Fishnet was no longer a secret.

Two months passed. The weather got colder. Then it was Underwater Demolition Team Three's turn—only this time the Communists knew we were after their nets.

Raid Starts in Cold of Early Morn

It was one o'clock in the morning, and it was cold. The sea around the ship was a nervous, oily blackness, rolling restively. Manchuria was 15 miles to the north.

The men had coffee, and then the order was passed, "Lower boats three and five." The engines of the high-speed transport were suddenly quiet and the ship lost headway as it slid gently through the water. The lieutenant mustered his men for one last briefing.

"We're going to have to go in close," he said. "We'll split up. Two platoons will work the north end of the cove, and two will work the south. Air Intelligence reports there's a garrison of 600 troops on the beach. They've got machine guns and howitzers. That's a slug of trouble if they get on to us. Good luck—but be careful." Then: "Over the side!"

The men went down the cargo nets into the landing boats. They cast off from the mother ship and raced over the uneasy ocean toward the beach. Almost immediately, the ship astern faded into the darkness and the boats became tiny bouncing objects alone in the cold vastness.

But the solitude was unreal. The men weren't alone and they knew it. Communist Korea lay a third of a mile ahead. They could hear the surf against the shore line.

By radio, the skipper on the mother ship ordered the boats to search for the objective. The lead boat veered to the right. Its engines were

Aged, unshaven North Korean fisherman, captured prior to strike, undergoes interrogation by UN intelligence team about location of nets. Reds employed civilians to catch fish for their forces

A few nets were returned to ship, though most were sunk on spot. Here section is hung to dry

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The Navy named it Operation Fishnet. It had to be carried out within pot-shot rifle range of Communist positions far behind the front lines. Only the frogmen could do it. They did the job

throttled down to dead slow. The sound of the surf was much louder. Communist sentries marched back and forth somewhere there in the inky emptiness. In the landing boats, it seemed as if the men could almost hear the sentries' boots crunching on the rocky beach. The men in the boats were within pot-shot rifle range.

They edged slowly along, looking for the net. Each pass took them closer to the beach. Then someone caught the scent of burning wood. A moment later they slipped into a tiny cove. A fire was blazing on the beach. It was less than 100 yards away—probably a sentry warming himself. And there was the net—dead ahead.

Nobody moved except the radioman. He flicked a switch. "We have found Key West." He spoke softly, using the code word for the net.

The frogmen slipped their black rubber boats over the side. They climbed aboard and paddled toward the line of floats supporting the net. It extended at least 300 feet. The floats were clearly visible in the light from the fire on the beach.

The party split up. One moved noiselessly ahead toward the beach, seeking out the anchor line. The other took off after the floats. They slashed and hacked the net loose from its supports —50-gallon drums, logs and clusters of glass balls about as big as grapefruit. The net was much too big to haul away. Instead, the frogmen chopped it into sections about 40 feet long. One by one, the sections slipped beneath the surface.

Spotted by Communists on the Beach

The operation was going along right on schedule when a frogman exclaimed hoarsely, "Look!"

Work on the net stopped. Goggled heads poked up. The tiny figures around the fire on the beach were signaling to another group farther along the shore. The Communists knew they had company. "Damn!" The word ran along the nets, and the goggled heads dipped down again. There would be no pulling out until the job was done.

Closer to the beach, the second half of the demolition team had seen the signal fires, too. But they had other problems at the moment. They had found the anchor line. It seemed to be made of Manila rope, but the covering was a disguise. The anchor line itself was steel—a massive cable wrapped in hemp. Their knives were useless. They had to send back to the landing boat for bolt cutters. Long minutes passed. Finally the cutters arrived, but against the steel cable they were about as effective as a pair of pinking shears. The anchor line would have to be blown apart. The order went back again—demolition charges—and again, the long wait.

When the explosives arrived, quick, anxious hands rigged them along the net and prepared to set them off. But just as everything was ready, three rifle shots spat into the water.

The men shouted for the landing craft. All parties broke off their operations, climbed into boats and roared back toward the mother ship. Nobody spoke. They all watched astern for the explosions. The fires on the beach grew smaller. No explosion. There were muttered oaths about clumsy work. There were muttered oaths of denial. Then—*whoomph! . . . whoomph!*—two dull thuds. And two columns of phosphorescent sea water shot into the air.

Smiling, the men turned to face one another. "Scratch one fishing net," the lieutenant said. There'd be that much less fish on the North Korean menu for a while. ▲▲▲

U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Clothed in rubber suits to protect them from numbing waters off North Korean coast, frogmen paddle their rubber boats toward objective. Demolition teams struck 15 miles from Manchuria

A flipper-footed frogman, armed only with knife, rolls overside from a speeding boat while another swimmer adjusts goggles before entering water. Operation requires split-second timing

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The BANCROFTS, By Half a Length

We'd got real happy, me and my brood. Then the neighbor's grass began to look greener

By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

IT'S been so long ago that I'm not quite sure of my facts, but I think *one* year I must have paid an excess-profits tax. I must have, or I wouldn't have let Ruthie talk me into buying a house in Connecticut.

"You've got the children to think of," she began. "You can't expect to give them a good start in life in New York."

I've noticed that whenever Ruthie is bucking for something, the kids are right away all mine, like I got them by cellular division. "What's the matter with little old New York?" I said hotly.

"It's not Connecticut," Ruthie said, "and I've already found the house."

"I know," I said grimly. "Built before the Revolution, and two miles through open country to the privy."

"It has a little creek," she said dreamily.

"I've spent most of my life up the creek."

"Very funny."

"I'm laughing with tears in my eyes," I told her. "I like it here."

"I understand," she said honestly. "It's an exciting place. But for the kids' sake I think we ought to try to get back to the basics."

"Can I make them chop wood?"

"I'm serious, Sy. It'll be good for all of us. The way it is now, the girls think trees are something that block the view of the Chrysler Building. Living in the city is doing bad things to them. The other day I caught Ginny sending the elevator boy out for comic books. She said her daddy would make it worth his while. Their sense of values is all cockeyed. And so is ours. In the country you don't have to compete with the birds or envy the bees. We can find out who we are and where we're going."

"Can't you covet in the country?"

"There's less chance. Life will be so simple, and so good for us. We need it, Sy."

"Then I guess it's back to the land for us," I agreed, "if that's

ILLUSTRATED BY PRUETT CARTER

Pointing, Patty said, "Mummy has it on now." Ruthie came out on the porch. She looked nice, except she had a look like she does when she goes to the dentist

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the way you want it." And Ruthie said, "You tell the girls."

"Where are they?"

"They went out to play."

"Probably shooting craps. I'll find them," I said.

I rode down in the elevator. The boy gave me a big hello, and when I stepped into the foyer there was a breath of warm and perfumed air. Outside, the beat of the city caught me like the tingle of a cold shower. Right then and there I could have joined the chamber of commerce; the country was for bumpkins. Give me Lever House and Rockefeller Center. Bird watching might be all right for hayseeds, but, oh, the girls in their pretty winter dresses!

IT WAS then I spotted my own womenfolk. They were pitching pennies with the doorman. "Hey, Donder, hey, Blitzen," I called to them, "come say good morning to your old man."

"Just a *minute*, Daddy. We're playing," Ginny said.

I waited on their childish pleasures. When they'd finished they sauntered over, pocketing the loot. "We broke him," said Patty, sweetly.

"I'll list you with Dun and Bradstreet. Let's take a walk," I said.

"Haven't you got money for a cab?" demanded Ginny.

"What's this cab routine?" I said firmly. "Shanks' mare for you, my girl."

Ginny sighed. "Walking depreciates me," she said loftily.

Patty nodded in agreement. "Yes," she said, "it makes my nose turn blue."

"Listen, you two," I said, "as long as you're on the green side of twelve, you'll walk."

They fell in alongside of me. "Where to?" they said in chorus, dismally.

"The Metropolitan Museum."

"And then Schrafft's?" asked Patty, a light of hope beginning to dawn.

"First Monet," I said, "and then malteds."

The expedition to the museum was for my own edification. I was going to prove to myself that my kids, born and bred in the city, were already impressed by its culture. Every Saturday for the last year they had gone to a children's art class. At least they knew an abstract from a hole in the ground. Eagerly I led them through a gallery in the south wing. "There's some Greek sculpture," I said, pointing it out. "It's a wounded Amazon."

"There's a good movie on at the Music Hall," they said, quick as a flash.

"Note that Van Dyck," I persisted. This was several galleries later.

"I have to go to the bathroom," said Patty.

Ginny led her away, and I sat down in front of a Rembrandt and had a long think. When they came out again, they were beaming. "Ginny's got a lot of ground-up soap tied up in her handkerchief," Patty said, chortling. "She took it from the washroom."

"Clever," I said coldly. "And what other tricks do you little gamins know?"

"If you jiggle the receiver in a pay booth a lot of times, sometimes you get your dime back." They looked at me, waiting to be lauded.

I lowered the boom. "Your mother's right," I said gloomily. "You're public enemies."

I herded them before me to a secluded corner and parked them side by side. Then I walked back and forth in front of them. "We're moving to the country," I said, "and you're going to ditch this hood act and be Daddy's own sweet, unspoiled cherubs—or else."

"What have we done?" they wailed.

"All the facts are not known to me," I said darkly, "and I'd rather leave it that way."

"I'll get allergic," threatened Patty, who had a tendency toward asthma. "I'm always allergic, even in upper New York State where I go to camp in the summer when you can afford it." All this was said in one long, languishing breath.

"This is God's country," I said; "you'll feel fine."

"Will we have maid service?" Ginny asked.

"Child labor—you and your sister," I threatened.

They digested this in gloomy silence. Then they came up with the answer. "Mother must be mad at you."

"She has nothing to reproach me with," I said loftily. "Nothing at all."

"Then why do we have to move?"

"Because you two are in a rut," I said. "It's just penny pitching and petty larceny day in and day out. From now on it's early to bed and early to rise."

"What about our television programs?"

"Sermons in stones, books in running brooks," I said, "and that's final."

THE first week in August, I took my vacation and we moved. Ruthie had a system. It was based on the numbers racket: numbered boxes, corresponding numbered lists. Some system! I went to get iodine when I cut myself with some wire and found twenty-seven volumes of the Book of Knowledge. We needed Kleenex. We went to the numbered box and got ant paste and rancid peanut butter.

By the second week in August I was back to Nature—in spades. I got so I could miss the commuters' train by two minutes instead of three. I don't know why I grouse. Missing the train was better than catching it, because there's nothing like the scent of smoldering cigars and your fellow passenger's apoplectic dissatisfaction with Walter Lippmann to set you up for the day.

By the third week in August I began signing my letters *Sy Bancroft, Esq.* Ruthie started running around the place in shorts, and we put up a hammock. I shaved every other day, and we let the grass grow up high and sweet in the front yard. I thought about building a field-stone wall. I didn't do it; I just thought about it. Ruthie put on a little weight, and she no longer went to bed at night looking like she'd been man handled by an auto-da-fé. Even the kids began to act like kids. Some wasps built a nest under the roof, and we had a trout in our brook. We got very happy.

ABOUT this time there was a big restoration kick on in the neighborhood. Everyone was tearing down walls and peeling off paper and finding that there was a 1670 wall behind the 1777 wall, and behind *that* was the remains of a log cabin. Our house was a Victorian job with Herbert Hoover overtones, and we just left it that way. We walked around without our shoes on, and we hollered at one another when we wanted anything. It was probably a little Lower Slobbovia, but as Ruthie said, "We're getting the gloss off of us; we're finding ourselves." We'd just about gotten down to bedrock when the house next door was sold.

I was taking my ease under the trees when the girls came up and began to brief me. "We've got new neighbors," said Patty, "with a Cadillac."

"Do tell," I said, yawning.

"They're gorgeous," said Ginny. With Ginny, everything that isn't disgusting is gorgeous.

"If there's anything we need around here," I said, "it's a few gorgeous people."

"The man is about your age, Daddy," Ginny went on breathlessly, "but he looks a whole lot younger."

"You're too kind," I said, swatting at her. "How do you know how old he is?"

"We asked his child which is a girl as old as me," Patty said.

"We only just met them," Ginny said.

"Their name is Jones," Patty said.

"Enough," I commanded. "Kindly remember you're not Sam Spade and confine your activities to this side of the fence."

"They're putting in a swimming pool," Patty protested, "and we're already invited in it."

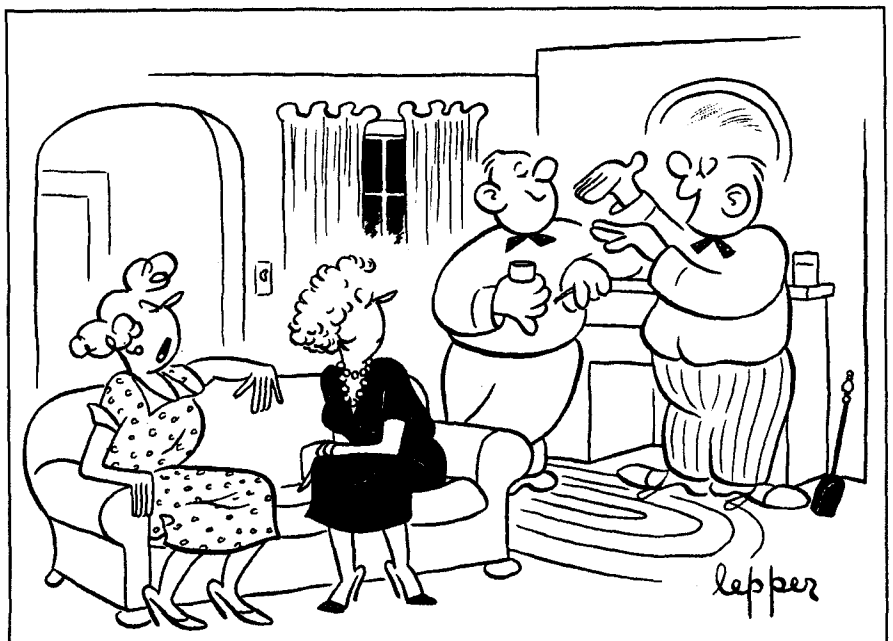
"I see," I said, faintly troubled. "A swimming pool, eh?"

"And a bar and a tennis court and a croquet field."

Patty sighed. "I bet they have all the maraschino cherries they can eat."

"Doubtless," I said. "But just remember your father is a peasant, and don't live too high off the hog."

I waited till they had scampered out of sight, and then I walked to our fence and cast a cold eye. The place was in



"He keeps talking about going to the moon someday, but the farthest *I* ever get is Cupid's Hamburg Haven on 10th Street"

COLLIER'S EDWIN LEPPER

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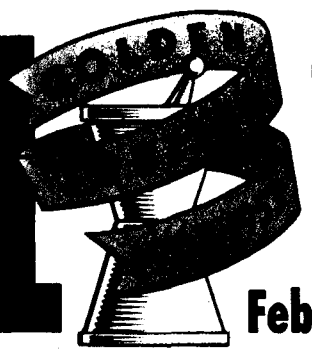

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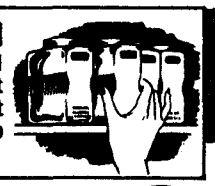

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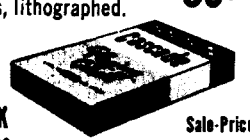

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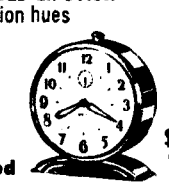

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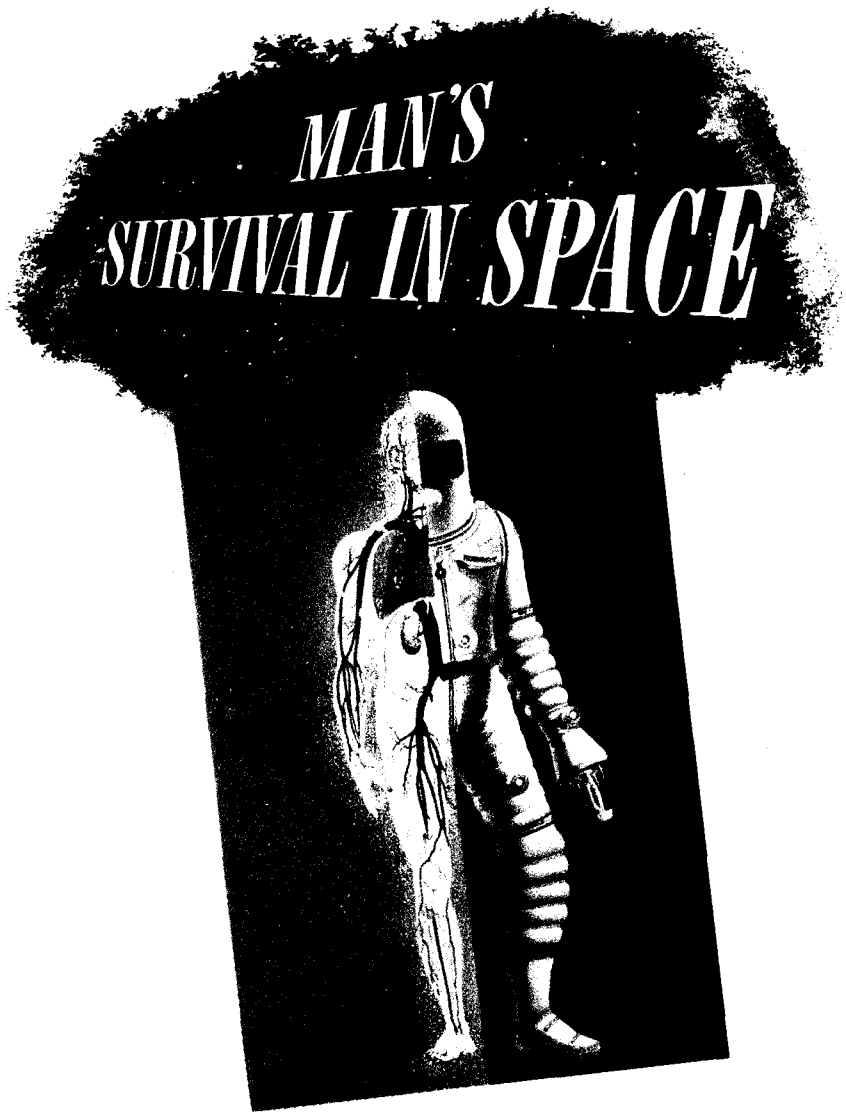

WHAT kind of human being will travel through space? How will we conquer that strange region of blood-boiling low pressures, scorching ultraviolet rays, bullet-fast meteorites, complete weightlessness? A team of top scientists—including many of the authorities who contributed to previous Collier's symposiums on space—discusses the hazards and the solutions, and the kind of man (and woman) needed for our first space crews. Completely illustrated by paintings and photographs—among them the first pictures of a sensational new device, now undergoing actual tests, which solves most of the problems confronting man as he moves toward the newest frontier

The Distinguished Scientists Who Contribute

Dr. Wernher von Braun
Chief, Guided Missiles Laboratory, Redstone Arsenal, Huntsville, Alabama

Willy Ley
Rocket expert and historian, cofounder of original German Rocket Society

Col. Don Flickinger, M.D.
Director of Human Factors, USAF's Air Research and Development Command, Baltimore.

Dr. Heinz Haber
Institute of Transportation and Traffic Engineering, University of California

Dr. Donald W. Hastings
National Psychiatric Consultant to the U.S. Air Force; Head, Department of Psychiatry, University of Minnesota Medical School

Dr. James A. Van Allen
Head, Department of Physics, State University of Iowa

Dr. Hermann J. Muller
Nobel Prize Winner, Physiology and Medicine 1946; Professor of Zoology, Indiana University

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Dr. James P. Henry
Consultant, Aero Medical Laboratory, USAF's Wright Air Development Center, Dayton, Ohio

Illustrated by:
Chesley Bonestell
Fred Freeman and Rolf Klep

***Starts Next Week in* Collier's**

a ferment. Moving vans were disgorging some very free-form furniture while the front lawn was being carefully torn up. Scaffolding was already climbing up the front of the house, and television antennas were sprouting up like mushrooms. I ignored Ruthie's injunction against covetousness and was enjoying all this with slack-mouthed awe when the front door opened and a woman came out onto the porch. Let me state, unequivocally, that I am, first, last and always a monogamist. However, it was plain to see that this was, without doubt, a dish. She was wearing some kind of tight-fitting black pants that ended below the knee. For no reason at all that I could think of, she turned and waved at me. "Hello, there!" she called.

I turned to see if there was anyone behind me. "Me?" I asked. I jabbed my chest with my thumb.

SHE came down off the porch and approached the fence. "You're Mr. Bancroft, aren't you? We're your new neighbors. I'm Paula Jones, and skulking about somewhere are my husband and offspring. You haven't seen them, have you?" Her voice was like the center of a chocolate cream.

"Not hide nor hair," I said pleasantly. "Say, you're certainly working the old place over."

"Mmmm. I think it will be sweet. When we're tidied up I'd love to have you and Mrs. Bancroft help us warm it up."

"Very kind of you," I murmured. "We'll bring bread and salt."

"What a quaint idea," she said. "Is that local lore?"

"I read it somewhere," I explained sheepishly.

"You're New Yorkers, aren't you?"

Queasily, I realized that the fruit of my loins had been talking. "Yes," I said cautiously.

"I'm simply fascinated by your job," she said. "I suppose it's very top secret."

"No matter what my children tell you," I said, trying to be debonair about it, "I manufacture foundation garments."

"Oh, I see," she murmured with an amused smile.

"Just for the record," I asked her, "what line of work did they have me in?"

"The Federal Bureau of Investigation," she said.

"Narcotics Division?"

"They didn't say."

"Sometimes it's Narcotics, and sometimes it's plain old Secret Service."

I was about to tell her all about myself when her husband appeared. I haven't been to a movie since the Gold Diggers of 1935, but this man bore a striking resemblance to Ronald Colman, if I remember correctly. All he needed was a patch over one eye and he could have posed for shirt ads. His opening gambit was, "Hello, neighbor, I'm Merle Jones," followed by a grip of steel.

Instantly I realized that I should never have given up handball, but I managed not to wince. "Bancroft," I gasped, "Sy."

"Delighted. I wonder if I could ask you a great favor?"

"Sure," I said, trying to sound like old landed gentry, "name it."

"Well, we're on the torn-up side, and we haven't gotten our drinkables out. I wonder if I could borrow a Martini?"

Paula smiled ingratiatingly. "We're such creatures of habit," she said.

Hurriedly I ran over our liquor supply in my mind. Cherry cough medicine, cooking sherry that went down like sandpaper, vanilla, and maybe some gin. "I'll just whip up a batch," I said. "Say fifteen minutes?"

"You're a brick, old man."

Sullenly I watched his athletic figure retreating; then I dashed into the house. I found Ruthie in the kitchen making an apple pie. "How do you like the Joneses?" she asked.

"I see you've had the pleasure."

"Yes. I gave him a lift up from the village."

"Very toney-type people," I said.

"He's quite charming," she said absent-mindedly. "I haven't met her."

"You will. They're coming here for drinks."

"Sy, you didn't! We haven't got a drop of anything stronger than homogenized milk."

"Yes, we have. I put something aside for snake bite." Frantically I rummaged in a dark corner. "Here we are."

"But I can't have a cocktail party now. My hair needs washing, and the house is a mess. The girls have been putting on a play in the living room."

"Streetcar Named Desire?" I was mixing with wild abandon.

"Don't tease. Is Mrs. Jones awfully svelte?"

"Awfully."

"And look at me!" she wailed. "*Hausfrau* rampant."

"You look fine."

"You're only saying that."

I gave her a warm buss. "You are practically perfect."

"What was she wearing?"

"Something sort of bullfightish."

"Chic! I knew it. And *my* good slacks are at the cleaners."

"Wear your bad ones."

She hurried past me to the icebox. "We were just going to have vegetable soup and egg sandwiches. Do you suppose they're nibblers?"

"What's the matter with a neighborly nibbler?"

"We're out of everything. We've just got olives and that smelly cheese. Well, it'll have to do. I'm going upstairs to take a shower, and you'd better change that T shirt. It's got a hole right over your navel."

"Air conditioning," I told her, "and besides, I'm a country mouse."

"Change!" she shouted over her shoulder, and she was gone.

I WAS sampling my brew when the girls showed up. "It smells medicine in here," said Patty. "Are you sick?"

"Not yet."

"Those are drinks, silly," said Ginny, in a superior tone.

"I wouldn't drink it," Patty said.

"So young and so wise," I said, patting her. "Why don't you girls go wading?"

"We want to stay and watch you."

"You haven't got the price of admission," I said. "Run out and play, and if you see the Joneses coming let me know."

After a few minutes a shrill cry rang out. "They're coming, Daddy, they're coming!" They made it sound like a cavalry charge. Wiping my hands on my T shirt, I went out to greet them. I should have stood in the kitchen. Merle had changed into a white jacket, and Mrs. Jones was wearing something yellow and blowy. I patted my hands nervously on my jeans and decided to give them the old Bancroft aplomb. "Didn't have a thing to wear," I said, guffawing heartily. "Have some firewater?"

They were good-natured enough to accept a double dose. I motioned them

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into chairs, only then becoming aware of the fixed stares of my children. "Shoo," I hissed.

They stayed in the yard, close to the porch, regarding us thoughtfully. "Why don't you go 'be' somebody?" I suggested cheerfully. "How about Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe?" They didn't make a move. "Or Martin and Lewis?" There was no response. I turned to my guests. "Great little actresses," I said. "They eat up the theater."

"Charming," murmured Paula. "Our little girl is so bookish. She reads French."

I THOUGHT of the thumbed comic books in the girls' room, and smiled weakly. "They come from a long line of extroverts," I said. "Very imaginative kids." I leaned over the balustrade. "Go imagine something, why don't you?"

"We're waiting for Mummy," said Patty. "We want to see what she's got on."

"Yes," said Ginny, "she was putting on her girdle."

"She has it on now, too," said Patty, pointing. Ruthie came out on the porch. I guess she looked nice, all right, except she was wearing something sort of dark and she had a look on her face which she only gets when she goes to the dentist. The girls took one disgruntled look and left.

"This is certainly a pleasure," Ruthie said, and groped around the table for a glass. Ruthie's not given to drink, but she tossed her Martini off like an old China hand. I figured it was Paula, in all that organdy. Ruthie gets intimidated around powerhouse women. I began to wish we kept a vicious dog around the house; I was running low on insouciance myself. Ruthie's gaze started to stray around the porch. There was a lot of litter from the kids, only it seemed a little more colorful than usual. They'd dragged out a bottle of cherries, an old typewriter, some paper dolls and a copy of a lurid best seller, handsomely illustrated. "We're just camping," said Ruthie, groping for the book. She picked it up, blushing. "I don't know where they found this." Her remark dropped into a well. "How do you like living in the country?" she said—in Paula's direction.

"Which one?" Paula said sweetly.

I laughed weakly. Nobody joined me.

Merle's eyes narrowed unpleasantly at his wife. "Paula's here under protest," he said. "We were going to summer in the Bahamas, but I voted for the simple life."

Ruthie's gaze brightened. "So did I," she said enthusiastically.

"*We* were going to summer in *Manhattan*," I added sourly, "and I voted for Manhattan."

Ruthie joined forces with Merle by sitting next to him on the swing. The kids jump on it all the time so they sort of slid together in the middle. Ruthie loves an ally.

"Won't you have some cheese?" she asked warmly.

He smiled at her. "Thanks, it's awfully good." He munched happily.

"It's rat cheese," I said loudly. "I don't touch it myself."

Paula laughed. It was low down and effective. I walked over to her. "May I buoy up that olive?" I said, taking her glass from her.

"You're a dear," she said.

After I had joined her in several more drinks, we were in total agreement. I was a dear.

"Say," I said loudly, "why don't all four of us amble over to the club for dinner? All four of us could have a little drink, and then all four of us could have a little dance."

"I think," said Ruthie lightly, "that one of us has two sheets in the wind."

"Who?" I said looking around. "Where?"

Ruthie came over and put her hand on my arm. "You didn't have much lunch, darling," she said smoothly.

"Olives are very nourishing," I said huffily. "Now what about my plan?"

"Wonderful," said Merle. "You two come as our guests."

"That's awfully nice of you," said Ruthie, "but it's too late to get a baby sitter. Another time."

Merle took her hand. "Is that a promise?" Ruthie nodded.

Paula rose languidly. "It's been fun," she said, and trailed down the steps. Merle crushed my hand and followed her. Their voices floated back at us through the gathering dusk. Then they were gone. I circled for a landing in the porch swing. Ruthie began to brush up the crumbs.

"Better leave something for the birds," I said.

"This whole episode was for the birds," said Ruthie. "Coming over here in that yellow organdy job."

"How about him? He looked like a Good Humor man."

"She probably made him wear it."

"Listen," I said in a knowing tone, "I've seen guys like him before. They do push-ups all the time and have their pajamas tailor-made."

"What's the matter with exercise?" Ruthie demanded. "It's better than going around holding your breath all the time, like you do."

"When do I hold my breath?" I said hotly.

"I've seen you. In the morning when you look at yourself sideways in the mirror. You're only deluding yourself, that's all."

"I'll tell you what I'm going to do," I said cuttingly. "From now on I'm going to emulate your friend Mr. Jones. I'll get my tailor to knock out a white jacket, and I'll sashay around the neighborhood borrowing Martinis."

"Just because a man tries to live graciously," Ruthie said coldly.

"First we've got to live in the country," I said warmly, "and then we've got to live *graciously* in the country. Swell."

RUTHIE began breathing hard, and I could see things shaping up for a spat. I rose with what I considered great dignity.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To dress for dinner."

"Sy Bancroft," she said angrily, "don't you dare!"

"To dress for dinner," I persisted, "*including* a maroon cummerbund."

I should never have started it. That night, when I came down after my shower, some changes had been made. There was a table set out on the front porch, and there were candles on it. After a moment the distaff side appeared en masse in the doorway, all dressed in their Sunday-school clothes. The girls seemed a little bewildered, but they'll always go along with a gag. "Good evening, Father," they said together, demurely. My children had never greeted me with gentility in all their lives.

"It's me," I said. "Daddy."

"We know, Father."

"Father." I said it aloud. It was sort of Clarence Day and fifty thousand shares of A.T.&T. I like it. I pulled out Ruthie's chair and then took my

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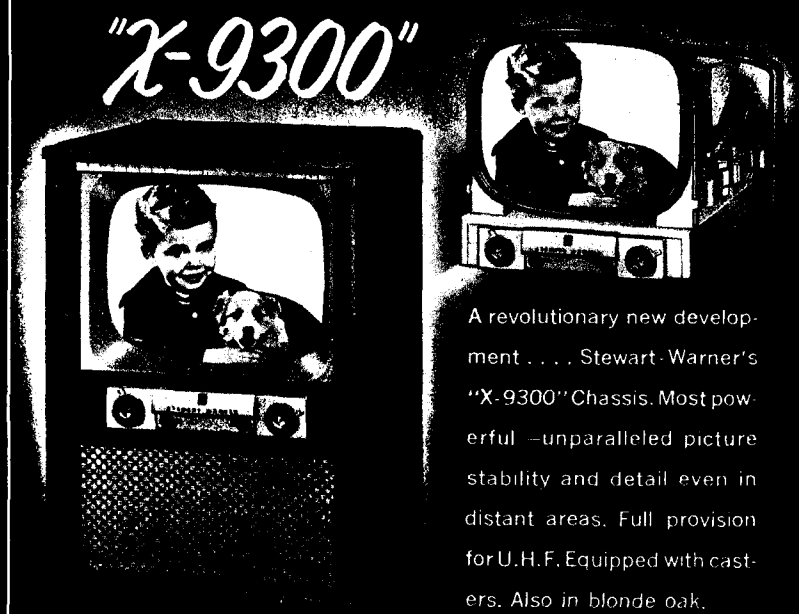

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own. "Say," I said, "maybe there's something to this."

Ruthie smiled. "I got the baby sitter in to serve dinner," she said, "and I told her I'd ring for what we want, so don't holler."

Our baby sitter is a large, open-faced girl of sixteen. She came in and thrust the platter of chops under my nose. "Here," she said, "dive in."

From across the way we heard the tinkle of glass and china. "Get a load of the Joneses," I said.

The household effects seemed to have got straightened out in jig time over there. Their terrace was alive with candlelight, and we saw a glass table set with silver and flowers. A butler was doing the honors, and after a moment Merle rose, glass in hand, and lifted it in our direction.

"Should I make a speech?" I asked Ruthie.

"Oh, sit down."

ALL through dinner, the kids kept swiveling in their chairs to take a gander at what was going on. Finally Patty couldn't stand it any more. "Look," she said, "what *they're* eating is on fire." There was a note of disappointment in her voice.

"Eat your nice tapioca," Ruthie said, "and never mind."

"But it's burning like *anything,*" Ginny said.

"So did Rome," I commented. "Finish your dessert."

"I don't care for it, thank you."

They both pushed their plates away and sighed.

"Daddy," Patty said suddenly, "can we go to school in Switzerland?"

"What's the matter with the school here?" I asked politely.

"Melanie Jones is going to Switzerland," Patty said.

"Yes. She can order ice cream in French. Any flavor," Ginny said.

"Accomplished child," I said coldly.

"Well, *can* we go to school in Switzerland?"

"You can clear the dishes," Ruthie said, "right now."

Unhappily they loaded up. "Melanie's butler does the buttling over there," said Ginny. She made it sound like the promised land.

"This is 'over here,'" Ruthie said, "and I'm not going to tell you twice." They went out, burdened.

"Alone at last," I said in a friendly voice. "That's a pretty dress."

Ruthie eyed it with dissatisfaction. "I need something pastel," she said dreamily, "something pastel and sort of blowy."

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Paula's draperies stirring in the breeze.

"I know I'm not the type," Ruthie said flatly. "I'm small and pudgy. It's just that all of a sudden I'm sick of being small and pudgy." She turned critical eyes on me. "Sy," she said, "why don't you grow a mustache?"

Merle Jones, I recalled, sported a small, dark mustache. Ruthie went on: "I think you'd look distinguished."

"Tired of plain, unadorned me?" I asked lightly.

There was the sound of voices being raised across the way. Then Merle came down the steps within hailing distance. "Hello, you two," he called, "come join us for coffee?"

"Let's," Ruthie said eagerly.

She took the lead. Paula's face brightened as we came up the steps. "Good," she said. "I'm glad you came over. Merle and I can only stand each other through the main course."

Ruthie looked at me and then at her shoe tops.

Merle smiled stiffly. "Company manners, darling," he said icily.

"Don't mind us," I muttered.

"Brandy?" He went over to the table and filled four snifters. "This is really old stuff," he said. "My father put it down."

Paula's laugh tinkled unpleasantly. "He certainly did. In fact, he died of it."

Merle's mouth got thin. "He died of heart failure."

"Very well, pet. Heart failure." She turned to Ruthie. "What do you *do* with yourself all day in this forsaken place? I know I'm just going to lose my mind."

"None of us will miss it," Merle said.

"Clever," Paula snapped.

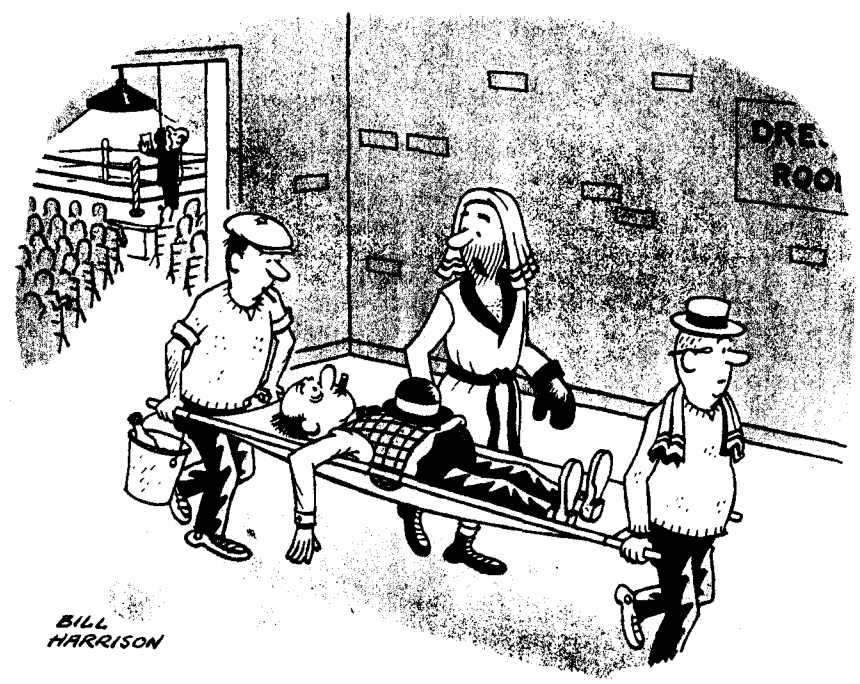
"Say," I said weakly, "how about a rubber of bridge?"

"We don't play. Paula persists in trumping my ace."

I tried again. "What kind of television reception do you get?"

"Melanie's watching it now. She doesn't like to be disturbed."

As she spoke, a child appeared in the doorway. That is, I think it was a child.



COLLIER'S "I guess you didn't expect me to win, huh?" BILL HARRISON

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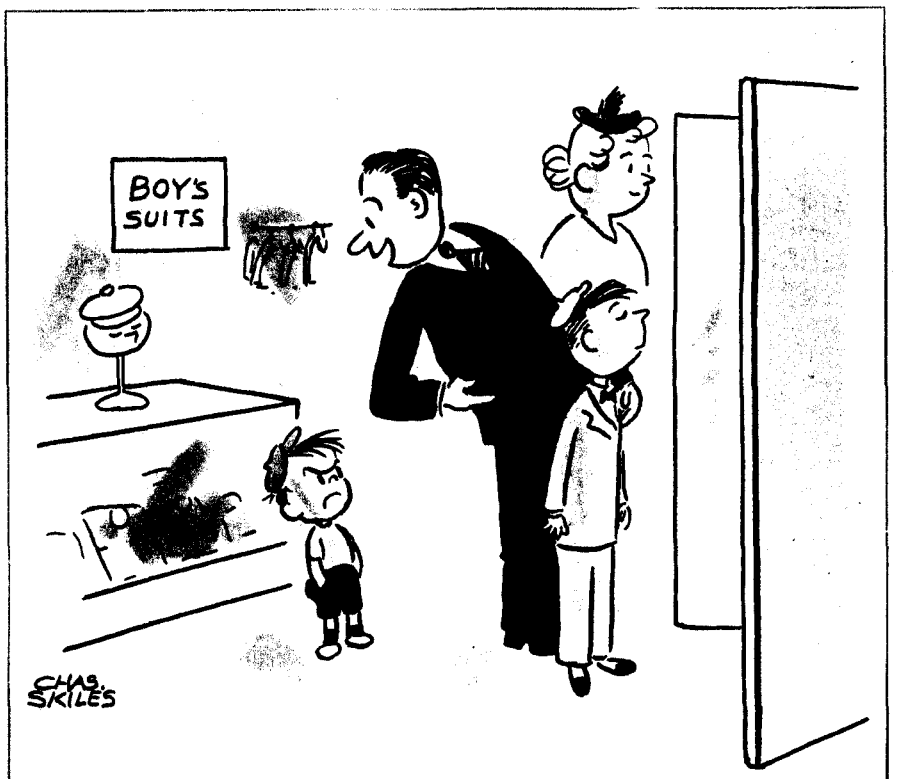

COLLIER'S **"It's good sturdy material. You'll get lots of wear out of it, Sonny"** CHARLES SKILES

She looked more like a cut-down adult. *"Mon père,"* she said imperiously, *"doucement, s'il vous plait. Je suis occupée."*

"What's on her mind?" Merle demanded crossly. "And why can't that kid speak English?"

"Chacun à son goût, Papa," she said haughtily. *"Les gens du monde parlent français."*

"Is she insulting me?" Merle said hotly.

Ruthie looked uncomfortable. "I studied Spanish in school," she said.

"I never went to school," said Paula languidly, as she turned to me. "So that leaves you."

"Pig Latin," I choked.

Merle stormed across the terrace. "What's going on?—that's what I want to know." He turned on me with an almost helpless expression on his face. "My own kid could be eating me out, and I'd never know it."

"I was only asking you to be quiet because I'm busy," Melanie said in a strident voice. "I'm watching the Continental!" With that she turned and marched back into the house, slamming the door behind her.

Merle turned on Paula. *"You* had to send her to finishing school."

"She reads a menu beautifully," Paula said, and she yawned.

I SHUFFLED my shoes and looked imploringly at Ruthie. She had a dazed look on her face.

"Well," I trumpeted loudly, "early to bed, early to rise."

"You're not going already?" Merle asked urgently.

"We have to say good night to the girls," Ruthie said quickly. "It's been very nice. You come to us next time."

Merle looked at us despairingly. We have a projection room," he said hopefully. "We could show you a double feature. We have them flown in from New York."

"Just like the Roxy," said Paula. "Merle runs the popcorn concession."

I inched out of my chair. "We'll take a rain check."

I grabbed Ruthie and hustled her toward the steps. They started in again as we reached the bottom. Merle's voice rose irritably. "It is *not* Rin Tin Tin. It's a musical!"

We bolted. A few minutes later we drew up, winded, on our own sagging front porch and collapsed on the top step. The window on the second story was raised, and Patty hung out of it. "Did they give you something fiery to eat?" she asked avidly.

"They gave us both barrels," I said, "and why aren't you in bed?"

"I've been playing lost in the desert, and I have to keep going to the bathroom for water."

"Well, tank up and turn out the light," I ordered.

"Come tuck us in."

RUTHIE and I went up together. Ginny had a sun helmet on and a thermos bottle tied on to her pajamas. Patty had a carafe and two bottles of Coca-Cola.

"We've joined the French Foreign Legion," they explained.

I gathered up all the liquid refreshment and herded them into bed.

"Daddy," said Patty, sleepily. "Do they speak French in the French Legion?"

"Cherchez la femme," I said, turning out the light. "And that's an order."

Ruthie kissed them and joined me in the hall. We went into our own room. Across the way the crystal chandeliers sparkled in the Jones manse.

Ruthie went to the mirror and looked at herself critically. "She's thinner than I am and more sophisticated, and he's in better shape than you are." She came over and put her arms around me. "But they're too fancy," she said, "and they fight all the time, and they have an awful, bilingual child. It's the very thing we were running away from in the city."

We walked to the window and stood side by side, watching the glitter. I put my arm around Ruthie's shoulder. "Honey," I said, "plain or fancy, town or country—to thine own self be true."

"Yes," said Ruthie snuggling up. "Let's not try to keep up with the Joneses."

"Keep up with them?" I said loftily. "In the human race, it's the Bancrofts, by half a length." ▲▲▲

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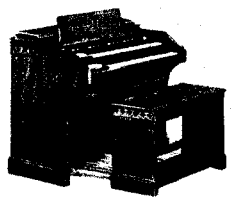

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DRIFTWOOD - LATEST

On beaches, the dead wood may look like junk. But shoppers know tha

OF THE many objects yielded up by the seas around us—broken shells, an occasional bottle or empty can, knotted snarls of seaweed—none is seemingly of more doubtful value than driftwood.

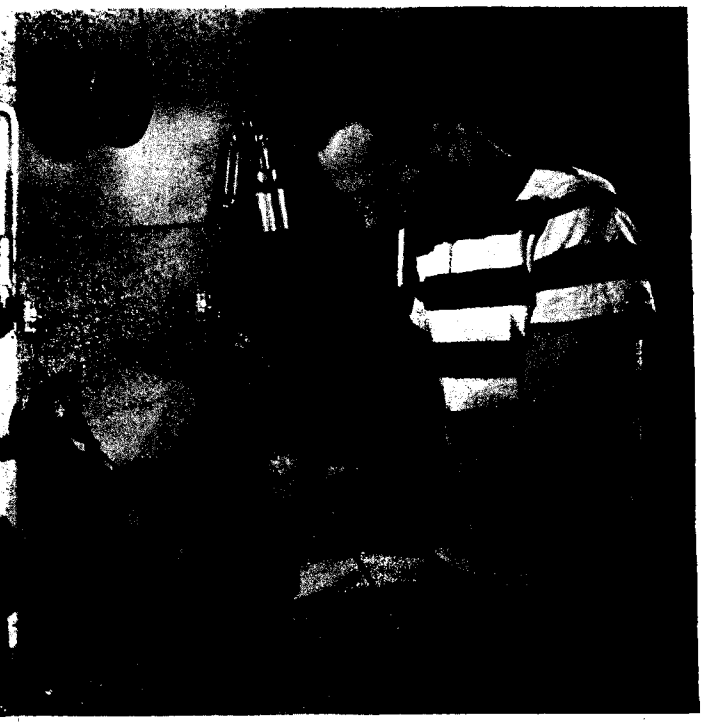
Few cabinetmakers or carpenters would dignify with the name of wood these twisted, battered branches, eroded into skeletal shapes by lashing salt water and sand, perforated and infested by thousands of unseen tiny marine creatures. Yet by a curious circumstance, driftwood is today one of the sea's richest gifts, convertible into hard cash of the realm.

Within the last three years, furniture and decorative pieces made of driftwood have suddenly become a trend. Its fantastic shapes, picturesque textures and romantic sea-and-sun aura have caught the fancy of homemakers everywhere. Women who wouldn't dream of letting Junior bring rocks or rusty pipes into the house are eagerly paying hundreds of dollars for objects made of gnarled old hunks of rubbish.

Previously the plaything of a few fancy-Dan decorators, driftwood tables, lamps, mirror frames and assorted knickknacks are being peddled in shops and department stores across the land. The lobbies of swank hotels feature driftwood sea sculptures, haberdashers' windows display thousands of men's neckties hanging from driftwood limbs, and uncounted housemaids have quit their jobs rather than try to dust the convolutions of driftwood *décor*.

The traffic in driftwood is so relatively new that official furniture sources have no solid statistics on its scope. Informally, however, they estimate that sales of driftwood objects total more than a million dollars a year. For similar reasons they lack accurate figures on the number of driftwood furniture makers. Because it is an easily available raw material, a great many driftwood hobbyists have gone into the business on a small scale. In addi-

Bob Astruc, chief of Driftwood Creations plant in Florida, tests a twisted trunk for solidity and potential eye appeal during a driftwood expedition to Key Largo



Plant worker Leonardo Falcao threads a wire through driftwood lamp base. Wood has been acid-treated to preserve finish and kill insects

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TREASURE OF THE SEAS

iftwood can look elegant and cost plenty. There's a reason

By MORTON M. HUNT

tion, there are five sizable firms: Driftwood Originals, and Tropical Driftwood Originals, both in Miami; House of Driftwood, Natural Creations, and Driftwood Creations, all centered in New York.

In the trade, the man regarded as responsible for a goodly part of driftwood's spreading popularity is the head of Driftwood Creations, Edward Freedman, a short, soft-spoken bachelor of forty-five. Freedman's firm, which produces about half the driftwood furniture made, not only earns him a tidy income but has been a major force in converting a rarity into a vogue.

Nobody is more surprised at all this than Freedman himself, who tried to retire, but was trapped back into activity by a stubbed toe and a half-buried piece of weather-beaten buttonwood.

A few years ago Freedman was a prosperous Wall Street broker whose doctor persuaded him to give up a hectic existence for reasons of health. He moved to Miami Beach. After half a year of the vegetable life, he could again sleep soundly and he felt fine.

One day Freedman drove down to the Florida Keys. He was top-fishing for mullet, a tame form of the sport in which you cast a net over running schools of fish while standing on the beach. A large, sun-bleached hunk of driftwood stuck out of the sand at the water's edge. He perched on it to get a better throw of the net. The wood was awkwardly shaped and Freedman fell off, painfully stubbing his toe.

He glared at the wood, but simultaneously noted its beauty. Aware that a few Florida hobbyists were fashioning useful objects from driftwood, he decided he would try to make a lamp of it. He yanked the wood loose and toted it to his car, feeling a bit foolish, but determined. It seemed a pleasant enough project for a man in forced retirement.

Back in his hotel room, Freedman, with the aid of penknife, sandpaper and a bottle opener, gradually scraped his new acquisition free of barnacles and seaweed. A few days later he bought a small saw and cut the wood, trying to accent its most interesting lines.

Next, using a borrowed drill, he wired the piece, then gave it a surface finish. Finally he bought a shade, and the project was complete.

The ex-Wall Streeter was a little abashed to learn that he had strong artistic feelings about the lamp, and more than a little pleased when the hotel owner's wife admired it. He presented it to her in a glow of good feeling, and tackled another project.

"Inside of a month," he recalls, "I was making a dozen lamps, putting in sixteen hours a day, and loving every minute of it. I was working again, and this time it was great."

When first he lugged one of his lamps to a Miami decorator's shop and hesitantly offered it for $25, the owner snapped it up. That sale decisively ended Freedman's retirement. In three years he has built up a business with a yearly gross about which he is reticent, but which is estimated at a quarter of a million dollars.

When a Dealer Bought His First Lamp

Freedman no longer nostalgically turned to the stock-market page. Instead he began to read weather and tide reports and wander along the isolated shores of the Keys hunting out sandy, half-rotten, bug-infested wood, hauling it back in his car, and making a shambles of his hotel room.

One day, with 19 finished lamps in his car, he headed North for the first real test of his new-found talent—the reaction of New York decorators and lamp-store owners. Some thought his idea preposterous. "Who wants something you drug up on the beach?" one skeptic asked. But when Freedman tallied the results of his calls, he knew that driftwood on a mass-production basis was in the cards; all his lamps had sold. Back to Florida he sped.

Since then, he has set up a small plant and a New York showroom, advertised his product nationally, displayed it at the National Home Furnishings Show, arranged for distributors throughout the country—and attracted plenty of competition.

Beachcombing on foot for wood soon proved inadequate. One of Freedman's employees was assigned to cruise over the Keys and Florida's coral reefs in a rented biplane and spot heavy driftwood accumulations from the air. The richest of all, he found, was one several-square-mile area on Key Largo—its exact location, understandably, kept a trade secret. Freedman employees scour the area about once a week, bringing back a ton or two of driftwood each time.

Not long ago, I went on a driftwood search with Freedman. The hunt began at 4:00 A. M. one warm Florida dawn in a car with a large trailer hitched behind. With us were Bob Astruc, a young Frenchman recently here from North Africa; Bob's elderly mother; and several other employees of Driftwood Creations. By daybreak we had reached Key Largo, parked the car, pushed through a jungle of bushes, and come out into a flat open area about half a mile inland from the beach.

"We find far more driftwood in here than on the beach," Freedman explained. "The ocean takes back a lot of what it casts up. But when a big storm or hurricane comes up, the wood and uprooted trees are washed in this far, and here they stay. We're the only people in Miami who are really happy when there's a hurricane."

The search area was desolate. The ground underfoot was perforated, jagged coral. Beneath it could be seen the sea water which daily floods through the coral mass. Spotted amid a scrubby undergrowth of mangrove were pools of water covering

Philippe Astruc and son Bob fit shade to a finished lamp base to study the total effect. Lamps are most popular item in their line, sell for $50 to $150 in stores throughout the country. Astrucs' other driftwood products range from tiny wall hangings to dining tables

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Ed Freedman was a retired stockbroker when he started a driftwood furniture firm in 1950, now grosses a quarter-million dollars yearly

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARDEAN MILLER

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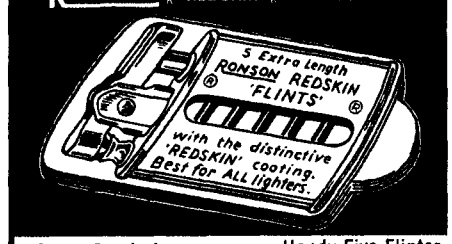

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Driftwood can be like diamonds: one bad move in cutting, and pft!

quicksand. Sticking up or lying scattered all around were branches and trunks of driftwood—buttonwood, mahogany, red mangrove.

Countless tides and rains had washed over these broken branches; thousands of suns had bleached and baked them. Their bark was long since gone. The softer parts of the wood had rotted away, leaving a deeply veined surface. White and gaunt, the driftwood thrust up from the green undergrowth like mementos of some forgotten tragedy.

Our party spread out and began to select choice pieces. Hallucinations seemed to overtake them. "Look!" cried Freedman. "Look at that terrific coffee table!" He pointed to a half-embedded dead stump that, at the moment, no one would have wanted within a hundred miles of his living room. *"Voilà!"* shouted Bob Astruc. "Here's a lamp of real distinction." He held up an arthritic lump of muddy buttonwood. Bob's gray-haired mother, in floppy straw hat, old dress and wading boots, scrambled over the jagged surface and waved aloft a long twisted shaft. "Rob-air!" she called. *"Regarde ça! Qu'est-ce que tu en pense pour un lampadaire?"*

Bob, Freedman's chief aide, does his wood hunting armed with a loaded 20-gauge shotgun because poisonous snakes thrive in the coral wastes. Thus far no one has been bitten, although many an interesting find has wriggled when touched.

Often the searchers have to use a pickax to uproot some particularly choice bit of wood. I wondered how driftwood could be rooted in the coral, and was told that the word is really somewhat of a misnomer. Only a small amount of the driftwood sold today has done much drifting; some of the best pieces are standing right where they died during a hurricane. Wind-twisted Rocky Mountain shrubs, desert wood grotesquely shaped by sandstorms, swamp woods distorted by tides, outcropping roots that thrust across rock—all these are called driftwood by various makers and sellers.

Trees That Grow in Coral

Freedman scorns all these woods, holding out for the coral-island mangrove, buttonwood and mahogany. Some has traveled across the sea from Haiti and Honduras, but the native Florida mangrove that has drifted only a few miles, or perhaps not at all, furnishes the bulk of his stock in trade. The reason lies in the way this wood grows on coral.

A live mangrove shrub seems to be reaching desperately for better ground nearby. A tendril—half branch and half root—thrusts out sideways from the trunk; it crawls like a starving man, hopefully working its way through every jagged contour of the coral, doubling back when it finds itself in a blind alley. Eventually it may put down new roots, or send up green shoots into the blazing sun. Years pass and it thickens into a branch, still true to its tortured shape.

A hurricane comes and uproots and kills the entire mangrove tree. For years it alternately soaks in salt tides, bakes in the fierce sun, and weathers away. Eventually, it is as truly a piece of driftwood as the plank washed up from a mid-Atlantic shipwreck, although it may be only a stone's throw from its point of origin.

Key Largo's coral margins supply most of Freedman's wood. A smaller but important source is the Everglades, where similarly interesting and unusual driftwood shapes can be found wedged amid the mangrove thickets. His helpers, working from a rowboat, and clad in dungarees and face netting to ward off the mosquitoes, paddle slowly along between dense clumps of swamp bush.

The place where Freedman transforms his driftwood into salable articles is a cinder-block shed back of the Astruc home in Hollywood, 15 miles north of Miami. It is manned by the Astruc family, Bob, his wife Suzanne, his *maman,* and Papa Philippe Astruc, as well as by a French-speaking Portuguese named Leonardo Falcao.

The workshop atmosphere is, in consequence, more like that of a cluttered kitchen in which the whole family is trying to cook dinner than that of a modern furniture plant, except that the utensils are tangled piles of driftwood, old paint cans, power tools, crates and sawdust. Despite this, the Astrucs and Falcao get a great deal done. Before World War II, Bob Astruc was a furniture finisher in Algeria; he knows how to handle wood, and is plant boss and chief designer.

The toughest part of the process is making the basic cuts in the crude driftwood. This procedure has some kinship to diamond cutting, for a wrong cut may mean the loss of a valuable piece of wood that might have become a $150 lamp or a $300 table. The trick is to cut out just the right segment, visualizing in advance what the best end result will be for any one of six or eight different kinds of finished product. His forehead wrinkled, his eyes squinting, a cigarette dangling from the center of his mouth, Bob studies the piece carefully. Finally he grunts, and *Maman* bustles over to hold the piece while he saws. Hers is a key job in the plant, for no vise can grip the tangled stuff as well as human hands can.

Next Bob lops off the excess boughs and ends, leveling them so that the piece stands perfectly on all feet at the same time. "I do it by the eye," he says. He disdains spirit levels and pantographs. "Designing and cutting is what I best enjoy. Every piece makes the new challenge."

Secret Acid Preserves Wood

After he strips off extraneous twigs, simplifying and stylizing the piece, he sends it on to Leonardo or *Maman* for chemical treatment. They wash it again and again in a large vat full of an expensive secret acid developed by chemists as a wood preserver and anti-insect agent. As the acid sinks in, scorpions and all sorts of bugs scurry out of the depths of the driftwood, dying almost immediately in the chemical, which, meanwhile, soaks through the porous wood, solidifying and hardening it permanently. When the piece is dry, *Maman* or Leonardo works on it with an electrically driven wire brush or by hand, scrubbing the surface clean of discoloration and encrustations.

If it is a lamp Astruc is fashioning, he then wires it. First he drills a passage along the sinuous contours of the wood. "How on earth do you drill a hole around those curves?" a decorator once asked Bob.

"It is simple," Astruc smiled confidentially. "I've a trained termite; I tie the electric wire to his leg and turn him loose." To another inquirer, he declared that he used a rubber bit in his drill. Actually, he drills a series of straight lines which enter and emerge across segments of the wood curve;

"The signal light blinks when the current is turned on, blinks again when it is time to pour the batter and blinks again when the waffle is done. After that you're pretty much on your own"

COLLIER'S — RICHARD McCALLISTER

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"Boy—was I ever glad t' hear that police siren! That last problem in long division was too much for me"

LARRY REYNOLDS

after feeding the wire through, he plugs up and hides the holes with a secret mixture that exactly matches the driftwood surface.

Suzanne and Papa Astruc do the final finishing, applying a fine furniture wax, and slowly polishing the wood until every weathered line and every ridge of grain has a soft walnut-hued glow. They put felt pads on the bottom and pack the piece for shipment to New York, there to be fitted with a shade. It is then sent off to a store, eventually to set some homemaker back $50 to $150.

Special items like mirror frames, coffee tables, buffet and dining tables, are constructed of anywhere up to six or eight large pieces of driftwood. Astruc selects pieces that will simulate a single tangled natural mass and at the same time flow into reasonable places as legs and supports for a plate-glass top. He joins these pieces with concealed fir dowels, and levels off all the legs with uncanny skill. *Maman* periodically falls in love with these compositions, and smuggles them into her house; just as periodically, Freedman goes through the house, cleans them all out and sends them to New York, amid much moaning and supplication.

The workshop produces nearly a thousand finished pieces a month, ranging from tiny wall hangings or table decorations which sell for a few dollars to dining-room tables at $600. (One recent special dining-room table to seat 12 people cost $1,500.)

Eddie Freedman, who three and a half years ago faced the prospect of premature retirement, is today an obviously happy man. In New York he busily promotes, advertises and sells his product; when he wants a change he dashes South, gathers choice pieces of driftwood under the broiling Florida sun, and designs some items himself. His product goes to hundreds of decorators and to such stores as G. Fox in Hartford, Wanamaker's in Philadelphia and New York, Rich's in Atlanta, and retailers in Cleveland, Los Angeles and elsewhere.

Freedman is all for having the amateur enthusiast try his own hand at making driftwood objects. The more of the stuff around, the more it will win national favor, he reasons, and the more handsome will be his own profits.

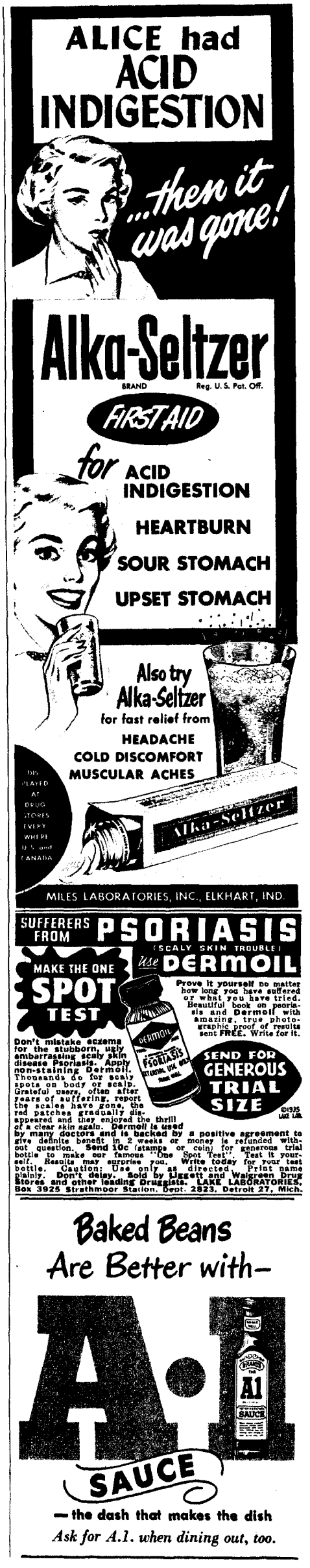
"But don't pick out a piece of driftwood just because it looks great on the beach," he cautions. "First study the form and texture, and try to visualize how the driftwood will look with excess twigs broken away and sawed to proper size.

"Look it over for wildlife and bounce it around a few times. When you get it home, sun-dry it for a couple of weeks, or kiln-dry it; either way, it will be an uncomfortable place for anything crawling around inside. Don't use any chemical on it which has an oily base, or you'll leave discolorations.

"After making your cuts, clean the surface by lightly rubbing it with a big wood file—and what a job that will be! After hours of that, you can start smoothing out the file marks and restoring the grain with a small hand wire brush—something a little coarser than a suède brush.

"If you're making a driftwood lamp—and that's a good thing for you to start off with—drill and wire the driftwood with regular lamp-mounting parts. Use a clear furniture wax and a soft clean shoebrush for the polishing. Then pick out a shade, set it up in your living room—then get ready for your friends' wisecracks."

Freedman's business is only a tiny part of the massive $2,000,000,000 American furniture manufacturing industry, but it's something he has personally created, and in an impressively short time. And it's the only part of the industry whose product can lay unique claim to being made in equal parts of art, hard work and rubbish. ▲▲▲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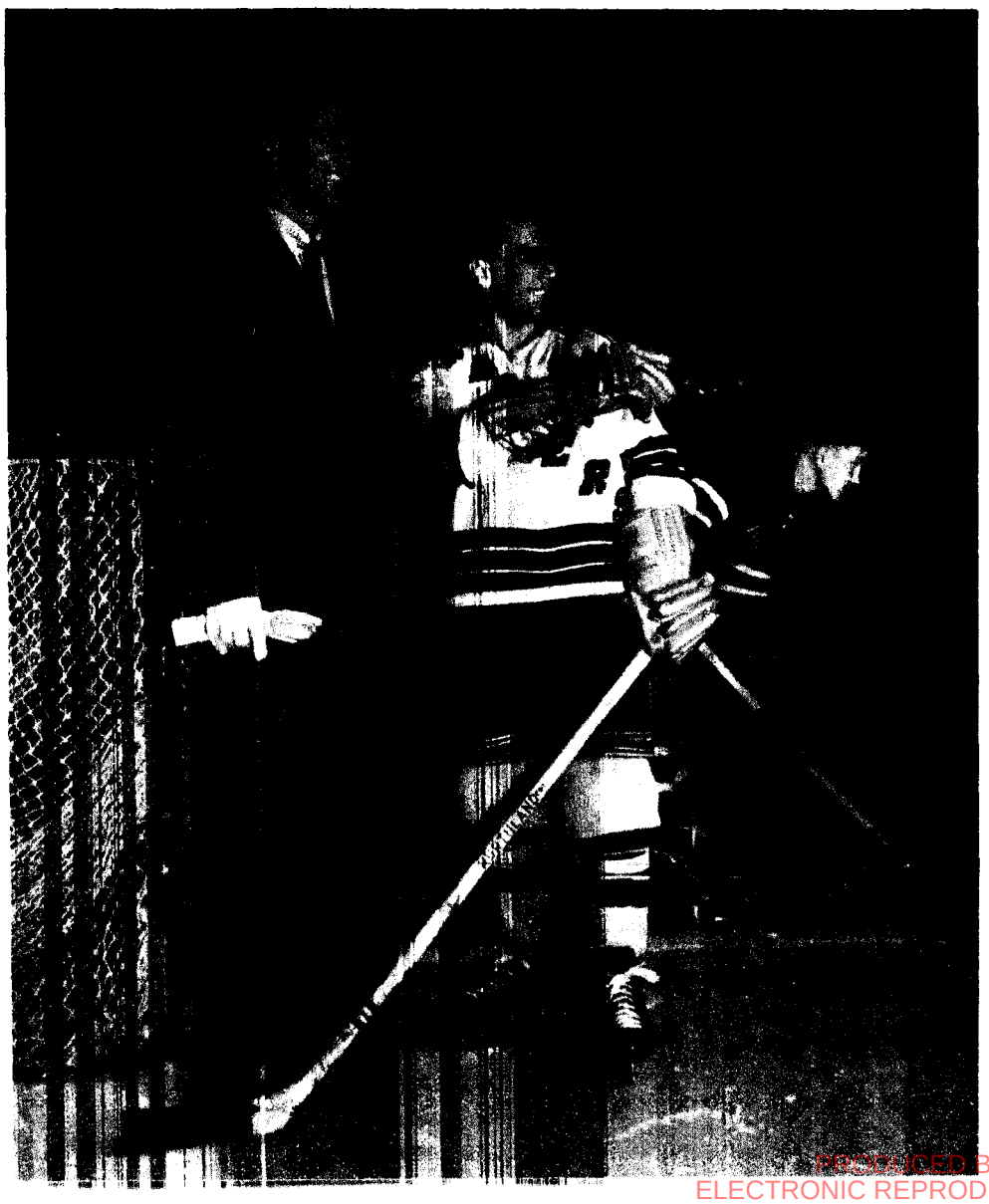
Russell Nype, the popular young night-club entertainer who achieved stardom in the hit play, Call Me Madam, is on the thin side. But, in his formal attire, Nype looks as well groomed as a more hefty man

Herman Hickman, former Yale grid coach turned NBC-TV personality, is a real heavyweight. But he finds that most good clothing stores offer selections which can give a stout man a neat, smart appearance

Bud Palmer, once a Princeton and pro basketball star and now sports commentator for WPIX-TV in New York, towers over the Rangers' Wally Hergesheimer. With "extra longs" available, Bud has no problem



Red Buttons, star of his own CBS-TV comedy show, is smartly dressed as he spoofs with actress Judy Sinclair during rehearsal. He's short, but Red wears clothes as well as the man who takes a perfect size 40

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All Sizes, All Shapes

By BERT BACHARACH

Your dimensions are no excuse for being poorly dressed. If you're five foot five or six foot six—whether you tip the scales at too much or not enough—men's stores today are catering to *you*

I CAN never find a suit to fit me." How many of you 46-longs and 35-extra-shorts have sung that plaintive refrain? Well, weep no more. The men's clothing industry has come to your rescue in fine style. Today, whether you're tall or short, thin or stout, you can walk into a clothing store almost anywhere and pick a well-fitted suit off the rack. One manufacturer, for example, is now making suits in 253 shapes and sizes. Obviously, no one store carries them all—but most shops will take a special order, in the material you want, if they can't fit you. The chart below will show you what to ask for.

Hats and shoes? Practically all shops carry them in practically all sizes. Shirts and other accessories are catching up with the trend, too.

Nowadays, no matter how you may be built, when it comes to buying your clothes you're in good shape. ▲▲▲

YOUR HEIGHT	YOUR WAIST	SUIT MODEL
5′7½″ TO 5′10″	5″ TO 7″ LESS THAN CHEST	REGULAR
5′10½″ TO 6′1″	5″ TO 7″ LESS THAN CHEST	MEDIUM LONG
6′1″ TO 6′3″	5″ TO 7″ LESS THAN CHEST	LONG
6′3″ TO 6′5″	5″ TO 7″ LESS THAN CHEST	EXTRA LONG
5′5″ TO 5′7″	5″ TO 6″ LESS THAN CHEST	SHORT
5′7″ TO 5′9″	SAME AS CHEST	STOUT
5′7½″ TO 5′10″	3″ LESS THAN CHEST	PORTLY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY PETER DIMITRI

Arvin

Built-in All-Channel TV

Needs no tuning strips, no converter

—receives all 82 UHF and VHF channels on one knob!

Three out of every four new TV stations will be UHF. So your new TV should be able to receive UHF. But there's a vast difference in *how* various makes of TV provide for UHF.

Some simply substitute UHF tuning strips for one or more VHF channels. You can never receive more than 12 channels altogether with this type of TV. Strips usually cost $13.95 each and if you move to another locality, you have to replace them.

Others use a converter, either inside or outside the cabinet, to convert the UHF signal down to a VHF frequency. You have to tune both the UHF converter and the VHF tuner.

Arvin TV is the first set engineered and produced with all-channel tuning built in. With Arvin All-Channel TV, you receive every new UHF or VHF station within range as soon as it comes on the air—wherever you live, wherever you may move.

Arvin All-Channel TV gives you television at its finest—today and for years ahead. Arvin Industries, Inc., Columbus, Indiana.

Arvin offers 16 models with 27, 21 or 17-inch screens—all-channel tuning and all-channel antenna built in—in fine-furniture cabinets of period or modern design, ranging from $699.95 to **$249.95**

(Prices include federal tax and warranty —slightly higher in extreme South and West.)

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PAIN CHART

The chart shows severity of various types of pain. It is based on the results of tests with pain-measuring dolorimeter. A dol is unit of measurement on the machine

DOLS

10½
10
- **some labor pains during childbirth**
- **momentary pains from sudden injury**
- **passing of some kidney stones**
- **a burning cigarette held against the skin**

9
8
7
- **some heart attacks**
- **some burns**
- **some short-lived muscle cramps**
- **occasional migraine headaches**
- **some headaches from hemorrhages, infections and tumors inside the head**

6 — ***average man seldom gets beyond here all his life***

5
4
3
- **most migraine headaches**
- **many abdominal pains**
- **many heart attacks**
- **some cancer pains**
- **some backaches**
- **some neuralgias**

2
1
- **most toothaches**
- **many postoperative wounds**
- **most cancer pains**
- **most backaches**
- **arthritis**
- **most neuralgias**
- **nearly all abdominal pains**
- **sinus pains**

- **most skin abrasions**

Pain threshold

How Mucl

Three research scientists—one of then

OFF the coast of Africa recently a fisherman caught a fish supposed to have been extinct for 75,000,000 years. The discovery excited scientists, but it was not nearly so important a scientific find as one that was made by Army physicians during World War II—a man supposed never to have existed at all.

From the time he was born, this man—an Air Force cook—could not remember ever having felt a pain.

Sore throat, raw chest, crick in the neck: all these were mysteries to him, although he was twenty-five years old. The closest approach he had to a headache was "a drawing sensation, as if my eyes were being pulled together." Insect bites never itched, even when they raised big welts on his skin. He sneezed only if he inhaled pepper.

The dentist's drill caused him no discomfort whatever. Inoculations against tetanus and typhoid, painful enough to disable many soldiers, reddened his arms and swelled his flesh, but gave him no sensation. He often cut his fingers with knives, and once hacked his right shin to the bone with an ax; the only symptom he recognized was the blood he saw.

The doctors wouldn't believe this man's story without proof. So they jabbed the recruit in the eye with a twist of cotton. They stuck him with pins. They pushed a metal rod up his nose until tears rolled down his cheeks. They got him to swallow a balloon and, while it hung in his esophagus, blew it up to five times the air pressure a normal person could stand. They plunged his hands into ice water. They blistered his forehead with heat. They injected into his veins enough histamine phosphate to produce a thunderous headache in anyone else. And throughout the ordeal he neither winced, perspired, trembled nor said ouch.

The doctors were baffled by his complete immunity to pain. Their best guess at the reason for it was some rare undetectable anomaly in his brain. That was only a guess, however, and they let him stay in the Air Force, although one observed: "He ought to be in a museum!"

The painless man is not to be envied. Instead we should think ourselves lucky that we feel pain in some form every day. It may save our lives; it certainly can save us from serious injury. Pain helps protect us from burning, from freezing, from impaling ourselves on sharp points, from being cut to bits by a buzz saw. Yet the painless man, having grown safely to manhood, was living proof that pain is not essential to a happy existence. He may be nature's reminder to us all that pain is a good thing only so long as we don't rely on it as a permanent crutch.

We need the reminder. Scientific experiments have piled up overwhelming evidence that we habitually exaggerate our pains. They cause us far less harm than the worrying we do about them.

The sharpest pain a human can suffer is the agony of childbirth. Millions of women endure it every year, welcome it, seek it, and even by choice undergo it without the aid of drugs. By contrast the pains of cancer are regarded with horror because cancer itself is such a dreaded disease. Yet endless suffering could be avoided if cancer pain were recognized for what science now knows it to be: generally (not always; there are exceptions to all rules) a low-grade, dull sensation.

Pain of any kind would be easier to bear if we

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Pain Can You Stand?

›man—badly hurt themselves finding out. Their conclusion: most of our pains aren't nearly as severe as they seem

By JOHN LEAR

could bring ourselves to accept the fact that it has a limit. There is a point beyond which it just can't hurt any worse.

How can we be sure that this is true?

Because three courageous scientists, two men and a woman, deliberately burned and blistered themselves with rays of heat to prove it. This trio —Dr. James D. Hardy, Dr. Harold G. Wolff and Miss Helen Goodell—subjected their own arms to temperatures three times as hot as those which hundreds of patients later reported to be the point of their greatest suffering. The three couldn't distinguish the slightest increase in pain after the heat went above this established ceiling, although their arms still bear the scars that resulted from the additional physical punishment.

These three research workers at The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center were the first to find an accurate method of measuring pain. The inspiration that led to their success was born on a railroad train between New York and Chicago. Dr. Hardy, a physiologist who had spent many years observing the phenomenon of heat, was traveling to a scientific society meeting with Dr. Wolff, who had spent most of his life studying pain. Although both men were on the staff of The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center, for some reason they had never got together on the subject of pain measurement until they went into the dining car on this trip. Over the dinner table, they talked about pain and heat and decided it should be possible to measure pain with heat.

After they returned to New York, Hardy built a one-eyed mechanical mammoth on top of one of his laboratory tables. The eye was a 1,000-watt light bulb, set behind a magnifying lens that might have come from an early motorcar headlight. Between the bulb and the lens he hung a pendulum, geared to swing once every three seconds. Then he aimed the magnifying glass at a small hole in an upright board near the table's edge.

On the other side of the board, Hardy, Wolff and Wolff's research assistant, Miss Goodell, took turns exposing their foreheads to the light that came through the hole. They soon established that they all felt pain with a similar amount of heat.

Then they took turns swallowing aspirin tablets before exposing their foreheads to the light. They found that within an hour after they swallowed the aspirin, it took more heat than before to make them feel pain.

After that, they drank a mixture of alcohol and water, scientifically measured but equivalent to a hearty slug of whisky. Within a half hour, they exposed their foreheads to the light again. This time they did not feel pain until the heat was still greater.

That was enough to prove that they could measure not only pain, but the effects of medication on pain. They christened their monster a dolorimeter (from *dolor*, Latin for pain).

The dolorimeter has been refined and prettified since then, but its fundamental principle remains unchanged. The light beam, its intensity regulated by a rheostat, is focused on one centimeter of ink-blackened skin on the forehead (the forehead because it maintains a constant temperature throughout the ordinary range of indoor climate; the ink because it absorbs all the heat), and the pain the patient reports is measured in units of heat delivered within three seconds.

Pain measurements on any individual begin only after his pain threshold—the point at which he first feels pain—is established. Under similar circumstances, all of us have approximately the same threshold—113 degrees F. And if we pay close attention, we all can distinguish 21 barely perceptible steps in the rising intensity of pain until we hit the pain ceiling.

For convenience' sake, the dolorimeter scale brackets two of these barely perceptible steps into one unit of measurement—a dol. The scale runs from zero to 10½ dols. Beyond 10½ dols, none of us can tell any difference, no matter how hot it gets.

The procedure seems simple enough for pain on the skin. But suppose you have a pain in the belly. How does the dolorimeter measure it? Simply by raising the temperature on the tiny spot on your forehead until the spot hurts as much as your belly does.

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Dr. Harold Wolff and aide, Helen Goodell, demonstrate the pain-measuring dolorimeter

I can give you an idea what a dolorimeter test feels like because Miss Goodell, Dr. Wolff's brainy and patient aide, put me through a mild test in the laboratory the doctor maintains as professor of medicine (neurology) at Cornell University Medical College.

When the light came on, the ink patch on my forehead felt cozily warm. It grew warmer. It started to tingle. Suddenly it was hot. Swiftly, then, it drew together like a tiny volcano about to erupt. Zing! The pain came just as the light went off.

"That's your pain threshold," Miss Goodell said, flicking off the dolorimeter switch with one hand while she lifted a jangling telephone with the other. She spoke a few words into the phone and hung up. "We'll have to stop now," she said gently. "Someone's coming in with a headache. Isn't that wonderful?"

That laboratory is one of the few places I have ever been where a headache is considered good fortune. Doctors and nurses on the huge hospital's staff troop through its doors day after day to add their experiences to the accumulating history of pain's behavior.

Pain, the researchers have found, is a sensation all its own, entirely separate and distinct from touch, the perception of heat and cold, sight, smell, hearing or taste. There are specific points at which impact, heat, cold, light or sound can and do produce pain, but definite distinctions can be made between cause and effect. The normal temperature of the forehead is about 94 degrees F., for instance, but pain from heat is not felt until the skin temperature hits 113 degrees F., and pain from cold is not felt until the skin temperature falls to 64 degrees F.

Pain actually begins to be felt only after the forces of destruction, which are constantly struggling against the forces of healing in our bodies, get the upper hand to such an extent that cells of body tissue will die if the domination continues unabated. The pain worsens as the speed of cell deaths accelerates, whether the damage is limited to a small area or spread over a large one. When the damage stops growing, the pain stops.

Cessation of pain, however, does not mean that the damage already inflicted has been repaired. You can have a large bruise which looks ugly and yet doesn't hurt unless you bump it or touch it; the bump and the touch disturb healthy cells, cause or threaten to cause new damage, and so provoke new pain.

There are very few parts of the body which never feel pain. The interior of the brain is one, and another is the inner lining of the mouth opposite the second molar.

Wherever pain does appear, it always has one or more of three qualities: pricking, burning or aching. Pricking and burning pains originate on the surface of the body, and the body's reaction invariably is either "Let's get away from that!" or "Let's drive that away!" Science calls this the fight-or-flight reaction, and it dates back to the earliest days when man was constantly being threatened by natural enemies. Aching pains arise within the body and stimulate an entirely different but equally logical and sensible response—"Let's take it easy. Let's rest."

Pain impulses travel through the body over a communications network similar to a radiotelephone hookup. There are cables of all sizes in it. Sometimes they follow nerve paths; sometimes they hook onto blood vessels. Maps of the lines that report deep-seated pain are still being filled in, but pain from the skin is known to have a choice of two routes: a high-speed line for urgent messages and a low-speed line.

Regardless of their origin, the pain impulses go first to the spinal cord. There they set off an alarm which is immediately picked up by the motor nerves controlling the muscles in the region whence the pain impulses came. The motors move at once. Suppose you have stepped on a tack. The foot with the tack in it lifts off the floor—automatically, yes, but in answer to a motor message.

Meanwhile, the pain impulses are going up the spinal cord to the thalamus at the base of the brain. The thalamus is chief engineer of the motor nerves. To it the pain sounds another alarm, and the thalamus orders a lot of motor nerves elsewhere in your body to help out. The muscles in your other leg

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tense, your whole body shifts its weight so that you can keep your balance on your uninjured foot, and one hand moves down to hold the foot with the tack in it.

By this time the pain impulses have reached the vital outer layer of the brain, the cortex, and have set off a third alarm. The cortex is executive secretary in charge of thinking, and also keeps the memory file. It remembers how you got rid of the pain the last time you stepped on a tack. Your one hand is already holding the foot with the tack in it. Your other hand now reaches down and feels for the tack. It hesitates a skeentillionth of a second while the pain impulses flash on to the frontal lobe of the brain, where judgments are passed.

"What are we going to do about this?" the pain impulses ask the frontal lobe. The frontal lobe at once replies, "Why, we're going to pull out the tack, of course!" And the fingers which have reached the tack quickly remove it.

All this happens in much less time than it takes to read about it. The pain, incidentally, is gone before the tack. The threat of new cell deaths ended as soon as you lifted your foot.

The marvelous transmission system used by pain impulses to protect us can be interrupted at any one of four relay points, or synapses. These are microscopic spaces between the cable endings in the spinal cord, the thalamus, the cortex and the frontal lobe. The pain impulses must jump across them in identically the same way that radio messages jump across the oceans. A particular pain must send out a certain number of impulses before it can span these gaps. And even a strong set of impulses can be drowned out, or jammed, by a stronger set, precisely as a powerful radio transmitter silences a weaker one.

Brain Can Order Pain to Be Ignored

There are several reasons why this arrangement is excellent. To begin with, the brain is a very busy executive and can't be bothered with trifles. Then, too, it wouldn't do for a small, relatively unimportant pain to take up the body's attention if there were a bigger, more serious pain to be got rid of. Last, and most vital, there are times when self-preservation or higher requirements of the human spirit demand that the brain order pain to be ignored.

Let us say, for example, that instead of stepping on a tack accidentally, you must cross a roomful of tacks to save the life of a helpless person. The frontal lobe of the brain takes command. It instructs the motor nerves to expect a lot of pain impulses, but to ignore them. You run across the tacks as lightfootedly as you can. Chances are you feel nothing painful at all until the crisis is past and you sit down to gasp, "Boy, what a job!"

You don't have to be heroic to undergo such an experience. When you go to the doctor next time for a hypodermic injection of some sort, notice how little you mind his jabbing you with the needle —and then think how far you'd jump if someone stuck you with a point that size as you walked down the street!

Along with its great advantages, the human brain's ability to sort pain impulses into intricate patterns of behavior also has its drawbacks. Memories and emotions can play hob with realities. We sometimes respond to threats of pain as though they actually were pain itself. And we even go beyond that and react to mere symbols of threats.

If a small boy is hit on the arm with a stick, the arm withdraws, and its mate makes muscular preparation to do likewise. If the stick seems about to hit the struck arm again, the arm will withdraw even though the stick stops short of it. Later, the mere appearance of a stick may cause the muscles of that arm to prepare for a blow.

When this child grows up, he asks himself whether his defensive reaction to the appearance of the stick is manly. What he really wants to know is whether his fellow men expect him to react this way. If the answer is negative, a guilt complex may further distort the situation surrounding his perception of pain. New questions—"How much do I have to put up with?" or perhaps, "Am I a sucker to take this?"—rise to complicate his mental torture. And, unless he either (a) conforms to the pressure around him because his acceptance by others is worth it or (b) follows his own convictions, knowing and accepting the loneliness or ridicule that course can involve, he may, in time actually (c) adopt some form of pain as an escape from meeting the real or imagined standards of those around him.

Diabetics have been known to go into coma because of a conscious or unconscious threat to their well-being. It isn't a bluff. Their blood sugar actually rises. Somewhere along the line a defensive mechanism to physical pain gets crossed up with an emotional reaction to such a powerful degree that the metabolism of the entire body goes haywire.

Emotional disturbances also may lead to painful stomach ulcers. An angry, harassed employee may say of his boss, "I want to strangle him." Although he doesn't attack the boss, the angry man's body goes through the same reactions it would have experienced if he had been a primitive man about to kill and eat his victim. The employee thus unconsciously rouses his stomach for a meal that doesn't materialize; then digestive acids corrode a weak spot in the lining of his innards. Results: an ulcer.

Painful skin rashes have been shown to occur on less aggressive people who can see no outlet for emotional thrashings they receive. Their doctors elicit remarks like, "I was taking a beating," "My mother was hammering on me," "The boss cracked a whip over me," "My fiancée knocked me down and walked all over me, but what could I do?"

Fascinating correlations have been worked out, with experimental support, between certain body reactions and painful emotional dilemmas. Asthma, for example, is associated with a desire to disown a problem—have nothing to do with it. People who want to get rid of a troublesome situation often develop diarrhea. Constipation frequently occurs in those who feel they've got to hang on to a problem even though they can't see a solution. Nausea tends to reflect a wish that something never happened. Low back pains rise from an inhibited desire to act with the whole body—"I wanted to walk right out of the house."

Nine out of ten headaches are caused by fear of making a mistake, or striving too hard for perfection. Unlike other pains, which warn that something is physically wrong, headaches generally mean only that our direction or our pace is wrong. This conclusion is fairly easy to demonstrate, because one type of headache—migraine—is called by many different names depending on who has it. To one person it is known as a "washday headache," to another "cleaning-day headache," and to still others, "Sunday headache," "week-end headache," "menstrual headache" or "constipation headache."

"If all my customers were like you, Mr. Hendley, I'd be making thirteen dollars and eighty cents an hour!"

COLLIER'S — JOHN NORMENT

Migraines, backaches, neuralgias, rheumatisms, arthritis and other painful results of emotional tensions are pernicious in the sense that, as protective adaptations, they long outlast the circumstances which cause them to be adopted originally. Tendencies are passed on from one generation to another; thus sinuses or colons of members of the same family may come to participate in emotional disturbances in a stock pattern just as a retriever sense is developed through generations of dogs, running gaits through generations of horses and sham death through generations of opossum.

"Now we begin to know what price we pay for a way of life," Wolff has written. "There are many things more important than comfort and a few even more important than health. But man should appreciate what his actions and goals are costing him. Then, if he chooses, he may pay for them in pain and disease. Often he will decide that his values are poor, and that he has been confused, and therefore change his direction and pace."

Where a Doctor's Biggest Task Lies

Since few of us are prepared to undertake such a reappraisal alone, our personal physicians must help us. If they are willing to take the time to understand our complications, their reassurance alone can change our reaction to pain and so relieve our suffering. In fact, the gist of a new book (Pain Sensations and Reactions) by Hardy, Wolff and Miss Goodell is that the doctor's biggest task lies in this realm—the easing of emotional involvements—rather than in the banishment of pain as a phenomenon.

Aren't the doctors stretching a point?

Not at all. There still exist on the earth primitive peoples who simply do not recognize pain. Unlike the Air Force cook who was physically incapable of feeling pain, these people perceive pain but regard it as socially unacceptable and refuse to admit even to themselves that they feel it. Then, too, there are certain highly civilized peoples who can withstand pain easier than others. Scientists have found that the Irish and Scandinavians, for example, do not respond to pain as much as the Latin races.

Apparently Nature never intended pain to cause as much concern as it does today. She took care to make it a warning only, did not allow it to immobilize the body completely, and provided few powerful antidotes, the most familiar being the poppy. Even the poppy's derivatives, opium and morphine, do not actually kill pain; they merely depress the brain's judgment centers to stop the sufferer's worry.

Man has refused to be bound by Nature's suggestions, however. Skillfully employing his laboratory tools, he has created a whole new family of morphine relatives. The commonest is the cough-sirup ingredient codeine, and the newest—less likely to cause drug addiction or nausea than morphine—is metopon. He has invented his own synthetic substitutes for morphine, from the common aspirin tablet to a new and powerful drug known only as L isomer of isomethadone. He has learned to disconnect the brain's frontal lobe and so remove concern about pain without interrupting perception of pain. And, proceeding from there, he has developed operations to cut the pain transmission cables at the spinal cord, thus halting the actual perception of pain.

Although merciful in extreme suffering, the operations are not recommended for pain that can be relieved by less drastic means. The conscientious physician keeps his patients from the knife and even from palliative drugs as long as he can. His first preference always is to reach the cause of the pain directly by using splints or casts, applying heat or cold, or giving local medication: ergot derivatives for headaches, cortisone for rheumatoid arthritis, atropine for digestive spasm, nitroglycerin pills for heart pain. But his greatest curative agent is his understanding, his reassurance, his use of the power of suggestion to lift the threshold of pain.

You can help your doctor the next time you are in pain by remembering that it isn't the pain itself that gets you. It's your attitude toward the pain. Pain is rarely fatal. It simply can't hurt worse than a certain amount, and millions of people have lived through that limit. If you make up your mind you can take it, you'll be surprised how much better you feel. ▲▲▲

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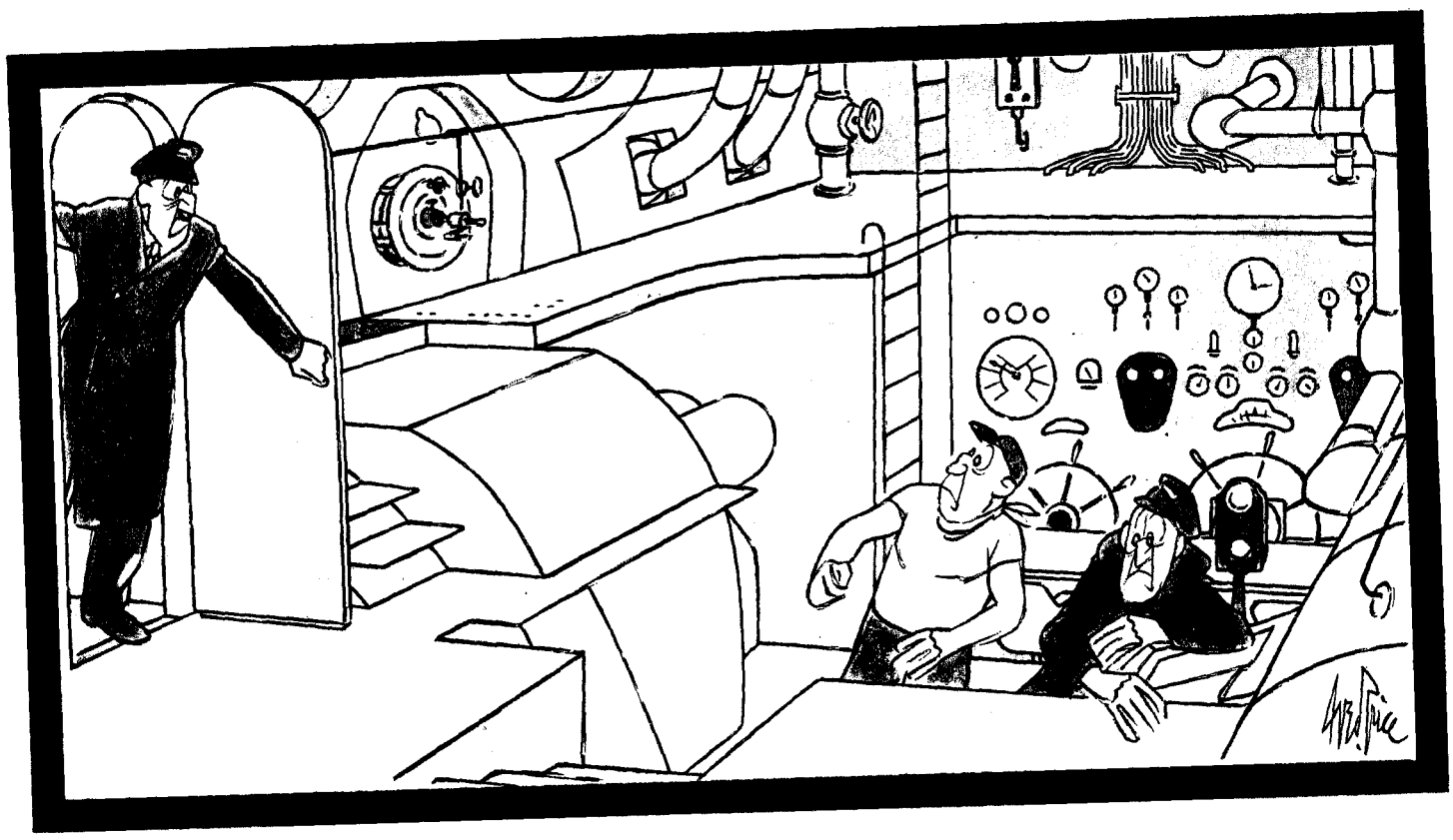

"Sternwash That Gyve, Scrudd!"

A gripping sea saga half written by a 5 h.p. outboard motorman

By SCOTT CORBETT

THE luckiest thing I ever did was read a recent story of the sea which was laid almost entirely in the engine room of a great ship. Ninety-nine per cent of the technical details were Greek to me, and yet I loved their authoritative ring, and was held spellbound by the yarn.

Now it occurred to me that if I am like that, so must be thousands of other men. Therefore, if I could just get technical enough I should be able to write stories which would please them, and do it strictly on my own terms. Technical terms, that is to say.

Of course, I haven't really polished this one up yet, but see what you think of it as far as I've gone.

* * *

Mark Fairfield looked up from the binch chart as the door of the gyving room opened and Scrudd came in. Scrudd was his assistant, a veteran gyvefitter, and Mark knew he had yet to win Scrudd's confidence and respect in their important engine-room annex. Scrudd considered him flaybait, even a capstan-drainer, and so he was, admittedly green and untried as yet. But his trial would come soon enough, if the merkelmeter was to be believed.

"Spline the fenly connections, Scrudd," said Mark. "We ought to be almost out of the harbor."

Scrudd nodded shortly and walked down the long, narrow room past the sturber gauges, tapping the bollard chamber cam with a practiced finger as he went by. These things were second nature with Scrudd. He stopped finally before the merkelmeter and whistled softly. The merkelmeter, modern wind velocity indicator, named after Merkel, inventor of modern wind.

"Seventy-six fifty point three," grunted Scrudd. "We're in for a blow, right enough."

Mark thought about the men up there on the bridge of the mighty Plinkington, peering anxiously out into the darkness. At least they could see the waves and feel the wind that was beginning to lash the great ship. It was hard, sometimes, being deep in the bowels of the great ship, buried in the gyving room, with only gauges and indicators to tell him what was happening. So much depended on him, down there in his tiny nerve center, and yet if disaster struck he would know it only when the shock of the great ship's smashing against rocks threw him to the floor and water poured in through a gaping hole . . .

His eyes darted back to the binch chart, quickly consulted the trembling stinguard of the Fenbough reckoner, and checked the milser gauge that warned of belgrazing backlash in the keelson tubes.

It was up.

"We must be approaching the Lesser Reef," he said. "Sternwash the gyving engines, Scrudd."

"But—"

"Sternwashthegyvingengines!" he roared. Their eyes warred for a moment, then Scrudd turned.

"Yes, sir," he said woodenly, and burred the engines up to 7,000. Mark held his breath. If they Plimsolled now, after he had insisted . . . ! But a minute passed without a tremor. The backthwart lever held steady, and the red light on the milser gauge continued its slow blinking. He was careful not to look at Scrudd. Suddenly, as though to cover the awkward moment, the merkelmeter needle jumped violently. Both men stared almost in disbelief.

"Thirteen hundred twenty point zero!" murmured Mark, and thought about the men up there on the bridge, peering anxiously out into the darkness. A wind like that was enough to— No. It was best not to think of that.

"Shall I set the flink?" asked Scrudd. Mark hesitated. Setting the flink now meant . . . And yet, if they didn't, the big white-hot sturbers straining in their sheldrakes might—

"No!" said Mark, slowly closing his fist on the flat top of the studding case. It was the new cross-binnacled type, so different from the old A-14s of his training days. "No, let's risk it," he said.

Better to be unflinked than ungyved when the milser gauge began to rise again. Mark glanced at Scrudd then, and saw that he concurred. Slowly Mark edged forward the calibar arm of the gyve compressor.

"Look. The milser's holding steady," said Scrudd. His voice was flat and calm, but beads of sweat stood out on his low forehead, and Mark knew they shared a common terror. Mark thought again about the men up there on the bridge, peering anxiously out into the darkness. All those jerks seemed to do was peer.

"It's still steady." Scrudd's voice rose a little.

Mark's hands trembled as he picked up the binch chart and studied it.

"Then it's stuck," he snapped. "We're almost to the Great Reef."

"Do we still gyve?"

"We have to. It's our only chance."

The next six hours were a nightmare of splining the fenleys, fighting deadly belgraving backlash, and sternwashing desperately. And always with that terrible thought in the back of their minds, that four thousand lives were staked on their every move. They worked together silently, surely, a team at last. Then suddenly the milser gauge dropped. Then the merkelmeter eased off. Finally the backthwart lever came up, and it was over. They had won. The grim battle of man and ship against wind and wave was over.

"Nice going, Chief," said Scrudd.

Despite his bone-aching, utter weariness Mark felt a warm tingle course through him. That laconic tribute from a veteran gyvefitter like Scrudd meant more to him than any medals or rewards or fine speeches from the shipowners he might receive. What was it Scrudd had called him? Chief? . . .

The door opened and Berdley came in.

"Some blow, huh, boys? Wind hit eighty-four miles an hour," he said. *Miles an hour!* Berdley was an incorrigible landlubber, even though he was fourth mate.

Too weary to lift his head off his arms, Mark Fairfield asked the question that was ever on his mind as he plunged blindly through the sea in the narrow confines of the gyving room.

"How far out are we now?"

"Why," said Berdley, surprised at the question, "the skipper saw this coming and decided to lay low. We never left the pier." ▲▲▲

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE PRICE

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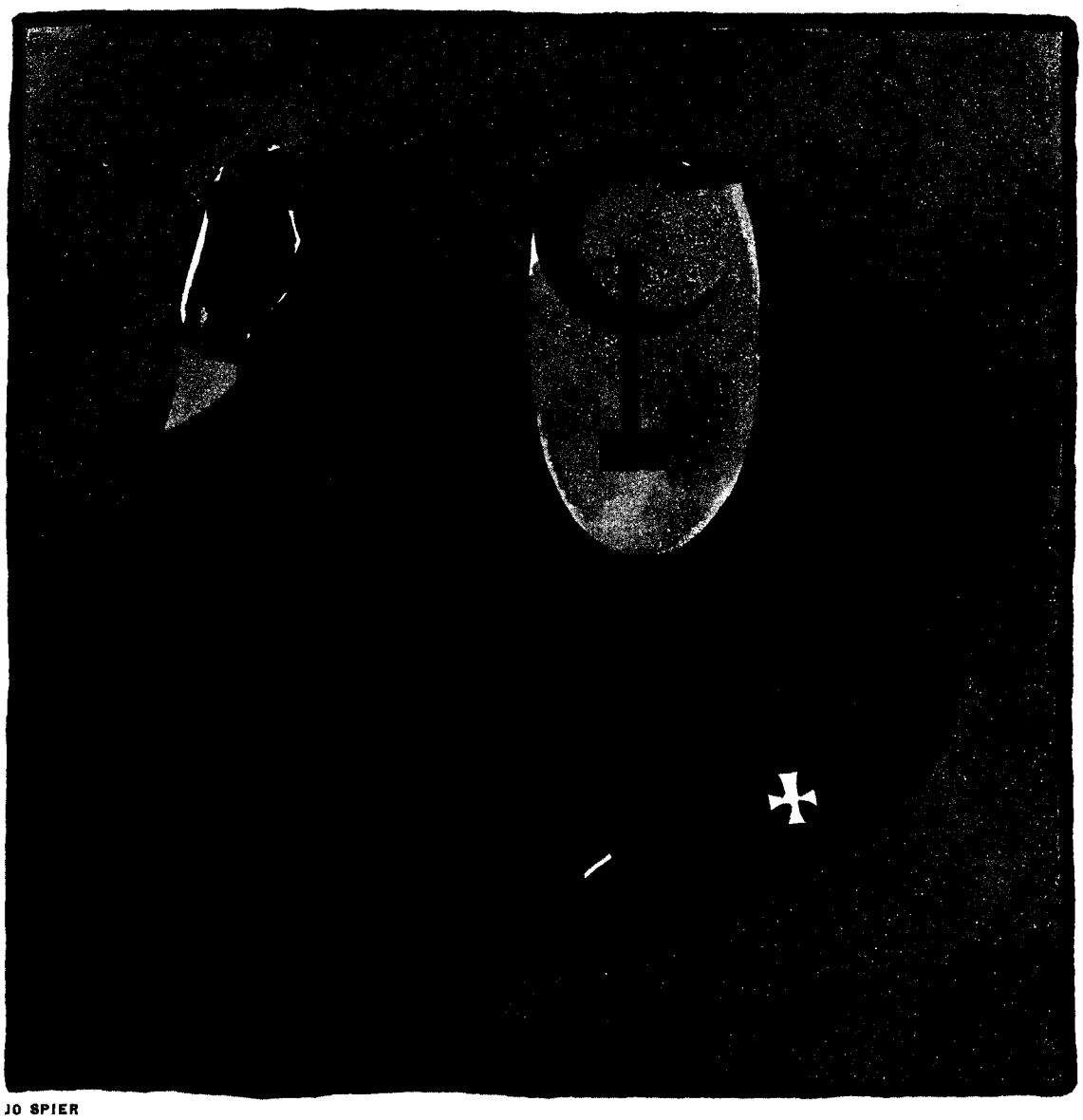

JO SPIER

Prelude to Disaster

IN THE EARLIEST DAYS of the Nazi movement one of Adolf Hitler's chief targets was the Jewish Communists who had infiltrated the German labor forces and were exerting a considerable influence in the chaotic years following the Kaiser's surrender. Later, of course, when the Nazis took over the government, all things Jewish were the objects of Hitler's fanatical proscription. But at the beginning he seemed to regard Communism and Jewish origin as almost inseparable companions. And he used them inseparably to inflame the hatred that ultimately led to his destruction.

Remembering this, it is bitterly ironical to read that today the few remaining Jews in East Germany who survived the Nazi concentration camps are again being hounded and terrorized —this time by the leaders of world Communism. They are charged with being Zionist spies.

This is only one of several signs that anti-Semitism has become an official instrument of Kremlin policy. The recent Prague trial, with its ensuing executions, was an unmistakable sign. So was the arrest of nine Russian doctors, including six Jews who had been numbered among the ablest and most distinguished members of the Soviet medical profession, on the fantastic charge of murdering two top figures in the Communist hierarchy. They were charged with the general crime of being capitalist agents, cosmopolitans and bourgeois-nationalists, as well as with the specific crime of homicide.

There is no longer any attempt to disguise the Kremlin's anti-Semitism. And anyone at all familiar with the technique of Soviet purges cannot hope that this campaign will stop with the liquidation of the few Jews already seized.

Stalin's approach to anti-Semitism is different from Hitler's. It was quite typical that Hitler, a man of shallow, unstable mind and small learning, should have chosen the emotional and unsupportable thesis of racial inferiority as his excuse for persecution. Stalin, a man of calculated intellectual cruelty, has launched his terrorism with charges of divided loyalty. He appears to consider any Jew, Zionist or not, as a potential harborer of sympathies for other regimes. And even an inkling of feeling other than hatred for the non-Communist world is something that Stalin does not tolerate in his subjects.

There has been a lot of speculation about the reasons behind this new Soviet purge. But whatever the motives, the purge shows a contempt for world opinion and a disdain for logic that are remarkable even in the Soviets. It must tax to the utmost the mental flexibility of those outside the Communist world who strive to follow the party line. For example, at the very moment that Moscow announced the arrest of the Jewish doctors for committing murder under orders of the United States government, Communists in the Western World were asking clemency for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, convicted traitors to the United States, on the grounds that they were victims of anti-Semitic persecution.

Probably the present Jewish persecution is only a part of the general persecution which the Kremlin has ruthlessly practiced since the time of the revolution. In either case, innocent lives are sacrificed, not only in the dramatic purge trials, but in the quiet, secret terrorism of the secret police which goes on constantly. But somehow it is particularly appalling to see Stalin opening the ugly wound of anti-Semitism, which the world hoped had been healed with the downfall of the Third Reich.

Yet the world is wiser today than it was when Hitler was in power. Stalin's new policy may win him some new friends on the lunatic fringe. But we feel sure that the general revulsion against it will extend into non-Communist nations where the Kremlin has counted on gaining and keeping both sympathy and assistance.

By resorting to the crime of anti-Semitism, Stalin has confessed to the world that his Communist Utopia is neither successful nor secure, and that even after a generation of Communist "education" he has not destroyed the will to resist or the yearning for independent thought and action.

Hitler's attempt to exterminate the Jews, though it cost millions of lives, helped to solidify the free world's opinion and action against him. If Stalin embarks on the same course we do not think that the world's revulsion will be any less, or his chance of final triumph any greater, than that of the other dictator whom he first helped to destroy and now seeks to emulate.

Hoaxters All

WHILE WE ARE ON the subject of the similarity of right- and left-wing dictatorships, we'd like to recommend that you be on the lookout for a documentary film called The Hoaxters, which is now making the rounds of the country's movie houses. Its theme is one that Hollywood has treated before in piecemeal fashion and in various ways, from satire to tragedy. But this half-hour-long picture is different in that it is made up almost entirely of newsreel shots. History supplies the plot and the continuity. And it seems to us that the story emerges all the more vividly for its lack of fictional trimmings.

Its brief, striking sequences reveal that the aims and methods of Fascism, Nazism, Japanese imperialism and Russian Communism fall into one basic pattern. We listen again to the harangues of Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo in their days of strength and triumph. We see their surviving counterpart, Stalin, selling the same kind of phony magic. We observe the workings of the one-party political systems and their courts of "justice." We see the suppression of religion, the concentration camps, the absorption of the satellites. We are reminded of the similarity between the almost-forgotten *Bundists* and the present-day Communists in America.

The Hoaxters, by showing the events of the past 35 years in this perspective, helps us to realize with fresh understanding that the totalitarianisms of the twentieth century are all alike, whatever their labels. And it brings the hopeful reminder that dictatorships *do* perish, from their inner weaknesses as well as from the resolution, sacrifice and bloodshed of men and nations who refuse to be idle spectators at the sacrifice of freedom.

We believe that Doré Schary, who conceived and produced the film for M-G-M, and his associates have performed a useful service by giving us this concise work of pictorial history.

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